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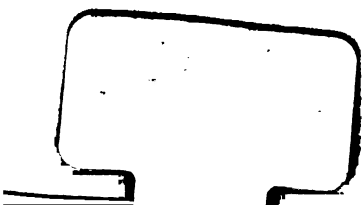
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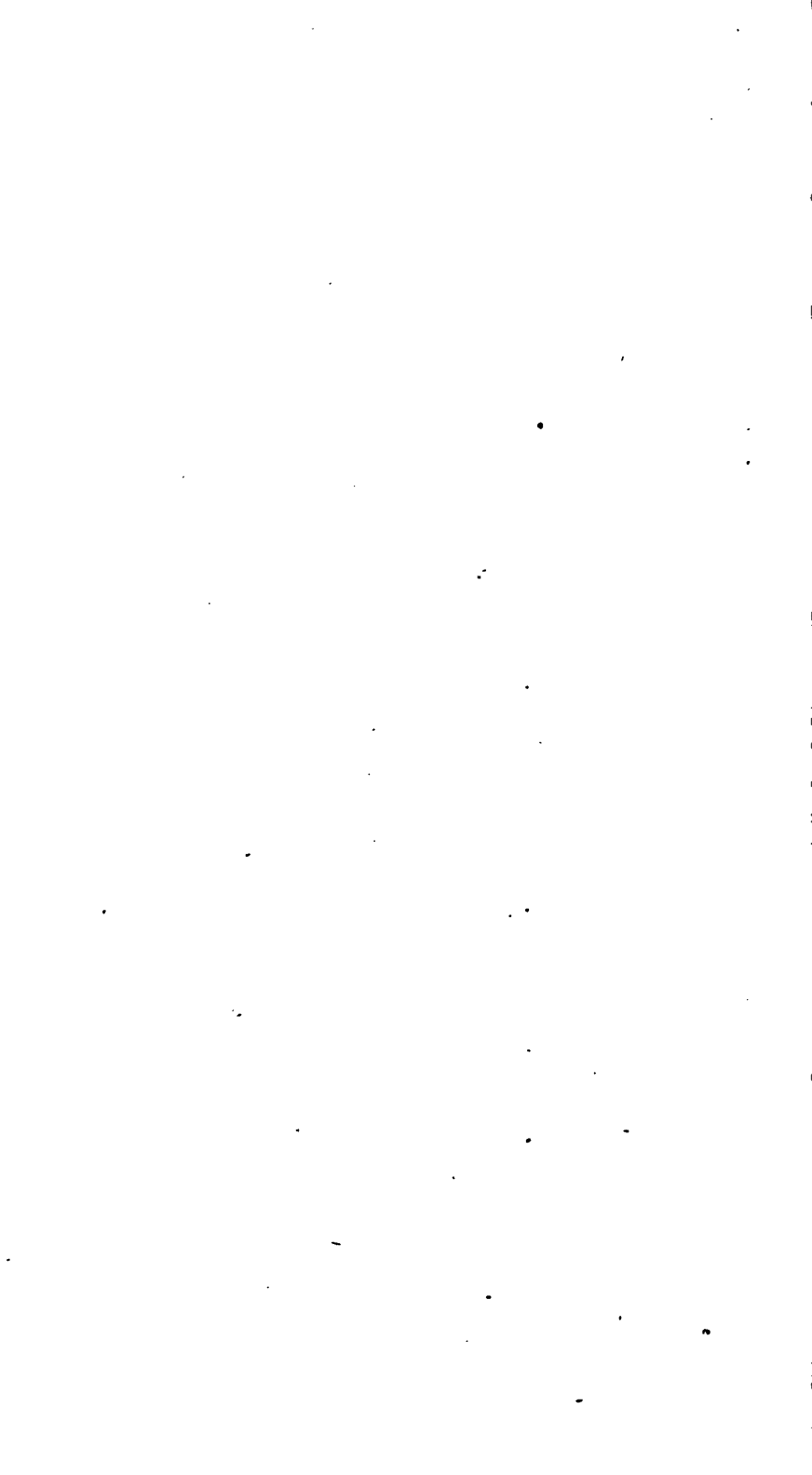










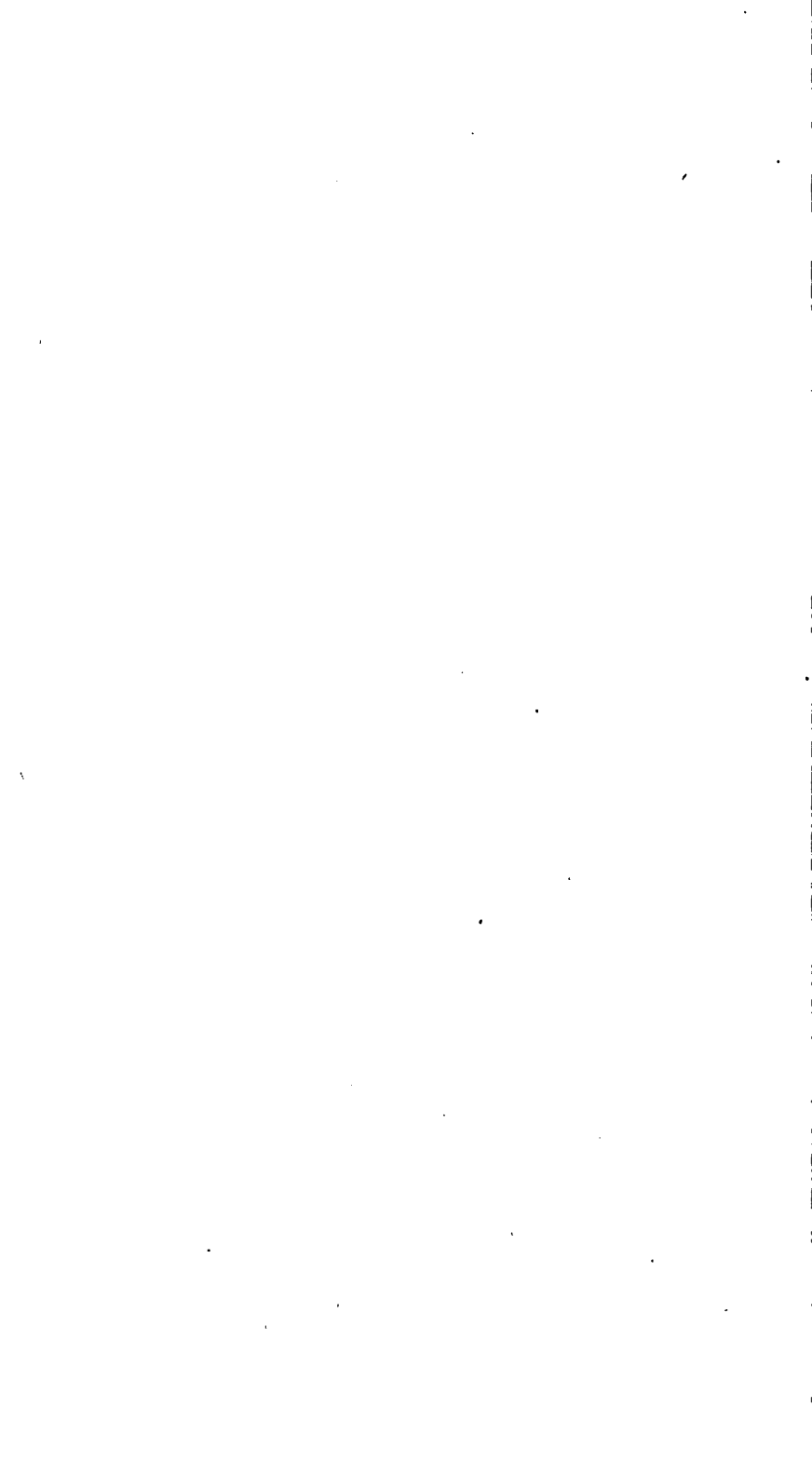


LETTERS

—X—

GENEVA

A— F



LETTERS ✓

FROM

GENEVA AND FRANCE

WRITTEN

DURING A RESIDENCE OF BETWEEN TWO AND THREE YEARS  
IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THOSE COUNTRIES,

AND ADDRESSED

TO A LADY IN VIRGINIA.

BY HER FATHER.

VOLUME I.

Je dirai : J'étois n; telle chose m'avint :  
Vous y croirez être vous-même.

La Fontaine

BOSTON :

PRINTED FOR WELLS AND LILLY.

.....  
1819



# LETTERS ✓

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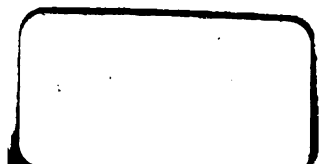


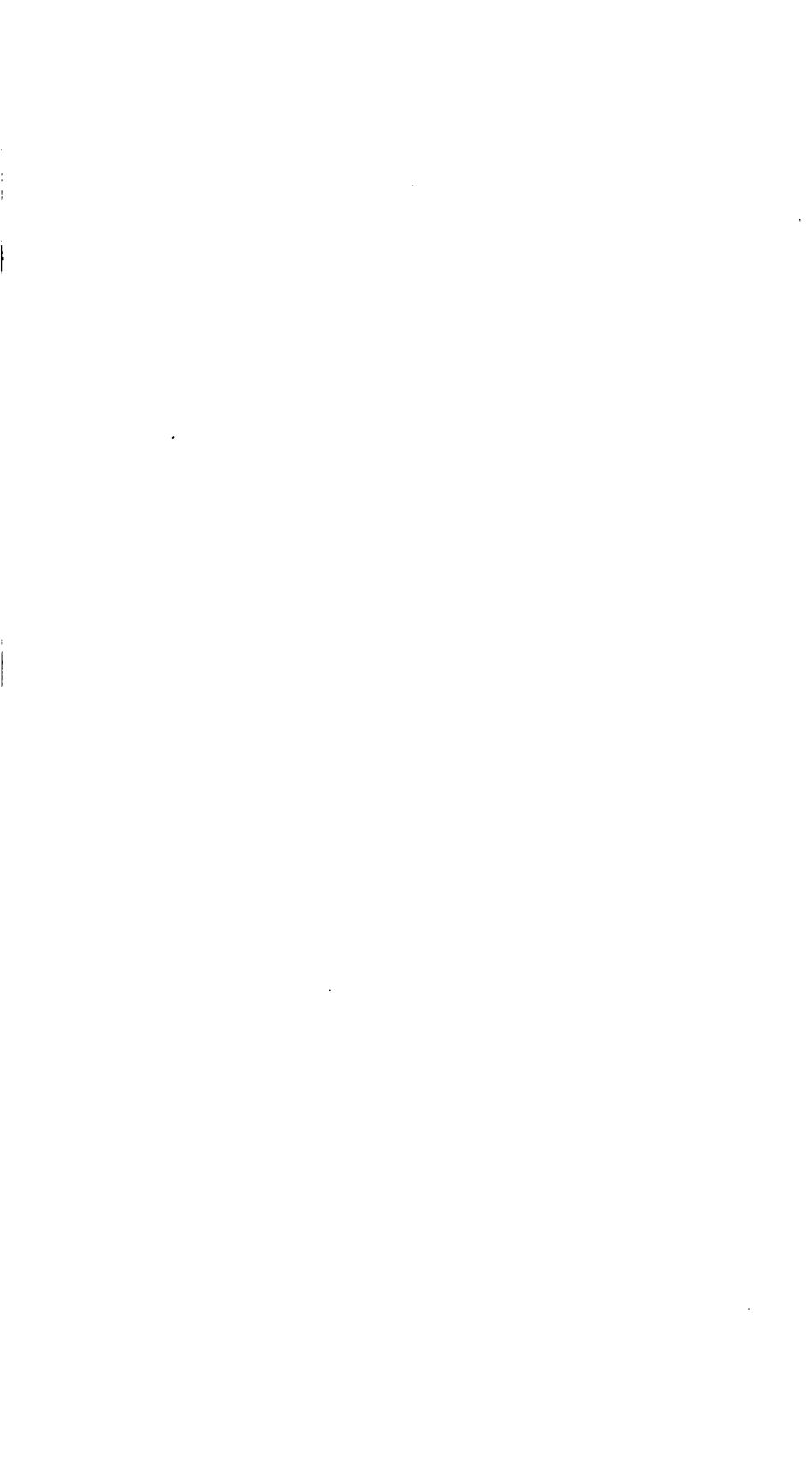


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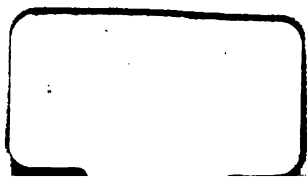




















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LETTERS ✓

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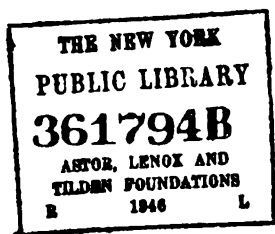
LA FONTAINE.

BOSTON :

PRINTED FOR WELLS AND LILLY.

.....

1819



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## ADVERTISEMENT

BY THE PUBLISHERS.

**T**HE Letters contained in these volumes appeared originally in the *Port Folio*. They have been always much esteemed, as containing the observations and reflections of an acute and intelligent mind; and these aided by a much greater fund of learning, particularly in English, French, and Helvetian politics, history and literature, than usually falls to the share even of intelligent travellers. The present publishers were desirous of reprinting the work in such a form as should render it easy of access. To this the author consented, and has had the goodness to make many corrections and additions; so that the present edition will be found much more full and accurate than the first. By a comparison

June 2, 1842 - 20  
Carter

of the latter part of the work, which treats of the state of France under the Republick, and during the early stages of the domination of Bonaparte, with similar portions of the late invaluable publication of *Madame De Stael*, it will be seen, how just and moderate were the reflections of the writer, when political passions and prejudices had almost destroyed all cool and impartial representation.

Opinionum comments delet dies, Naturae judicium confirmat.

Boston, Jan. 1819.

**T**HE Reader, if reader there should be, will at once perceive that the following letters were not originally intended for publication. I confess, however, that I yielded with great facility to the proposal of their appearing in the *Port Folio*, the *Editor* of which I had long known as a man of distinguished merit, contending in the cause of taste, and of good principles. They were afterwards, at his desire, prepared for republication in another form, and I had already done every thing in my power to make them somewhat more worthy of the publick attention, when the death of my friend intervened, and rendered our preparations abortive. As to the present attempt, it will not be expected, that I should give the reader a recital of the circumstances which led to it, but I can assert, that, whilst no alteration has been made in the text, except what was due to correction, there have been very considerable additions ; and



some passages are now inserted, which the circumstances of the times rendered it formerly unadvisable to publish.

Let me observe also, that I have avoided all long descriptions of what had been already described by others, and that I have carefully omitted in the present copy all mention of myself, as far as it was possible, and all allusion to my individual concerns; and as such details formed no small part of the original letters, my precaution on the present occasion must account for a too frequent want of connexion, which, I fear, will be very apparent. Let me claim the merit also of having committed the repose of no one by anecdotes at their expense, of having uselessly obtruded the name of no individual upon the publick, and of having given no reason to any one, as I sincerely believe, at Geneva, or elsewhere, to regret, that their kindness and their hospitality were extended to me, and to my family. Perhaps I may appear to have regretted too feelingly the publick events, which obliged me to curtail my original plan; but in speaking of the authors and promoters of those measures, measures which I still and in common with many others most heartily deplore, I trust I shall be

found to have made but a moderate use of that freedom to which we all pretend.

Having remained for a considerable time at Geneva, I have perhaps indulged myself too long in dwelling upon the fate and fortunes of a people, to whom I had been attached from my youth ; but if any part of the detail I have entered into can, but for a moment, call the attention of my countrymen to the particular circumstances, which were fatal to the liberty and independence of that ancient republick, to the appearance of friendship by which the Genevans were deluded, and to the sort of interference which distracted their councils, and armed them against each other, my time will not have been unprofitably employed. The allusions to history will seem too frequent, and the extracts too extensive, I fear, but as I had notes with me of books I had formerly read, they became insensibly so many passages of my letters, nor are they, I think, without their utility. It might have been better to have quoted my authority upon such occasions perhaps, but there would then have been more of literary parade, than I am desirous of affecting ; and I was besides willing that something should be left to the industry, and to the memory of the reader.

It has been suggested to me by a friend, that the dedication, which follows, had better be omitted, and the more so, as the venerable individual to whom it is addressed is now no more. He died nearly three years ago in great retirement, and at a very advanced age, and after a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and graced with much of what nature and fortune had best to bestow. But I cannot consent to deny myself the satisfaction of paying that mark of respect to his memory, which circumstances had prevented my paying to his person, and which he, at my earnest request, had approved of. I have therefore directed that the dedication should be printed as it was originally written, and I look for my excuse in the sensibility of the reader, whilst I feel warranted by more than one example in the annals of English and of French Literature.

## TO THOMAS BOONE, Esq.

SOMETIME GOVERNOUR, IN SUCCESSION, OF THE PROVINCES, NOW  
STATES OF NEW JERSEY AND OF SOUTH CAROLINA, AND LATE  
A COMMISSIONER OF THE CUSTOMS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

MY DEAR SIR,

**T**HIRTY years have passed over us, since I saw you ; since, having exhorted me to give up those prospects, which circumstances had encouraged me to form, and to yield with a good grace to what seemed the decided opinion of a great majority of my countrymen, but above all to conduct myself with honour and fidelity in whatever situation I might be placed, we parted, never, as it should seem, to meet again. I can never forget that moment, or the years which preceeded it ; that having been committed to your care by the last will of my father, you continued to me that regard you had felt for him, and that you instructed me by your advice, and animated me by your example, to deserve the esteem of all good men. Nor can I forget that you assisted me in times of peculiar difficulty to acquire such an education, as might have qualified me for some employment in publick life, and which has enabled me to pass my time, if in retirement and obscurity, yet usefully at least to the small circle I have lived in, and not unpleasantly to myself. Such acts of friendship, Sir, are never to be forgotten ;

/

the gratitude which they give rise to is a sentiment we cherish as we do the feelings of honour, or the ties of kindred ; a sentiment which travels on with us through life, nor quits us till we die. It is not, however, I must confess, from a sense of gratitude, all powerful as it is in my bosom, that I have affixed your name to the following Letters, and made you the Patron of my first literary attempt. Removed as you are in voluntary retirement from the busy cares of life, and at a distance from America, you could derive but little honour from the dedication of a work, even though it possessed more merit than I am sensible these letters can lay claim to. Gratitude therefore has by no means entered into my motives, but I could not resist the desire of saying in this publick manner, that having received at your hands the greatest of all benefits, I have so conducted myself, as never to forfeit your esteem, and have passed from youth to the confines of old age, in possession of the friendship and good opinion of Mr. Boone.

That you may long continue to enjoy in health and happiness, every blessing which life can bestow in the bosom of an affectionate family, is the sincere wish of,

Dear Sir,

Your grateful and obedient

humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

# LETTERS

FROM

## GENEVA AND FRANCE.

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### LETTER I.

Geneva, December 14th, 1803.

MY DEAR E——,

**I**T is high time I should begin the account I promised you, of our travels, or my materials, which are every day increasing, would swell it to the size of a volume ; for I have never suffered a day to pass, without inserting in my common-place book, whatever occurred to me worth remarking, and it is from that I shall write to you, so that you will be able to judge of the impressions of the moment upon my mind, as if I had written to you at the moment.

I had long wished to visit the scenes of my youth at Geneva, and to show some parts of France, and perhaps a corner of Italy, to those of my family,

whom circumstances had not separated me from, as they had from you, and it was with very great pleasure, that I found myself with them on board of the John and Francis, Capt. Bass, on the morning of the 23d July (1803). The ship was soon under weigh, and we crossed the Bar with a light breeze from the south-west: you may remember my informing you of the Captain's request to his passengers, that they would consent to put into Newport for a day or two, and how fortunate I thought myself in the opportunity it would afford me of seeing my brother: but I was far from supposing that the land of Rhode-Island would present itself to us so soon; the wind was however so fair, and it blew so fresh, that we made Block-Island early on the morning of the 26th, and had it not been that the breeze died away towards the evening, a change of place, which would have required at least five weeks by land, might have been effected in very little more than four times four-and twenty hours.

After a stay of four days at Newport, the wind was as fair as our Captain could wish, all sails were hoisted, and in a very few hours we lost sight of the American shore: let me, however, before I leave America in my narration, inform you, that I found Newport improved since I had seen it; the harbour bespoke an appearance of business, and was enlivened by two Indiamen, a ship of war, and several merchant vessels; the long spoken of and long wished for Long Wharf had been rebuilt, the streets no longer looked like grassy lanes; some houses had been repaired and painted, and the melanco-

ly figures of decayed masters of vessels, wrapped up in their long cloaks, and looking like shadowy attendants upon the ghost of departed Commerce, were no more to be seen in groups : if to the smiles of returning prosperity, you add the comfort of good air, the charms of a beautiful situation, the society of intelligent obliging people, numbers of pretty faces, the concourse of strangers from different parts of the world, and a plenty, upon very easy terms, of every thing desirable, you will agree with me, that no place seems better adapted than Newport to such a retreat, as one might wish for at a certain time of life. Use, which reconciles men to all things, the ties of kindred, the wish, so natural to a parent, of establishing his children in the world, and a variety of other circumstances, flowing all of them from the goodness and wisdom of Providence, keep us ultimately attached to our several stations on the globe ; were Reason alone, free from those useful and therefore necessary prejudices which cleave to the human heart, to be attended to, half Carolina surely would remain uninhabited, and the pestiferous exhalations of our swamps be exchanged for the wholesome atmosphere of Rhode-Island.

During the little time we remained at Newport, many of our old acquaintances found us out, and I had an opportunity of forming in the person of Mr. Lequinio Kerblay a new acquaintance, which I think of with pleasure : the letters he gave me for his friends and correspondents in France, have been of essential service to us ; this gentleman resides at



Newport as commercial agent of France ; the name of consul, being now destined for higher purposes, and consequently withdrawn from common use, as that of emperour was among the Romans. He had taken an active and indeed a ferocious part in the revolutionary war of France, and will probably be handed down to posterity in no very amiable light. But posterity will do him justice, I trust, in another respect—it will observe, that he was the first publick functionary, who ventured to call the attention of the government to the cruelty of their agents in La Vendée, attributing their conduct, and surely by a strange perversion of reason, to a sentiment of concealed royalism, which induced them (he asserted) to render the republican cause as odious as possible : it is thus that James II. says Dalrymple, was persuaded, that Kirk's abominable conduct in the West of England had arisen from a secret wish to bring discredit upon the government, Mr. Lequinio may have been misled, he indeed certainly was, in the maze of publick affairs, when the reason of the whole nation seems for an interval to have been suspended, when abject fear, strangely combined with political enthusiasm, took place of every sentiment of justice and honour, and even of humanity ; but he soothes himself, I presume, with the idea that his intentions were good, whilst he sighs in honest sincerity of heart over the horrors of what is irretrievably past.

We had sailed from Newport on the first day of August ; on the 4th we crossed what the seamen call the tail of the great bank of Newfoundland, and

on the 11th found ourselves by observation off Corvo, one of the Azores. Until now, the voyage had gone on, not only tolerably, but I might almost say, delightfully ; I had converted the round-house on deck, which was assigned to a part of our family, into a more comfortable habitation, than you would suppose possible from the dimensions ; our books had been drawn out, we were now so reconciled to the motion of the vessel as to be able to read, though a little reading, as some one has observed, goes a great way at sea, and we thought ourselves fast approaching France ; our fellow passengers, meanwhile, seemed disposed to be pleased, the Captain was good-humoured, liberal and attentive, the vessel well found, and the crew alert, in high discipline, and happy. We now and then spoke a vessel from Europe, and whilst we ran from them with all sails spread, and sheltered from the sun under our awning, we could not but pity those, who, from all appearance, were so much less fortunate than ourselves. But a voyage by sea, is but an epitome of human life, the fairest hopes are sometimes succeeded by disappointment, and we feel ourselves under the control of a power, which acts from causes far beyond our comprehension : scarcely had we got as we supposed abreast of Corvo, than a North East wind rushed out upon us, as some monstrous giant is described in an old romance, sallying out from his castle upon the way-worn traveller ; our good vessel, however, was not to be so easily overcome, and during three weeks which ensued of boisterous weather, of hard gales,

and of seas, which without going as high or descending as low, as the poets pretend, were still high enough to have alarmed a landsman, I do not recollect a moment of even transient uneasiness : there were two or three young people on board, besides those of our family, and all of them were rather amused at the temporary confusion, occasioned sometimes by the breaking of the sea upon the main deck, whilst cards, or chess, or whatever else amused the passengers, went on undisturbed. With some desire to make mutual sacrifices for the general good, in those who are fellow passengers, five or six weeks at sea may be very well endured, and particularly if the Captain is a good-natured man ; I have known some who ceased to be so as soon as they got off of soundings, who changed their manners with the wind, and laid aside their complaisance with their fair weather clothes, but this was far from being the case with ours, who was as civil to his passengers and as conversible in bad weather and with a head wind, as when every sail was spread ; it was impossible to keep a more plentiful table, and his conversation, though he had never received the advantages of a liberal education, was amusing, sometimes even instructive, inasmuch as it contained views, and descriptions of human life, which were new to me, and always good-natured. He had begun as a common seaman before the mast, had gone through the sad varieties of wo which a seaman's life in unwholesome climates, and in time of war, is exposed to, had once or twice been stripped of all he had acquired, but was now in honest

possession as owner of the fine vessel which he commanded as captain, and owned half the cargo. In the course of the unfortunate part of his adventures, he had been confined on board the prison ship off the Jersey shore, that ship out of which such numbers were buried, and when so favoured, after seven months, to be allowed to procure an exchange, he declared to me (so powerful is the force of custom in some minds) that it was with a sensation not altogether removed from regret, that he had seen himself rowed away from the side of the vessel. We were speaking one evening of a merchant, of his acquaintance, in Charleston, as one who by industry and by integrity had raised himself in the world, who now lived comfortably in the enjoyment of all that he could wish, and with great hospitality. He had wandered, it seems, from a distant part of Europe to London, as to a place where money was to be easily made, and had for a long time struggled with difficulties and disappointment, when leaning one evening against a post, at the corner of an obscure street, and ruminating on his sad fortune, he was addressed by a lame beggar, on whom he had sometimes bestowed charity, who, availing himself of the sort of equality, which there seemed to be in their fortune, exhorted him to hope for better times, and offered him, it was all he had, his advice. The beggar had, it seems, been formerly a boatswain of a ship, and his Captain, who was now a merchant of some eminence, still remembered him with kindness. It was upon this gentleman that he advised his benefactor, now become his protegee, to call, and

to solicit employment in his service, and he promised to recommend him in such a way as would ensure the Merchant's attention. The visit was accordingly paid, nor was this strange introduction fruitless ; it led to an immediate engagement, and in the course of a few years, to a very advantageous establishment in S. Carolina. It was thus in various conversation that we would frequently pass an hour or two upon deck, when it blew hard of an evening, and when the passengers, who occupied the cabin, were gone below, Of these, there were none from whom something might not be learned, and I do not think it possible for any set of people to have lived together more peacefully than we did.

Notwithstanding the perseverance of the wind, which hardly ever varied from the North East, we found ourselves gaining to the Eastward, and were not very far from the Bay of Biscay, when one morning a vessel was seen a-head, lying to, as if waiting for us : she soon began to make sail, however, described a semicircle on our beam, as if to examine our strength, got in our wake, made for us, and though our vessel sailed remarkably fast, was so near that we could discern her to be a lugger of fourteen guns and full of men ; the Captain finding that they were determined to speak us, ordered the sails aback, and we waited their approach. To perceive a black-sided armed vessel rigged in a manner differently from any I had ever seen, for I had never seen a lugger before, bringing her broad-side to bear so as to throw a shot a-head of us, and then ranging along side ; with the dirty caps of

their men, and the ends of muskets sticking up, and to hear no sound aboard of them, but that of a whistle, was a combination of circumstances which conjured up a number of disagreeable ideas in my mind, whilst I was compelled to affect tranquillity, in order to dispel, as far as possible, the fears of others. They had at first shown French colours, but were now under British, and we were waiting to see what colours they would show next, when we heard the word of command given in English, and saw them put their boat out, and they were soon on board of us. We were now convinced that it was an English privateer, and though the sailors were of a worse appearance than I supposed the nation could have produced, yet the officers were well-looking, well-behaved men, with even an affectation of politeness : a very short inquiry seemed to convince them that the ship and cargo were American, and they had the humanity to spare the trunks of the French passengers, whose distress at their approach had not been inconsiderable ; “ we make war upon you,” said one of the officers to the poor Frenchmen, “ but we are not robbers.”

## LETTER II.

GENEVA.

MY DEAR F—,

WE now fell in with vessels of the same description,\* almost every day, and though we were gene-

\* Some of these vessels were from the little islands on the coast of France, of which Henry I. so unjustly, but so advantageously for En-

rally well treated, considering the sort of people their crews consisted of, yet it was never without painful sensations that we saw them approach ; it was always under a press of sail, as if determined to run us down, until within short gun shot, and then with the men at their quarters, and all those preparations for battle, which are so solemn, even when one knows there is to be no fighting. Fortunately for us, our voyage was made at the commencement of the contest between the great rival powers of Europe, before the minds of individuals had been sharpened by opposition and disappointment, before they had been familiarized with scenes of distress, and while there yet remained somewhat of that glow of sentiment, which, for a time, can gild the worst of passions in the breast of a privateer's man.

It seemed as if every other wind but the North-East had been extinct, for after calms it still returned, and could not exhaust itself in a succession of gales ; still, however, our good ship gained to the eastward, and on the morning of the twenty-fifth, the long-desired and much wished-for land appeared in sight, and I once more beheld the coast of Europe, after an interval of twenty-five years, after a long vicissitude of cares and joys over which my mind rapidly glanced, as I gazed from the deck

gland, despoiled his brother Robert. One of my hopes was, at the period this letter was written, to have visited these islands on my way to England. It is now nearly 800 years since they have become English, but they still preserve their Norman language and their Norman laws. The officers of these vessels appeared to speak the English and French languages equally well.

on what appeared at a distance to be a cloud, but which the experience of the seamen taught them to be Cape Ortegal. In a few days, we had doubled the Cape, and found ourselves in the Bay of Biscay, which, instead of that tremendous sea for which it is distinguished, displayed the smoothness and tranquillity of some gentle lake: still, however, the wind was contrary, and we were obliged to make short tacks along the shore, in order to get ahead. So slow a progress would at any other time have disheartened us extremely, but we were now refreshed with the daily and almost constant sight of the land of Spain, connected as it was with ideas drawn from the history of the glories of Charles V., of the bigotry of Philip, and of the discovery of America. The high mountains\* in sight too, we knew to be those of the Asturias, where a gallant remnant of christians had kept alive the flame of loyalty and of Religion, and you may well suppose that they appeared to us as no common mountains. The adventures of Don Quixote too, presented themselves to the imagination, and it was impossible not to think of Gál Blas, when we were almost in sight of Santillana, and were coasting along the Province through which he was travelling, when he was frightened at Astorga into the hands of Captain Rolando.

\* The ultimate success of these noble Spaniards is one of the most extraordinary and interesting events in history, and should teach others, so situated, never to despair. It is only to be lamented that their final victory, after a contest of ages, should have been stained by cruelty and injustice.



You will perceive, by looking at a chart, that we were by no means in the right direction for Bordeaux, and it was not, in fact, until the evening of the sixth day after we got sight of land, when to a continuation of calms, during which a negro in his canoe might with ease have navigated this sea of storms and tempests, there succeeded a gentle breeze from the South West, that insensibly became stronger, and we had the delight of feeling ourselves wafted towards the entrance of the Gironde at the rate of seven miles an hour. I can hardly believe that Columbus and his Spaniards were more eager to behold the land on the second of October, 1492, than we now were. The impatience of all on board was visible, and the captain, who had more equality of demeanour than most men I have known, was continually on the look-out, with all the anxiety of expectation. Tired of every now and then mistaking a star for the lighthouse, I turned in, as the seamen call it, and shortly after heard the joyful cry of the Corduan right ahead. The Corduan is a lighthouse so called from the name of some builder at a former period; it is one hundred and seventy-five feet high, and stands on an isolated rock, immediately opposite to the mouth of the Gironde, and about six miles from the land, and nearly in the latitude of the northern extremity of Lake Champlain; the rest of the night was passed in short tacks under easy sail, and at day-break, we had the pleasure to see the main land of France, stretching to the right and left, and two pilot-boats endeavouring under press of sail, to reach us. The

country appeared flat, with gentle hills rising at a distance, the pilot had all the appearance of an overseer upon Santee, descended from the ancient French settlers, and his boat was rigged as a lugger : prepared as I was to find the French language familiar to me, I nevertheless experienced somewhat of an agreeable surprise in perceiving that I understood the pilot as well as if I had arrived on the coast of Virginia, and that I could converse with him as easily ; I am not certain even that I was not less struck with his accent, than I should have been with that of a James's River pilot.

In going over the bar, we approached the sandy extremity of the country to the south of the Gironde, which put us very much in mind of Sullivan's island, except that the hillocks of sand are higher, and there appeared a steeple behind them : after several tacks we at length, with some difficulty, entered the river, and beheld the guardship lying at anchor in the midst of a fleet of coasters near the town of Royan : our hopes were, that we should experience no longer detention than commonly takes place at Fort Johnson, but some reports had unfortunately prevailed of a contagious disorder in America, and we were ordered by the officer of the guardship, who hailed us, as we passed, to come to an anchor off Verdun, a little village about two miles higher up the river : this was a great mortification, and you may judge how much it was increased on being told that we were to remain there four days, and that we were to have no intercourse with any vessel or with the

shore ; it was added, however, that the frigate's boat would receive our orders every morning, and bring us from the neighbouring town of Royan whatever necessities we might desire. Our poor captain, who in the course of sixteen years intercourse with Bordeaux, had never been made to perform quarantine before, and who had told us so frequently, with a sort of self-complacency, of the great politeness and attention of the French officers of government, was extremely mortified at the manner in which he was received, and would not avail himself of the frigate's boat : for a day, we too entered into his feelings ; after that period, however, our fit of sullen abstinence passed off, and I prevailed on him to make a signal for the boat, which was soon alongside, received our orders, and very expeditiously returned from Royan, with a cargo I shall never forget : about twenty shillings sterling had procured us as much as feasted all the passengers for three days with bread, butter and eggs, and I cannot express to you how delightful it was to see a person very dear to me, sitting on her bed with a basket of Muscat grapes in her lap : such an accession to our means of living diminished in no small degree the disagreeableness of remaining at anchor.

As the ship lay within a mile of the southern shore, which resembles the sea islands of South Carolina, our nearest prospect was not a very new one, but on the opposite side, at the distance of about four miles, there appeared the little town of Royan, famous, in a former age, for holding out against

Louis XIII., and interesting as the place from which the greater part of the first French emigrants embarked, when the bigotry of Louis XIV. compelled them to seek for shelter in America. There also appeared a delightful country of hills and valleys, thickly interspersed with towns and villages, with here and there a wood, and extensive plains of a deep green, which the pilot told us, to our great satisfaction, were the vineyards of the country.

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## LETTER III.

GENEVA.

MY DEAR E—,

OUR hours now passed away more agreeably, but were still accompanied with expressions of impatience and disappointment, though the pilot assured us, that had it not been for the momentary changes of wind, which brought us in, we should not have been able to reach the river for ten days ; the wind it seems, had reassumed its former station, and blew so hard as would have carried us out of the bay. The pilot was a man of sense, and gave me a great deal of information, which was afterwards confirmed by my own observation, and other means of knowledge. The war had been very ruinous to the commerce of Bordeaux, and was, therefore, by no means a popular thing with the mercantile people : to *his* business it had been fatal, ours being the only vessel he had brought in for six

weeks. Labour, he told me, was better paid than before the revolution, and the peasantry were now relieved from some disagreeable sources of oppression, but the articles of life were higher, taxes were greater, and the conscription, which kept all the young people in the grasp of the law, was tormenting. The monks and nuns were dispersed, their property sold, and the clergy were now as much too poor, as they had been too rich ; but religion had not lost ground, the re-establishment of Sunday, as a day of worship, had given universal joy, and a procession had lately taken place, after an interval of many years, to the comfort of all devout people, and never had a procession been so attended ; so much indeed were the hearts of people warmed by the rays of returning piety, that it was become customary for the peasant, in the collection of his little harvest, to put aside such a portion for the curate, as was in great measure equivalent to the tithes of former times : the best meat was ten sols, and bread five sols, a pound, and a day labourer received, besides his maintenance, twenty-five sols a day, which is about an English shilling.

In the course of the third day of our detention, we had some intercourse with the guardship, and prevailed with the captain to remit one day of our quarantine, and you may conceive the alacrity with which we made sail for Bordeaux, on the morning of the third of September. The river soon became more narrow, and we commanded an extensive view on both sides ; on the right the land was still low, but thickly inhabited and abounding in

vineyards, which produce the famous Medock wine, on the left there was an endless variety of all that bespeaks a flourishing population, and a well-understood agriculture ; farm-houses, villages and churches were in clusters, and the fields were either still yellow from the harvest of grain, or green with vineyards ; a ruined monastery, a dismantled castle, and the naked walls of a church, would present themselves, at times, as traces of the revolution, but they very rapidly passed away, as if the whole scene before us had been the effect of a magick lantern.\* Now and then would appear some very ancient fortress, which seemed to meet the description of Mrs. Radcliffe, that of Blaye† in particular attracted our attention ; and you may judge how near our vessel came to it, if you will but take the trouble of looking at that part of the map of France, which represents the course of the Gironde. Proceeding rapidly along, we came next abreast of the cliff, where a species of soft stone is procured for the buildings of Bourdeaux, and here all of us were made sensible of a very great degree of optical illu-

\* I observed at the same time in several places along the shore, a very simple mode of taking fish by planting stakes in the water, over which they are carried by the tide, and within which they are left, as it recedes.

† It was at this Castle of Blaye, that the celebrated Duke of Epernon received Anne of Austria, the Regent, when on a visit to Bourdeaux. The Cardinal de Richelieu, who was in the Queen's train, and not a little apprehensive of his personal safety, had quitted the Castle early in the morning on pretence of the tide, which gave occasion to the Duke to say, in fixing a time for the Queen's taking boat, that the tide, which had not waited for his eminence the Cardinal, would certainly not wait for her Majesty.

sion : the idea we entertain of persons seen from the top of a steeple, or of houses as we approach the shore, or of vessels at a distance, is, in a great measure, derived from our experience, correcting the operation of our senses ; in this instance we were, from a long discontinuation of the exercise of it, unprovided with that self-operating experience, which might have corrected the appearance of objects : these, seen through a very clear atmosphere and upon a back ground of dazzling whiteness, seemed as if within one hundred yards, though, in fact, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and consequently appeared most ludicrously small ; men and women on horseback seemed like pigmies upon mice, and the large vessels, waiting there for stone, looked as if they could have been drawn by a thread, like the fleet of Blefuscu.

The river now became narrower, under the name of the Garonne, and it was very evident, by the number of well-built houses, that we were approaching fast to some large commercial town, and shortly after, on turning a point, there appeared a noble city upon the banks of the river, in the form of a half moon, diversified in the form of a crescent, steeples, and elevated buildings, with a double row of dismantled ships (sure evidence of the effects of war) in front, and a high commanding country of vineyards in the back ground. We had no sooner come to anchor, than the captain went on shore to bespeak lodgings, and we had leisure for an hour or two to look about us ; boats were rowing in every direction, and several came aboard of us, with fruit, and with all that noisy importunity

of service, so new to an American : at length, about half past eight, our captain hailed us from the shore, we landed, found a carriage, and were conducted along a populous and busy part of the city into a large and noble street, where the coachman stopped at the door of a hotel, and we were welcomed into an elegant apartment by a well-dressed, well-looking landlady, who having solicited our orders and directions, with an apparent enthusiasm of obligingness, made her courtesy and retired with an air hardly to be met with on your side of the Atlantick.

While a part of the family were taking a look at our accommodations, for the night, I walked out with F—— into the street, which I found lined on one side with large trees, and crowded with people, and could not in the recesses of my mind but acknowledge the goodness of that Providence, which had so far enabled me to put in execution a design that I had so long formed. We soon returned to supper, which whatever it might have appeared to persons differently situated, was to us all splendour, luxury and plenty, and then retired for the night, impatient for the ensuing day, that we might look about us, and survey the new scene into which we had so suddenly been transferred.

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## LETTER IV.

GENEVA.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

THE next day brought with it all the wonders we expected. A variety of figures, moving along



the streets, attracted our attention, but none more forcibly than the fruit-women, with high caps of stiff muslin, with long waists, short petticoats, and mounted upon asses. In our neighbourhood was one of the most frequented walks, which upon going to we found thronged with original figures, who crowded along, whilst we, walking with the croud, or seated in the shade, made our observations at full liberty, without any danger of being attended to, or understood. In a few days we became acquainted with the city ; but it was necessary before we could indulge our curiosity without restraint, that we should appear at the commune to be examined as to our object in coming to France, and our intentions for the future ; it was here, that after a very scrutinizing examination of our persons, they gave us passports in which we saw ourselves very particularly described ; me, they represented as tall and thin, with some grey hairs, a pointed nose, and a forked chin ; I will not tell you how they described others of our company, as the description was not such as you would know them by ; but I ought, in justice to the man of the quill, before whom we appeared, to inform you, that perceiving your sister's embarrassment, as her turn approached, he was so considerate as to wave the ceremony of examining her features, and describing her in general terms.

When France, under the name of Gaul, was a Roman province, Bourdeaux was a considerable town, and many of the towers, which flanked the walls, and, in some places, part of the wall itself, are

still to be traced. Some remains of an amphitheatre are also to be seen, and I am told that there are other vestiges of those distant times. In succeeding ages, but many centuries after, it devolved as part of Aquitaine to Henry II. of England, in right of his wife Eleanor; and it was here that for fourteen years, the gallant Black Prince held his court. It was to Bourdeaux that he transferred his royal prisoner after the battle of Poitiers, and thence that he began his last expedition into Spain. His palace no longer exists, but the spot on which it stood was pointed out to me, and I confess to you, that I approached the altar of the ancient church of St. Seurin\* with somewhat more of respect, when I was told, that it was from that very altar that the Black Prince received the oriflamb previously to the brilliant campaign in which his courage, great as it was, appeared, even in that military age, his smallest merit. After nearly three hundred years of possession the English were driven out of Bourdeaux, and there now remains no mark of their domination but two large and venerable churches,

\* I have since regretted, that I had not at that time read Froissard in the excellent translation which has been lately published of his barbarous French. The Black Prince, of whom all historians in all subsequent ages speak so highly, was his favourite Hero. Froissard was frequently at Bourdeaux, and relates a great many interesting anecdotes of the Court there, and of the persons about the Prince. I agree with Godwin, that there are great advantages which arise from travelling in an old country, but then the traveller must have read history: had I read the history of Chaucer, for instance, written by Godwin himself at the time I was in Bourdeaux, I should have been still more interested in tracing every circumstance relative to the residence of the Black Prince there, and should probably have been more successful.

(built in that style of stupendous architecture, which is connected with nothing else, in those ignorant ages,) and a street called St. James's, together with some half a dozen English words in common use among the Peasants of the country, but so disfigured in the pronunciation that you would hardly recognize them.

In the history of the civil wars with France, I had read a great deal concerning Bourdeaux, and now examined every spot, connected with those times, with attention: the Ormee, where the friends of the popular party used to meet, the Chateau Trompette, where the celebrated Madame de Maintenon, was born, according to some authors, and the Gate Dijaux, which the Dukes de la Rochefoucault and Bouillon defended with such desperate valour against the royal army. Immediately out of this gate is the square where the guillotine was erected, and where so much of the best blood of Bourdeaux was spilled, during the revolution, by a set of infernal wretches in the shape of men. It was now crowded with peaceful sellers of fruit and vegetables, some of whom were pretty, and in whose countenances there was nothing connected with either war or cruelty. The time of war, and a war so unequally carried on by sea, was an unfortunate period for a stranger to visit this celebrated place; still, however, amidst melancholy accounts of losses and of bankruptcies, and a visible stagnation of business, there remained great and numerous appearances of opulence throughout the city, whilst a number of hackney coaches in the streets bespoke

a continued intercourse from one part of it to another. There were other circumstances, connected also, I fear, with mercantile opulence, of which, all matrons you are, I do not like to attempt a description, and which were not only evident but glaring : I will only say, upon the head of what it may not be proper to enter into a particular description, that prepared as I was to meet with those modes of dress, or rather undress, which I had been shocked with an imitation of in Charleston, the reality was far beyond expectation, and I had to regret for the sake of modesty and of good morals, that the framers of the Constitution of France, had not added a censor to the other Roman names, with which they have chosen to decorate their magistracy. Black eyes, a good-natured cheerful countenance, and a certain obtrusive prodigality of nature, seemed chiefly to constitute what was thought beauty in the ladies ; whilst the men, who retained no part of what used to distinguish the dress of their nation in former times, were universally in half boots and overalls : let me add, however, that we at every publick place discovered, that the national character was in one respect the same ; we were received with politeness, and made to feel that we were strangers, only in as much as that we were treated with more attention. I could write to you a great deal more of the revolution, and of its cruel effects at the time upon this devoted spot ; but the subject would not be a pleasing one, the inhabitants themselves avoid it, and it is better that we should.

## LETTER V.

GENEVA.

MY DEAR E—,

A GREAT part of my satisfaction arose, as you may well imagine, from witnessing the impression which so many new objects made upon the minds of those with me. They were strongly impressed with religious awe on entering, during the celebration of mass, the ancient church, which had formerly been the cathedral: the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults, the solemn gloom and awful dignified appearance, on all sides, the notes of the organ, the cloud of incense, and numbers on their knees in prostrate devotion, made it seem as if we had at length found a temple worthy of the Great Father of the Universe; but the glow of religion was soon allayed\* by the sight of some appendages to devotion, which in a Romish Church were originally intended to promote it: but for these, and carried to excess as they were, we should have remained penetrated with respect, we should have enjoyed for a longer time that feeling which Godwin has so well expressed, “that boundless reverie which leads to an inexplicable communication with the Invisible, the Infinite, and the Dead.” There are some appendages to a Romish Church, however, which I am almost sorry have not been

\* The dim Religious light, and the meeting at several parts of the Church, with people singly at prayers, and with every appearance of sincere devotion, was striking and affecting—and nothing could have prevented me from falling down on my knees, but the dread of appearing to worship painting and sculpture.

retained by the Protestants, and particularly, Confessionals. They are about the size of, and not unlike in appearance, a sentry-box ; in the middle is a partition, and there is a small grate through which the penitent on his knees pours forth the secrets of his mind, whilst a priest on the other side listens attentively, and may be supposed to impose penance or to absolve, to rebuke or to encourage, as the occasion may require. Every human institution is liable to be abused, and it would be wrong to argue from the abuse, against the institution itself ; but surely, if those among us, who in the earlier part of life have deviated from the paths of strict propriety, knew of some good man, some man of God, before whom we might pour forth the sorrows of a contrite heart, whose advice might direct, and whose exhortations might console us, an additional impediment might be thrown in the way of immorality, and the path of virtue be not forever closed to those who may once have wandered away from it.\*

From the church to the play, the transition will appear a very natural one, and you may judge of my feelings, when seated in one of the largest theatres of Europe, and amidst an audience of three thousand people, and in company with so large a part of my family. A celebrated singer from Paris was lately arrived, and all seemed anxious to hear, and prepared to applaud what they knew had

\* I am well aware that we have a general form of Confession in our own Church, the Church of England ; but I very much question, if it is preceded by any self examination, or accompanied by those feelings of a contrite heart, which the Priest recommends ; and how few attach any importance to the absolution which follows it ?

been applauded in the capital. It was the opera of Zemire and Azor, and it was well for me that I had been deeply read in the history of the Beauty and the Beast, upon which it is founded; for the theatre was so large, and the noise, (except during the performance of some favourite air,) so great, that I could scarcely distinguish a word of what was said on the stage.

If the musick and Mademoiselle Rolando's singing were delightful, the dancing was no less suited to attract our admiration, which would have been complete, had it not been for the almost complete nakedness of the performers: tight flesh-coloured silk drawers, with a slight gauze petticoat, can hardly be called clothes. I am surprised how, even in these latter times, appearances so revolting to any idea of decency can be permitted. There was a circumstance of visual delusion during the ballet, of the same nature as that which occurred during our sail upon the river. Azor, or the beast, whom the opera makes a great magician, being desirous of amusing Zemire, waves his wand, and a chariot appears in the clouds bearing two persons, whom I took for little images, admiring the ingenious contrivance by which they were made to turn their heads, as if they were speaking; for not supposing them to be two dancers, my experience did not correct the error of my sight, and I was all astonishment when on the approach of the vehicle to the stage, I saw them get out and dance, and found that, as children express it, they were *true and true* persons.

We remained at Bourdeaux too short a time to know much more of the inhabitants than may be acquired at publick places. The American consul and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, were extremely kind and hospitable to us : but in their house, we were as in America, and saw the interior of only one family besides, which was that of the venerable Pierre Texier, whom I had corresponded with formerly ; he had struggled through the revolution, so fatal to almost every merchant of Bourdeaux, and now lived in the bosom of a fine family, and in the exercise of great hospitality. By what I could learn, literature is not as fashionable in Bourdeaux as it was formerly, the demands of the revolution having taken away the youth for a time, from attending to any call, but that of arms, and the Genius of Commerce having revived during the short interval of peace, with a degree of enthusiasm which entirely absorbed the publick mind.

Besides the opera-house, there is another and a smaller theatre, where comedies are performed, and where I was very much diverted to see the representation of two or three English characters ; they were well-dressed, well-looking personages, with plenty of money, and very liberal ; but were made to speak such bad French, as rendered me afraid of my own accent and manner of speaking for some days after.



## LETTER VI.

GENEVA.

MY DEAR E—,

THUS our time passed rapidly along, with some new plan to allure us every day ; some place of amusement in the evening, and a continued variety of objects, which seemed to preserve their novelty, whilst we lived in good apartments, with a well-furnished table, and an abundance of the finest fruits. The splendid appearance of our rooms, on the first evening of our arrival, had been much heightened by the contrast they formed with our accommodation, on board the vessel, and we began, as they became more familiar to us, to be struck with the want of neatness in the furniture, and the very great neglect of cleanliness. I hardly think, that all the novelties of Bourdeaux would have reconciled a lady of Virginia to a floor, which being once painted, was no otherwise cleaned, after being once swept, than by means of a coarse towel wrapt round the end of a broom and rubbed over it ; to a table, which, though of mahogany, had never been rubbed, and to a hearth which was made, and which remained from day to day, the receptacle of all the sweepings of the room. Our representations had some effect, and the people of the house, in compliance to our prejudices, paid a little more attention to our apartments, but still the table remained unrubbed, and the floor unwashed.

If you figure to yourself James's river making a large bend near Richmond, and the high grounds to

be on the Manchester side, instead of overhanging the city as Shock's hill does, you may form to yourself some idea of the situation of Bourdeaux, and you will naturally suppose that, like Richmond, it is subject to autumnal fevers; this circumstance, however, does not in the least affect the appearance of the Bordelaix, owing, in all probability, to the quantities of fine fruit they have. We had now been several times at the theatre; we had visited all the churches, and the best booksellers' shops, and the museum, and had made several excursions into the neighbouring county, and now found time to visit the yards, where a number of workmen were employed in the construction of those boats, which are to humble England. To me they appeared too slightly built to bear the motion of the sea, with even a couple of pieces of heavy artillery on board, too flat to hold a good wind, and by no means calculated for the purposes of debarkation, on a shore exposed to a heavy surf. I cannot conceive the government to have had any other object in building them, than to give employment to the builders, though I believe they are considered in a very different point of view by the great body of the people: reports are prevalent, it seems, that since the late order for putting so many boats upon the stocks, England had repeatedly sued for peace. The next object, which attracted my attention, was the court of justice, which had commenced its sessions, within a few days, and which was just about deciding on a very important cause. The wisdom of the government, founded no doubt upon experience,

has withdrawn a great many causes from the jurisdiction of juries, and this was one of them; the court had in every other respect the appearance of ours in America. There were soldiers, indeed, to keep the peace, instead of constables, but they were few in number, and the doors were open to all the world. This last circumstance is a very important improvement, which has taken place since the revolution. The witnesses I observed, instead of swearing, promised only to speak the truth, but under the same penalties in case of falsity, as with us in case of perjury; and the promise, or as we should say, the oath, was read to them collectively.

There was a great deal of order and decorum observed, but the lawyers, on both sides, read their speeches, which took off from the animation I expected. I attended, during several sittings, and each time in company with an American gentleman, who had officiated upon some occasion as Judge, or as the French term it, as President, in some court of justice; this circumstance was probably known, and contributed, together with a sort of hospitable respect we were treated with, to affect the intellects of one of the lawyers, a large portly man, in all the costume of the bar, who approaching me with marks of deference, begged to know, in a whisper, if I was the President of the United States? It is, said I, just as if I asked you whether you were Bonaparte. It was quite another thing, he said. But, I assured him, to his very great astonishment, that there was just as much probability

of the First Consul's pleading at the bar, as of the President of the United States being present at a Court of Justice at Bourdeaux. I might have added, or of my being President. We must not, however, think too meanly of the person who made this mistake ;—I soon began to perceive that America, and Americans, were very little known, and the last scarcely at all, so as to be distinguished from Englishmen.

We had now been three weeks in Bourdeaux. The extreme novelty of every object had worn off a little, but there was still a great deal to see, and to admire, and a great deal that I might write about, if my ambition were to make a book. The old town, which may be considered as the one formerly inhabited by the British, has such very narrow streets, that it is with difficulty two carriages can pass, but the ditches, which once defended it, have been filled up, and formed into spacious streets, and the modern part is extremely well built ; there are a great many handsome houses, and the shops are set off to the utmost advantage.

The large tide mills, in one of the suburbs, which Young speaks of, have experienced the fate he foresaw, but chiefly, I believe, from the quantity of sediment deposited by the river water, which in a few years diminished the capacity of the bason, and choaked up the passages.—We now purchased a second-hand coach for twenty-eight Louis, returned such of our baggage on board the vessel, as we could dispense with, hired a courier, saw your brother off before us, under the care of a gentleman,

who had been our fellow passenger, and prepared in good earnest, as we say in America, to take leave of Bourdeaux. Let me not, however, here neglect to do justice to the kindness and hospitality of Mr. Lee the American Consul, and of his lady ; they live in a very handsome house, and do the honours of it to perfection.

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## LETTER VII.

GENEVA.

MY DEAR E——,

THE suburbs of the city extend so far, and the succession of country houses, and of villages is so continued, that we were at the first post, before we thought ourselves well out of Bourdeaux. We soon discovered that our carriage was not as cheap a one as we at first had thought ; and I foresaw, without any great regret, however, that we should be detained in some town, in order to have it repaired. Towns, villages, churches, castles and country houses, were on both sides of us, as we rode through one continued vineyard, loaded with the finest grapes ; at some distance on the left was the Garonne ; beyond were hills, which appeared as well cultivated as the plain, but against which it is probable that the sea formerly rolled ; no fences or hedges are any where to be seen, except in the neighbourhood of houses, which takes away from the prospect the appearance of distinct and independent property, that I remember being pleased with

in England. But the road was excellent, and we were soon at Castres, where the people of the house comforted us about Mr. F. : an English boy, they said, had stopt there, the day before ; there was something melancholy in his countenance, but the gentleman he was with seemed to pay great attention to him.

Strange as it may seem to you, there are very few French, who have yet found out that the Americans are, in any respect, a separate people from the English ; a want of discernment which exposes us to the inconvenience, perhaps, of a somewhat higher charge at an inn, but which also secures to us a great deal of respectful attention we might not otherwise experience. Notwithstanding the long continued hostility of the two governments, the English are still very much respected in France : the careless air and liberal manners of their young men, who used to gallop over Europe, are remembered with regret, the undaunted perseverance of the English nation, which even the servility of a French newspaper cannot altogether conceal the knowledge of, commands respect ; and their unbounded charity and hospitality to the Emigrants who sought for shelter in England, can never be forgotten. It is usual that when two chaises meet with an equal number of horses, at nearly equal distances from their post houses, for the postillions to exchange, and for each to return home with the charge of the other. It was upon such an occasion that I had an opportunity of conversing for a quarter of an hour with a person, who

wore the habit of a dignified ecclesiastick, and who, either taking me for an Englishman, or confounding the two nations, expressed to me in the strongest terms his love of England, and his gratitude for the reception he had experienced there at a moment of the deepest distress. Now look at the map, which, I presume, you keep spread upon the table, before you, find Langon on the Garonne, and you will be at the place we passed our first evening at ; the inn had been a fortified castle in former days, and like all castles, was dark and gloomy, but the table cloth and napkins were clean, the supper good, the people all civility and attention, and the beds were excellent : it is here that the tide ceases to be perceived, and there was a crowd of boats under our window. The next morning we crossed the Garonne, and as I walked upon the opposite side of the town, and looked back upon it, so many ideas presented themselves to my mind, that, if I were writing a book, instead of a letter, they would serve for a chapter.

The inn we had just left was evidently an ancient fortress, built upon a steep rock by the side of the river, and served, no doubt, some four or five hundred years ago, to support the pride, and protect the plunder of some mighty Baron ; at a small distance lower down, was a church which had been erected by the English, while they were masters of this fine country ; then came the convent of the poor Ursuline nuns, who had been driven into the wide world with contempt and ruin ; and then succeeded the dismantled habitation of an emigrant

nobleman. We kept the river on our right, occasionally driving through small towns, generally dignified with the ruins of a castle, and along a highly cultivated scene of vines, hemp, Indian corn, and tobacco : this last appeared of an inferiour sort, and, though fit to cut, not better than the second growth at the mountains.

We passed rapidly through Aiguillon, where the Duke, during his exile, amused himself by building a spacious, but by no means handsome palace, and stopt for the night at port St. Marie. To us, whom Smollet, and other travellers, had inspired with no advantageous ideas of French inns, the surprise was as great as it was agreeable, to find every thing of the best, and in abundance ; and all that could be wished for, with the single exception of clean floors, and you may judge for yourself, from our bill of fare at Port St. Marie's, where the inn had been represented as an ordinary one. There were fish, pigeons, (a very superiour bird to the American pigeon,) veal, ortolans, and sallad, and a desert, of course : with such accommodations, therefore, with good roads, through a finely cultivated and well-inhabited country, and with cheerful and good-natured postillions, guilty of no fault, but of driving rather too fast, and, to crown all, with good weather, in a delightful climate, you may suppose how agreeably we travelled.

We were the next morning early, at Agen, the capital of a district, long famous for grain and fruit, of every sort, and for the neighbouring meadows on the Garonne, and where one of the largest inns I



ever beheld seemed at once to possess the largest and dirtiest kitchen : there was meat and game of every sort, and fish in abundance, and ortolans by dozens, and four or five cooks busily employed ; but the flies flew from place to place like the Harpies of Virgil, or, if you prefer the comparison, like the black birds of K—, and would have checked the appetite of Famine itself.

I found several English officers here, who were prisoners of war, and who fastened upon me, as they would have done upon a countryman, nor did I feel less for them than if I had been : there were about two hundred sailors, they told me, in the town, who were allowed to undertake work for the inhabitants, and enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

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## LETTER VIII.

GENEVA.

MY DEAR E—,

WE had as yet constantly followed the course of the Garonne, through a highly cultivated but flat country, whilst the view on the left had been bounded by the steep declivity before mentioned, which was clothed with vines. At length, not long after we had left Agen, the road inclined to the left, and we began to ascend, and were soon on the summit of the high ground. It is here that I could wish for the powers of description. The country which now offered itself to our admiration, was in gentle waves, such as you might suppose

from a continuation of the inequalities between the dwelling house at Belvoir and the overseer's cottage; of this every part appeared in high cultivation as far as the eye could reach, except where villages and gentlemen's houses intervened, or some rural church, or a clump of trees diversified the scene: it seemed the bosom of all bounteous nature swelling with delight and plenty: behind us, on turning, we beheld the river we had left; its banks were crowned with all that human art with industry could collect; there were houses, and cottages, and ancient castles, and cultivated fields, and a navigable river; and beyond all these various objects, there were the Pyrennees. To me they appeared like the Slate River mountain, as it is seen from Belvoir, but extending a great way farther to the east and west, and with the additional importance of being the barrier between two great nations. I can conceive how the very name of these celebrated mountains excites your imagination, and that you are already thinking of Blanche and her sweetheart, and of the Banditti, and of Ludovico. Our six horses had for the last two or three posts been diminished to four, and we were allowed to keep that number afterwards on paying for five. Our mode of travelling was to set off after an early breakfast, and to make our principal meal at night, relying always on finding a good supper in consequence of our courier preceding us by about an hour: towards evening we descended from the high grounds and entered Mossaick, an ancient town on the Tarn, a few miles above its

junction with the Garonne ; the river was about as broad as the branch of James's river which is crossed on the road to Charlottesville, but deep enough for large boats, and with extensive low grounds ; half way across stretches what remains of a bridge built by the English, or by the Romans, the people were not certain which, with a brick causeway leading to it, and a little higher up is a building, which, of all the houses I have yet seen in France, would be the most agreeable residence to a friend of ours in Albemarle, who likes his mill the most of all things in the world, after his family. It is a handsome stone house, with very comfortable apartments, united with a large mill, which is carried out upon arches into the river, and having the wheels directly under : so that the gentleman to whom it belonged, and who lived in it, had the satisfaction of being at home, the pleasure of receiving his friends, and the delight of staying all day in his mill. From an elegant parlour which was at the extremity of the building, the door opened into a gallery where worked twenty pairs of mill-stones in their several recesses, and the contrast must in former times have been great from the one scene to the other ; at present it is less so. The proprietor having emigrated, his family were turned out, and the property confiscated, and to allure the peasantry by an expedient very frequently had recourse to in these revolutionary times, it was sold out in shares so small as even to extend to the sixteenth part of the profit of a pair of mill-stones. I asked what was become of the

Marquis, whose spirit of enterprize had enriched the neighbourhood, whose hospitality had descended even to the servants and horses that frequented his mill, and whose charity had long relieved the poor of his neighbourhood ? He died, they told me, in exile. And his widow ? She subsisted on the charity of a former *femme de chambre*. And his son ? He had been there lately, but the proprietors of the mill had formed a mob against him, and had driven him out of the town. From this new scene, and with mingled sentiments of admiration and of compassion, we returned to our inn, and supped with a better appetite, than in sensibility we ought to have done. In the neighbourhood of Mossaick, on the Tarn, and in several places on the Garonne, we saw floating mills ; a mode of construction, which might very advantageously be adopted on many of our rapid streams in America. We were now soon again in the valley of the Garonne, and traversed the same fertile fields, as before ; the peasantry were preparing to sow their wheat ; hemp, tobacco, or artificial grass, occupied every spot, which was flat and moist, but whenever it swelled into somewhat of a hill, it was cultivated in vines, which were loaded with grapes, and these were as much at the discretion of travellers, as the cherries and peaches of an orchard by the road side, are in Virginia.

The houses, in general, were good, and the oxen the largest I had ever seen, but the persons at work in the fields were principally women and old men ; the young men had either been drawn away

into the army, or were otherwise employed. We met with few travellers in carriages, or on horseback, but such was the succession of labourers, of soldiers, and of other travellers on foot, that for the space of several hundred miles we were never as much as five minutes without seeing some one : following us on the map you will easily find Mountaban, where we halted at the gate, and sent to the posthouse for our horses, where for less than sixpence, we bought a basket of figs, grapes and peaches, besides being admired for our generosity.

I will not run the risk of tiring you by any further description of fine fields and fine prospects, but will hurry you along, although the vintage had begun, and might well deserve a few lines, up to the gates of the venerable city of Thoulouse ; where you will be astonished to learn, that notwithstanding the most diligent search, I could not find a single person who knew any thing, or indeed had ever heard of madame Cheron, who was afterwards madame Montoni. We passed on our way, not far from the town of Albi ; which once gave name to a set of industrious and quiet people, whose religious opinions were so cruelly misrepresented, in the thirteenth century, and whose ruin brought on that of their sovereign, the Count of Thoulouse. It is, fortunately for the repose of mankind, of very little consequence, whether or not they believed in the tenets they were accused of holding : they held the world to be the work of an inferiour agent, it was pretended, and differed in many other respects from the Protestants of the succeeding century—

but their tenets, however strange, or even absurd, would not have excited the attention of the Court of Rome so forcibly, had not their austere habits of life afforded so strong a contrast to the pride and luxury of the Clergy. The inquisition, of all engines the most powerful, and which the secret practices and degrading vices of subsequent ages are said to have rendered necessary in some countries, was first used upon this occasion, and a crusade, headed by the father of that Earl of Leicester, who was so conspicuous in England in the civil wars of Henry the Third's reign, carried fire and sword into this fertile and happy country : Bezieres and Thoulouse were both taken by storm and sacked : it was upon one of these occasions that the Abbe de Citeaux, who was present, encouraging the soldiers, was asked how they were to distinguish the heriticks from true believers, of whom there were known to be considerable numbers in the place,—Kill them all, was the answer, kill them all,—God will know very well how to distinguish those who belong to him, in the other world. A remnant of these poor people, who had been able to shelter themselves in woods and fortresses, still remained however, and kept alive the flame of opposition to the abuses of the church, until the party to which they naturally attached themselves became known by the name of Protestants. It had been their misfortune, as it was that of Marcel Prevot des Marchands in Paris, in the fourteenth century, whose ideas of government, and whose party-coloured hood have since been so

successfully revived, to have made their appearance in the world some centuries too soon.

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## LETTER IX.

GENEVA.

MY DEAR E—,

HAVING crossed the canal of Languedoc at a small distance from the city of Thoulouse, and driven, for at least half a mile, by the side of an ancient wall, which looked more like a Roman, than a modern work, we entered into a gloomy, grass-grown square, and passed along a continuation of narrow streets to an inn, which without the plenty of the house of Agen, was infinitely more defective in point of cleanliness. Any geographical dictionary, or common book of travels, will give you an ample account of this well known city, of its academy, its Floral games—a relique and the only one of the *Science gaie*, of its Capitouls, a municipal title peculiar to the place, and of the Calas family, whose hard fate has been eloquently related by Voltaire.—It is singular, that, after so many years, there should still be a difference of opinion on the tragical event which brought down ruin and disgrace on this unfortunate family: Swinburn, one of the best informed travellers I have read, seems persuaded that the unhappy father had, in a paroxysm of passion, given his son an unlucky blow. Thoulouse is situated in a fertile country, and in the

vicinity of the canal ; neither its trade, however, nor its population have been ever such, as might have been expected, and are both much declined, since the revolution : it is, in a few words, a large, old-fashioned, gloomy place, with several ancient and venerable churches, with a handsome theatre, and with a choice of beautiful publick walks. Of the canal, which terminates within a short distance of the city, on forming a junction with the Garonne, you may easily conceive the importance by placing a map of Europe before you, and by observing that it connects the navigation of the Mediterranean with that of the Atlantick. See what a length of stormy sea is avoided from Cette, through the straits of Gibraltar, along the coasts of Spain and Portugal, and across the bay of Biscay ; see and admire the never-ceasing glory of Louis the XIV. in having effected that which is honourable to the Romans even to have thought of. From the waters of the Mediterranean to those of the Garonne, near Thoulouse, the distance is near two hundred and ten miles, along which space, and notwithstanding the intervening obstacles of rivers, of mountains and of an inequality of six hundred feet, an uninterrupted intercourse is kept up by boats, some of which draw five feet water, and are of the burthen of four hundred tons. This required, as you may suppose, a great number of locks, with all the contrivances in use to guard against too much water, and to provide enough, and had I been differently situated, I could very well have employed a month in examining them.



This magnificent work was planned and in a great measure executed by a gentleman of the name of Riquet ;\* such services are surely the best sources of distinction in society, and they found in Louis XIV., who upon some occasions knew how to act the monarch to perfection, the reward which they deserved ; the family of Riquet was ennobled, they were exclusively intrusted with the management of the canal in perpetuity, and had the entire profit of the toll : but, in the late unhappy period of the revolution, the family having remained faithful to the descendant of their benefactor, became liable to the penalties of emigration, and lost the far greater part of their fortune : the last whom I have heard mentioned is a ci-devant Marquis de Caraman, who was alive a few years ago, and subsisted by letting ready furnished lodgings.

The number of men employed in digging the channel, and constructing the works, was never less

\* It appears, by the memoirs of Besenval, that after Riquet had made some experiments which convinced the most incredulous that his plan was practicable, and had obtained the consent and approbation of the government, it was still impossible to begin the undertaking for want of money. Colbert, with every good wish for the success of so noble an enterprise, could advance nothing, and the monied men of the times were too well satisfied with the interest they received, to venture their fund upon a scheme in any degree uncertain. It occurred at length to Riquet, that it might promote his views to be thought intimate with the superintendant of the treasury, and he prevailed upon Colbert to consent that he should enter his cabinet, without knocking at the door, at a time when he should be known to be in conference with the former general of the revenue—it might have appeared an accidental thing the first time, and the experiment was therefore repeated. Riquet found afterwards no difficulty in getting as many subscriptions as he wanted ; every body now was desirous of being concerned with a person who was so much in the confidence of Colbert, as to be in the habit of entering his cabinet without knocking.

than eight thousand, for fourteen years, and they were sometimes increased to twelve thousand, and the expense incurred was about a million sterling : the present annual expense for repairs and attendance is about seventeen thousand pounds sterling, but the government derives an income of nearly twenty-five thousand pounds from the tolls, clear of all deductions, and the saving to the community at large is not less than two hundred thousand pounds a year.

If the sum appear a large one, you must look at what Adam Smith says in his *Wealth of Nations*, on the comparative advantages of land and water carriage : a vessel of two hundred tons, and navigated by six men, plying between Leith and London, is shown to be equal in effect to fifty waggons, drawn by four hundred horses, and conducted by one hundred men : and Michaux, a very well informed traveller, says that the inhabitants of our upper country, at the distance of fifty miles from Pittsburg find it easier and cheaper to send their produce for sale to New-Orleans by Pittsburg, along a stream of 2100 miles, than to have it conveyed to Baltimore, at the distance of little more than 100.

At the Museum of Thoulouse, we saw good pictures and casts of antique statues, there were some busts also, and one in particular, of a Roman lady, which must have been executed at least fourteen hundred years before the discovery of America ; her face was that of a pretty woman, and notwithstanding her very great age, it was full of life, and her hair was dressed precisely in the modern fashion.

In my walks over the town, I could never *get the better* of the impression which had been made upon my mind on entering it ; but the environs are beautiful ; on one side, a stately bridge connects them with the city, and from that bridge we had a much nearer prospect of the Pyrenees than before, and could perceive the snow already fallen in several places. We here remedied the defects of our carriage for a trifle more than seven Louis, and after two days residence in what seemed then, and still seems, the worst inn we ever stopt at, we again set forward. I was sorry to leave a place so renowned in history as Thoulouse and so much spoken of by travellers, after so short a stay ; but your brother was before us, the expense was great, and more of our senses were in continual sufferance than I would wish to enumerate : from such a place the transition into well cultivated fields and loaded vineyards, amidst carts and baskets filled with grapes, and all the hurry, plenty, and festivity of the vintage, was really delightful.

Our course, if you will allow me a sea term, was generally in the direction of the canal, and we frequently saw and sometimes crossed it ; the banks were every where planted with Lombardy Poplars, and the locks appeared in perfect order. We were soon at the little town of Bazieges, and were on the point of setting off with fresh horses, and as usual at a full gallop from the posthouse, when it was perceived and pointed out to us by an idle bystander, that the nut which ought to confine one of the hind wheels had worked off and been lost. De-

tion in such a place was disagreeable, but nothing when compared to the evil we had escaped; we submitted, therefore, with a good grace, had the carriage dragged opposite to the blacksmith's, and were looking about us where there was nothing to be seen, when a lady stepped out of a neighbouring house, and invited us to take shelter there: she seemed about twenty, had her first child in a cradle by her in the neat little parlour she conducted us into, was rather handsome, had brilliant eyes, and all that politeness and that unaffected grace, which nature seems sometimes to go out of her way, in order to bestow on her favourites: the lady's husband, who shortly after joined us from his vintage, was a well behaved, well looking man of thirty, who had gone out a private soldier to Egypt, had served the whole of the war there, and had returned a non-commissioned officer of dragoons: there could be no want of conversation with such a person, and I passed a couple of hours with him very agreeably. It was very customary, he told me, during the siege of Alexandria, for the advanced sentinels to approach each other amicably, after a signal given and returned, and to exchange their rations, the British giving pork and sometimes brandy, and the French bread; it was allowed in their army that the descent of General Abercrombie was a very gallant exploit: a body of boats was seen at a distance laying on their oars, as a bird of prey is seen floating in the air, over the spot it is about to dart upon; until at length they began to move, and three distinct lines

were observed approaching, protected by gunboats at their extremities, preserving the most exact order, and rowing, as if by clock work : not a soldier appeared, but the seamen were erect, and seemed insensible to the French artillery, which thundered upon them from the batteries among the sand hills, and from the fort of Aboukir : the action commenced at the water side, and even in the boats, but the French were soon overpowered : though liberal in his praises of the British seamen, he would not allow their soldiers any great degree of merit ; on my asking him, however, if they did not deserve some credit for their march, in order of battle, a day or two after the descent, and for repulsing the attack of Menou, I would not say for defeating him, he paused a moment, and then, as if recollecting himself and recovering from a dilemma, he begged of me to observe, that they had added by that time, in all probability, several French deserters to their army. I have been often struck with the mean opinion which the French affect to entertain of the English soldiery : one would imagine, that they derived some consolation to the humiliations that have been heaped upon France, by these lords of the ocean, in supposing them proportionally weak by land ; and yet there is hardly an instance, where they have been opposed to equal numbers, on the Continent, in which the land forces of England have not been victorious : no soldiers have more native hardihood, or more patience under every privation, or behold the approach of death with more equanimity.

If I were writing a novel, or an imaginary tour through Europe, what a fine episode might this simple adventure be worked up into with a little embellishment and exaggeration!—You have only to suppose these young people crossed in love by their parents and that, with the suit of some wealthy admirer, and her being locked up, and his being sent to Egypt, and the war in that strange country, which might give occasion for so many interesting descriptions, and his return home with the spoils of a Mameluke whom he had slain in battle, and their meeting at a dance in their native village, and their parents relenting at so much true love, would be sufficient not only for an episode, but for a novel of as many volumes as Sir Charles Grandison.

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## LETTER X.

GENEVA.

MY DEAR E——,

WE got to Ville Franche about 8, and the next day to Mons : you will think our progress a slow one, if, as is not improbable, you follow us on the map. The reason was, that, at first, we turned aside to see a place, where the canal is carried over a small river, in an aqueduct of masonry, and then again to visit Naurose, the highest point between the two seas, on the line of the canal, where the inspector of the works lives, and, drawing his resources from reservoirs at a distance, supplies either side

of him with water, as he is informed it is required. The principal of these is, the reservoir of St. Fercol, which, to my very great regret, I had it not in my power to visit. This enormous basin is 160 feet deep, and 14,468 feet round ; it is formed by a circle of mountains, and confined at the only outlet by a wall, which is 234 feet thick, and is supposed to contain, when full, as much water as the whole canal.\* The Inspector put me in mind of Virgil's *Æolus*, directing the fury of the winds, at pleasure, from the hollow mountain, which served him as a Palace ; he was civil to us, however, notwithstanding his empire over an element as formidable as the winds, and explained all the particulars of his employment, with great good nature. He then showed us his garden, in which were espaliers and dwarf apple trees : many of these last, though not a foot high, had several apples, which seemed out of all proportion large. We shortly after passed, and far more rapidly than I could have wished, over the fertile plain, formerly an unwholesome marsh, which surrounds Carcassonne, and under the walls of that ancient city ; they seemed as old as those of Troy, and the dismantled castle would have suited us exactly, had we been in the situation of Lamotte and his family, (you remember Lamotte,) it was gloomy and terriffick in the extreme, and no path could be discovered leading up to it. We began now to per-

\* C'est ainsi qu'on voit le Génie commander par tout à la nature, s'emparer des eaux, les répandre à son gré, et s'en débarrasser dès l'instant qu'elles deviennent superflues — Cette économie admirable ne peut être maintenue que par la surveillance la plus intelligente, et la plus active, de la part de l'ingénieur chargé de l'entretenir des rigoles et bassins, et de la distribution nécessaire. De Barenthe —

ceive fig trees in abundance, and greater quantities of Indian corn. As to the roads, nothing that I could say could give you an idea of their magnificent perfection. There are causeways for miles together, kept up by stone walls, and handsome bridges, wherever an accidental torrent from a winter shower might, sometimes, make the water a foot deep. Arthur Young's Tour through France will give you proper ideas on this subject, and a great deal of other information. We now quitted the direction of the canal, and proceeded towards Narbonne, across a country similar to that we had hitherto travelled through for scenes of plenty and population ; but with this difference, that olive trees began to appear, and the herbs, which grew by the road side, were either thyme, sweet marjoram or lavender ; in the villages which we passed, as well as in the fields, the people were busily employed in their vintage : several of the men had their legs, red with the juice of the grape, and one young woman, with her petticoats neatly tucked up about her knees, was making wine in a tub at the door of her house. We dined at Narbonne, once so distinguished in Roman history, as giving name to a large portion of Gaul, but now known for little more than the honey, which is made in its neighbourhood, and containing scarcely 9000 inhabitants. At a time when the ocean was navigated in much smaller vessels than at present, Narbonne was more of a sea-port than at present, and Cæsar embarked thence, after escaping the effects of a conspiracy, which he seems never to have known of. The communication with the Mediter-



anean was then kept up, as it is now, by means of a canal and a lagoon ; but this canal has, of late years been joined to that of Languedoc, and is far more than sufficient for all that exists of trade and intercourse at Narbonne, and in its neighbourhood. There were once to be found here very considerable remains of Roman architecture, to which tradition had given the different appellations of baths, an amphitheatre and a capitol, and where the sagacity of an antiquary could, though with difficulty, trace some remnants of a few mutilated inscriptions : but the most melancholy change which Narbonne has undergone, is in the temperature of the air, once proverbially salubrious, and now remarkable for the contrary : to return to the remains of Roman architecture which were once visible, they have been sacrificed, as it should seem, to the defence of the town, in the repairs of those antique walls, which still retain a very respectable appearance.

The Episcopal residence of former times, (I am not certain to what use it has been since applied) looks like the palace of a Prince, and the Cathedral is one of the most stately and solemn buildings I ever beheld. The Sacristan who attended, told us, with tears in his eyes, of the ravages, and of the horrible outrages committed during a period of the revolution, when it was fashionable to decry and to destroy every thing any way connected with religion. His family had filled the same office, from father to son, for the greater part of two centuries, and the Cathedral was to him the Holy of Holies : he pointed out to us, with honest pride, certain sacred orna-

ments, as we walked about the church, which he had found means to secrete, and some valuable pictures, which he saved in the same manner. I observed too, that the workmen were, at that moment, employed upon the great organ, which had been very much mutilated.

From Narbonne to Beziers, the road is short, and we arrived at a very early hour, through crowds of people returning into town from the vintage of the day: some very pretty girls were of the number, and mounted, two at a time, upon asses, with old and young people, and children in carts, and servants, carrying baskets of grapes on their heads. It seemed a procession in honour of Bacchus. We here joined the line of the canal again, and, admiring the neighbouring hills, whose sides were covered with olive trees, we drove up a very steep ascent, under an ancient gateway, into a narrow street, which conducted us to our inn. Mulberry trees had become common for the last two or three posts, and we were now in a country where wine and oil, and honey and silk, and every sort of grain abounded. Read what Young says of the locks at the commencement of the canal at Beziers, and of the subterranean passage at Malpas, for I could give you but a very incorrect idea of either. It rained excessively the next day, and was so cloudy that we could see nothing, not even the Mediterranean, though we were frequently upon very high ground and within a few miles of it.

We were disappointed also in not being able to see and to admire the approach to Montpellier, of which we had heard a great deal, as we did not arrive

until after night, and during a hard rain. I had observed during the day, however, that the country rose in gentle hills, and that there was a profusion of all that could cheer the heart of man, amid towns, and villages, and castles, and country houses ; and that these last were in a style of greater magnificence, and in greater numbers, as we approached the city.

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## LETTER XI.

MY DEAR E—,

It was dark, when we entered our inn, and as it was a spacious and well-fashioned house, it had the air of a palace ; our apartments too seemed to unite every thing we could wish ; a French publick house looks always best at candle-light, and it is never until the next day that the great and universal fault of uncleanness begins to appear ; a well-furnished table, a good bed, handsome curtains, and a civil reception are frequently found connected with circumstances, which ought, one would suppose, to be as far from such luxury, as the manners of the most polished society are from the filth of a Hottentot. I rose early next morning, and passed through narrower streets than I had expected, to the Esplanade, a publick walk, whence a highly cultivated, most beautiful, and thickly inhabited country appeared, and then to the place de Peyron, a square projecting from the inclosure of the town on an elevated spot,

and commanding, in addition to all that I have mentioned, a distant prospect of the Alps on one side, of the Pyrenees on the other, and of the Mediterranean below me. Of these three great objects, the sea attracted my attention most forcibly. Every one must be struck with the great variety of governments, languages, and complexions, which have been brought together by providence into a very narrow space upon the borders of this celebrated sea: it was here that the first feeble efforts of navigation were made, and hence that the civilized world has received its religion, and, with the exception of England, perhaps, all that is most valuable in their systems of jurisprudence.—It is not surprising, therefore, that the first view of the Mediterranean should animate every traveller:—the states and empires of ancient days glance across the imagination, and one muses on the bloody contests which have taken place, and the hostile fleets which have floated upon its surface, from the triumph of Duilius, to the victory of Lord Nelson: the sea was attractive also, as a scene familiar to my mind, and as affording the means of communication with my native country.

Having looked about for some time, I had next the leisure to admire a receptacle for water, which is brought there for the use of the town, by an aqueduct, from a distance; it is, in appearance, a handsome marble temple, such as the zeal of an opulent and pious heathen might have erected, in former times, to the tutelary deity of the stream, which furnished water to his native city; and as if my attention had not been sufficiently excited, I beheld,

at a distance, those mountains of the Cevennes, so distinguished for the religious war, which originated there in the reign of Louis the XIV., and which contributed so much to people the wilds of South Carolina. We had the pleasure to find a second letter here from F——, he seemed well and cheerful: we had reason indeed to be satisfied with all the accounts we had received of him upon the road; he had been remarked at every house he stopped at, for something singular in his dress, or from his speaking very little French, and we were universally told, that the English boy we inquired after, seemed amused, and that every body was very kind to him.

Passing rapidly along, and staying but a day or two at most in the largest towns, I should only have to borrow from books, if I were to pretend to enter into a minute description of persons, places, and manners. I can only tell you, therefore, of what we saw. Montpellier is an ancient city, but long posterior to the times of the Romans; it had never, therefore, any antiquities to boast of, but it has been distinguished for carrying on an extensive trade, ever since the days of Jacques Cœur,\* who was so ill rewarded for his services to Charles VII., to the period of the revolution, and being placed in a mild cli-

\* The exertions of this eminent personage, who, by providing funds, contributed almost as much as Jeanne d'Arc, by her religious enthusiasm, or Dunois by his valour, to the expulsion of the English out of the finest provinces of France,—remind me of Mr. Necker; and he was treated much in the same manner by Charles VII. that Mr. Necker was by the National Assembly.—Having been driven out of France with such base ingratitude, he is said to have made in some part of the East a second fortune, as great as the one he had been so unjustly deprived of:—where and when he died is not known.

mate, and known as the residence of several distinguished physicians, was almost proverbially the retreat of consumptive people. It was to Montpellier that the celebrated Dr. Young repaired with his daughter, when in the hour of sickness and decay he bore her, as he says, nearer to the sun: in the botanick garden we were shown a spot, near which, as tradition says, she was buried:—it was at the upper end of the garden, and amidst a cluster of cypresses, that the unhappy father carried his lifeless daughter in his arms, and committed her to the earth: \* the gardener, who was alive not many years ago, mentioned the fact, and showed the place to one whose testimony may be relied on. Figure to yourself a person of Young's extreme sensibility, himself the bearer, himself officiating as clergyman, on this last, most solemn, most affecting of all occasions! Had his life been protracted to a subsequent period, the delicacy of his affection would have received an additional wound, for the rage of innovation, which during some time bewitched all France, extended its destructive effects even to this solitary spot; the trees of the grove have been destroyed, a part of the earth removed, and the remains of poor Narcissa have been disturbed: one may conceive, I think, what a burst of pious indignation his melancholy Muse would have drawn from the priest, the father, the protestant, and the poet.

\* Alas! poor Young, says some one, excessive sufferance cannot be, where there is so much lamentation.

The shepherd but feigns he is sad;  
He is wretched to shew he has wit.

Dr. Beattie says, conversing with Dr. Young's particular friends, I found, that whilst he was composing his Night Thoughts, he was as cheerful as most men.

## LETTER XII.

MY DEAR E——,

WE had now been for some days past, in the country of the ancient Troubadours, who wandering over Europe, and singing of the great deeds of valiant knights, of love, and of the ladies, were the revivers of good manners, and of musick, and so feasted, and so honoured in private, and upon all publick occasions, that the most distinguished personages of the age condescended to be enrolled in their fraternity:—the counts of Poitou, and of Champagne, were both Troubadours: the language there used, and which took its name from the neighbouring province of Provence, was one of the two which prevailed in France in the eleventh and twelfth centuries: the other, which was spoken in the North, was called the Romance tongue: the Troubadours in their Provencal produced little else than love songs, stories of knight errantry in verse, and satires which they called, I know not why, Sirventes:—but the writer of the Romance language have excited the delight even of succeeding ages, by their fabliaux, which were drawn, with some embellishments indeed, and some exaggerations, from scenes of real life:—it is this circumstance that has given a name to those agreeable productions, which at some time or other of life are found so amusing \*

\* Madame de Sevigné, whose name has acquired a dignity in literature she was very far from looking forward to, thought very highly

If you have a map of the coast of France before you, must perceive that there is a continuation of lagunes along the part of it where we now are. At about a mile from Montpellier is a canal communicating with one of these, and by that means with Cette, whence the merchants of the neighbouring country made their shipments to foreign parts, whilst there was trade in France. As the distance to Cette admitted of our going and returning in the course of the same day, we could not resist our desire of taking a nearer view of the Mediterranean, and set out early one morning in company with a lively, good-natured, well-behaved Virginian,

of romances; "Far be it from me, says she, in a letter to her daughter, to decide upon the propriety of Pauline's reading romances: if it is a passion I have always had, I have had it in common with persons of so much more merit than myself, that I need not defend it: there are examples of good, and of bad effects, it is said, arising from such books; but whether it be from a partiality to my own taste, or not, I have always thought, that a young man might become more generous and disinterested by contemplating my favourite heroes, and that a young lady could imbibe none but the purest and most exalted principles from Cleopatra."

The Cleopatra Madame de Sevigné alludes to, is a Romance of many volumes, in which the manners are those of the times of Chivalry. Chivalry, we know, laid the utmost stress upon a respectful behaviour to the female sex, as well as upon a disposition to serve and oblige all who might stand in need of assistance—and that knight, who was adorned with every quality, that might with propriety inspire admiration, or kindle affection, who was brave, wise, just, courteous and benevolent, of spotless honours and unshaken integrity, was surely a better model for youth than Tom Jones, or Peregrine Pickle. A woman of rank and understanding in those times, says Godwin, was proud, but her pride tended only to render her condescension more graceful, and the two qualities gave her eloquence, and ease, and every winning and every beautiful attraction.



whose physician had sent him to the south of France. He had found us out directly on our arrival, and had manifested a sincere and strongly expressed satisfaction, at the sight of an American family; but when he found that we had been upon James river, and could talk of Rappahannock and Potomack, and heard us speak with respect and affection of persons, whose names were familiar to him, I thought he would have devoured us. It was one continued vineyard up to the gates of the ancient town of Frontignan, and Montpellier appeared, when we looked back upon it, like some capital city, proudly seated on an eminence, amidst tributary villages. This Frontignan is a miserable place, notwithstanding the fertile soil it stands in, and the excellent wine it gives name to. The houses and walls appear to be of white clay, rather than of stone, and the streets are hardly broader than the walks of a modern garden. We found Cette a small and not very clean town, with a harbour and a lighthouse, and some shipping, but with every thing in miniature. There were a few dismantled brigs and schooners, some fishing boats, a wretched privateer of two swivels and twenty men, and a guard vessel of eight guns; a high hill, on which are vineyards, and two or three old and castle like looking mansions, overhangs the town. We walked some way up this hill in company with an officious sort of a person, who had joined us in the street, and we asked him, of course, some questions about the place, as to the number of troops they usually had in garrison, and the youth they had furnished to the

conscription ; he soon after left us, and we sat down upon a large stone, surveyed the city, the harbour, and the ocean, which was spread out in an unruffled expanse before us ; agreed, the good Virginian and I, in admiring the concurrence of circumstances that had brought us together in a place so far from our common country. We then talked of the neighbouring and most beautiful part of France, of the opposite coast of Africa, of Rome and of Carthage, and of the little island far upon our left, which had given birth to the Julius Caesar\* of modern times. We spoke also of Gibraltar, and of the American navy, in which our companion had served. He was the first travelled man of your state whom I was ever so fortunate as to meet with. He amused us with anecdotes and with descriptions, and seemed so wonderfully improved by visiting foreign parts, that I almost believe, had I pressed him, he would have confessed, that Virginia was not the first country in the world. I will not, however, be positive.

We now continued our walk, descended into the town, visited the mole, took a nearer view of the armed vessel, talked with some of the privateer's men, admired the small cables made use of by the fishermen, which appeared to be a species of the marine grass, and having heartily tired ourselves, returned to our inn, and ordered our dinner.

The landlord began by placing a large dish of oysters on the table, but whilst we were expatiat-

\* *Ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites. Juv.*

ing on their merit, and discussing the old subject, whether it were better that they should be small, or such as you admire on James river, each of which makes several mouthfuls, he entered again in a hurry, and announced the commandant and the mayor. We thought their visit rather ill timed, but were thunderstruck when the latter, a thin, pale man, with a sharp voice, informed us, that as we had excited uneasiness in several of the good citizens of the place by our questions, by our attention to the fortifications of the harbour, and by our general appearance, it was necessary that we should give an account of ourselves to the civil and military powers, before whom we then were. Our passports had been left at Montpellier, and how to convince these good people that we were Americans travelling for amusement, and not English come to view the nakedness of their land, might have been difficult, if not impossible, had not a merchant of Montpellier, to whom we were accidentally known, and who happened, as accidentally, to be that day in Cette, repaired to us, on being sent for, and answered for us to their satisfaction; they then left us to go to dinner with what appetite we could. You may conceive how N——, whose head was running upon the stories of the Bloody Buoy all the time, looked during the whole of this business, and with what satisfaction she saw his honour the commandant, and his worship the mayor go about their business. The next day we were satisfied to remain at Montpellier, and went to the play at night, where the musick was delightful, the singing supe-

riour to any thing I ever had heard, and the dancing, as I was told, in a very great style ; I say, as I was told, for to me it appeared to consist too much of feats of strength and activity : I could not admire that whirling round with such rapidity that the human form was hardly discernible, those studied postures, and that total disregard of all decency in dress. An Indian Warriour prepared for battle, is hardly less encumbered with clothes, than an Opera dancer in France.

In former times, Montpellier must have been a very agreeable place to spend a winter and a spring at : a clear and wholesome atmosphere, society composed of people from all parts of the world ; publick amusements in perfection ; literature, and all that extensive commerce, all that Nature in its utmost bounty can bestow, were here combined, whilst the occasional residence of The States, gave it the air of a capital.

It would be useless, and it would be melancholy to say, in how many respects it is not what it was : we should have protracted our stay, however, a few days, had not —— been before us. As it was, we departed on the morning of the fifth of October, and took the road to Nismes ; a name not as familiar to your ear as Montpellier, but to the full as deserving of your attention.

## LETTER XIII.

MY DEAR E—,

THE country we travelled through continued such as we had seen, being diversified with wheat fields, vineyards, plantations of olive and mulberry trees ; but we began to observe mountains at a distance, and the road was sometimes hilly, so that the festoons of grapes, which lined the way, were now a little more in our power, for as the carriage necessarily went more slowly, we were at times enabled to get out and walk ; such a circumstance was never disagreeable to the younger part of the family, and to our servant-maid, whose appearance you must remember ; her looks upon such occasions, when she found herself in the undisturbed possession of as many grapes as she chose to eat, gave me an idea of what *Candid's* must have been, when offering to return the pieces of gold which the children had left behind, he was told, to his great astonishment, that he might keep them.

Nismes was once, under the government of the Romans, a city of great extent, but of its ancient walls nothing now remains, but one solitary dismantled tower, which is at a considerable distance from the modern town ; it contains, however, more Roman antiquities, and in a greater state of preservation, than any town of France : you have often heard of the celebrated *Maison Quarree*, (the model after which the capital of Richmond was originally planned ; ) it is a Roman temple of the smaller

size, all elegance and simplicity, perfectly entire, but disfigured by dormant windows, which had been opened by a society of Monks, who used it formerly as a Chapel. It was for a long time doubtful to what divinity this temple had been erected—but the difficulty has been very ingeniously got the better of by a Mr. Seguier, who has shewn to conviction, it is said, that the holes left in the friese and architecture, and which held the pins that secured the inscription, could belong to no letters, but such as shew, that it was dedicated to Caius and Lucius, adopted sons of Augustus. Prepared as one is to admire it, the impression at first sight, rather falls short of the spectator's imagination, and it appears diminutive: at a small distance from it is the amphitheatre, the form of which you are acquainted with, but it would be difficult for you to conceive an idea of the effect which its extreme magnitude and venerable antiquity have upon the mind. Although far from being entire, it is in some parts sufficiently preserved to convey an idea of what it must have been formerly, and one conceives how seventeen thousand persons may have sat at their ease in it.

We went in at the ancient entrance, walked for some time in the lobby, as I should call it in a modern theatre, then penetrated by one of the vomitories to the seats, and ascended to the top of the building, where we remained for some time in silent contemplation of this mighty edifice. It seemed worthy of those who had been masters of the world—and they now appeared to us capable of having per-

formed all the great things which history has attributed to them. Upwards of seventeen hundred years had rolled away since the amphitheatre was built, and yet where avarice or the fury of an enemy have not made great efforts to destroy it, the parts are as entire as if it had been erected in the last century.

The arena is still encumbered with some wretched houses, to the very great disgrace of the town and the government ; but elevated as we were, the extent and form of it were very apparent. There are other remains of former times at Nismes, which in any other place would be remarkable, but are here scarcely noticed ; there are remains, for instance, of a temple, said to be of Diana or of the Infernal deities, for antiquarians are not agreed upon the subject, which are yet sufficiently entire to give a very good idea of its original form ; a part of the roof is still suspended in the air, and the ornaments of the ceiling, as far as it extends, are perfect : there is a niche in front of the principal entrance over where the altar was, no doubt, formerly occupied by a statue, and the funnel which gave passage to the smoke of the victims, might serve for the same purpose now ; near it is a spot, once sacred to some other deity, where a profusion of water bursts from the earth, in the midst of a shady grove : it was customary among the ancients to attribute the agreeable sensations, which were experienced at any place of favourite resort, to the immediate presence and protection of some superiour being, and it was surely right to indulge the people

in a harmless superstition, which placed a grove, or a fountain, or any other object of general utility under the safeguard of religion. Even the ruins of the temple, which had been erected to this unknown deity, had disappeared, but the stream is as clear, as cool, and as abundant as ever, and put in all probability to as good a use : it flows along the publick garden, amidst statues and ornaments of architecture, and then forms a canal, which supplies many of the different manufactories of the town ;—this spot, which is called the fountain, and which in summer joins the freshness of a running stream to all the delights of shade, is, as you may suppose, a very favourite one at that season. You must observe that I have purposely avoided speaking of the revolution and its effects ; I cannot, however, refrain mentioning in this place, that the weavers of Nismes have been reduced from more than four to less than one thousand. It formerly suffered as much from the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and was the theatre of many of those horrid instances of persecution, which that impolitick event gave rise to : the enmity of the two religious parties, embittered by a long continuation of atrocious conduct towards each other, more worthy the disciples of some ancient Egyptian deity, than of the God of Peace, had been in a great measure lulled to rest ; when Louis XIV., blinded by the zeal of his confessor, and not restrained by any remains of sensibility in Madame Maintenon for her former friends, excited the worst of all civil wars : the cruel circumstances and consequences



of this contest, the character of Cavalier, who, from a baker's boy, became the leader of the Protestants, the arts he made use of to keep up his ascendancy over his followers, by means of Prophets chiefly, who were generally women, the chosen vehicle of the Divine Spirit, and the singular circumstance of his reducing government to the necessity of treating with him at last, are all well described by Voltaire, to whom I refer you ; he does not, however, I believe, mention the particular circumstance which drove the people into open rebellion. They had submitted to the most humiliating restrictions in the exercise of their religion, and had groaned in secret amidst all that could be perpetrated of cruelty, all that could be heaped upon them of injury and insult ; but there is a point beyond which men will suffer no longer, and the slightest event is sometimes sufficient to kindle up a flame, where the materials have been long accumulated. Two young ladies of the name of Sexti, were carried off from their parents, and immured with circumstances of great indignity in the castle of an Abbè, the principal agent of the government ; neither entreaties, nor the offer of money, could procure their liberation ; the people of the neighbouring mountains, at length excited and led on by the relations of the sufferers, rose in a mass, stormed the castle, liberated the ladies from a state of shocking confinement, and put the Abbè to death. I have referred you to Voltaire, as knowing that his works are within your reach, but I wish you could also read the account which is

given of these wretched times in the memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon—whose energy, virtue and liberality, rendered him very superiour in many respects to the age he lived in. There were others, no doubt, who reprobated, though in secret, the wicked and cruel policy of Louvois, who wished to make himself of importance, and deplored the weakness and bigotry of the king, in venturing upon the chimerical experiment, of forcing all his subjects to be of one opinion in matters of religion. Extensive districts became subject to military execution, children were separated from their parents, their mothers were shut up in penitentiary houses, with the lowest of mankind, and their fathers sent to the galleys. Numbers, who for a time must have thought themselves hardly more fortunate, carried with them into foreign countries the arts and manufactures of France, and infused into their children that spirit of implacable vengeance, which they themselves always cherished against their native country. It was from this source that King William and Queen Anne formed some of their best troops;—a regiment of these finding itself opposed at the battle of Almanza by a French regiment in Philip's army, rushed forward to the charge, and were encountered with such inveterate hostility, that scarcely an individual of either survived the shock.—The Duke of Berwick, who was an eye witness, and who relates this anecdote with a sort of horror, mentions it as the first time he ever saw the bayonet used with effect.

## LETTER XIV.

MY DEAR E—,

NISMES, when a Roman town, had been a place of such opulence, or so particularly favoured by the government, that water for the accommodation of its inhabitants was brought from two fountains, at the distance of nearly sixty miles. We are not to suppose that the Romans were ignorant of the modern mode of conveying water in pipes, or of its attaining by that means a height nearly equal to that of its source—there are many instances in Roman history that prove the contrary ; but they supposed, and they were right, that the quality of water is improved by exposure to the sun and air : the water upon this occasion was carried along by an accurate attention to the level, as in the case of overshot mills in hilly countries : but on its arrival at the river Gardon, it was necessary that an aqueduct should be constructed, in order to connect the opposite hills. This aqueduct, which is still entire, to the lower part of which a bridge has been added within the last century, is what is called the Pont du Gard, and is supposed to be one of the most magnificent remains of former times : it is composed of three arcades in the handsomest style of architecture, built one above the other to the height of one hundred and sixty feet, and on the top is a channel of two feet and a half in breadth, and three feet deep, along which the water flowed. This channel was formerly covered, but the flat stones, which

formed the covering, have been thrown off near one of the extremities, and I walked into it for about twenty steps ; the extreme length of the whole building from hill to hill, is a little more than eight hundred and twenty feet. It would seem like affectation, or at least like exaggeration, if I were to pretend to express to you, what I felt upon the near approach of this noble monument of Roman taste and magnificence ; we remained in the neighbourhood of it for some time, and took the last look at it with regret : I here fell in by chance, with a peasant from the village of La Chapelle, from which Mons. de la Chapelle, of whom you have often heard me speak, took his title, and in the neighbourhood of which he held a large estate. I was glad to hear this peasant speak so affectionately of his former Seigneur, whose absence, and subsequent misfortunes he seemed sincerely to deplore : that a kind-hearted, liberal man, possessed of great riches, both in France and St. Domingo, should live to be beholden to a former slave of his for a dinner, and that slave to be the keeper of a prison where white men were confined, is one among the many instances of the vicissitudes of human affairs, which should make us tremble for ourselves.\*

We might here have shortened our distance, by taking the road which led to the Pont de St. Esprit,

\* This good humoured and worthy man was afterwards put to death by order of Dessalines, within whose reach he had imprudently trusted himself, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends in Charleston. He is mentioned with great respect in the Duke de Liancourt's travels.

but Avignon was not to be overlooked, and we accordingly proceeded in that direction, and continued to ascend a high and bleak ridge, where the land became poor, and the vineyards thinly scattered. To the stout horses and oxen of the fertile plain we had quitted, succeeded small mules and asses, one of which last I saw yoked to the same plough with a miserable cow. We also saw large flocks of sheep, with a moveable hut for the shepherd, and guarded by stout dogs, whose necks were armed for battle against the wolves. At length, after a long and tedious ascent, the valley of the Rhone began to open to our view ; a valley thickly interspersed with every mark of human industry and prosperity, and a river so often mentioned in history, and proceeding, I knew, from the very spot towards which we were bending our steps. In addition to this prospect, there stood, commanding our attention on the back ground, a long chain of the distant Alps in all their sublimity of height, and of snow, as old as the world itself. After a few miles, the prospect of the valley became enlarged, Villeneuve was at our feet, then came the Rhone, then a small island, next the stately ruins of a Roman bridge, and in the midst of meadows, vineyards, and gardens, the venerable city of Avignon, so famed for its numerous churches, and distinguished by the palace of its former sovereign, and still defended, in appearance, by its ancient walls. I must now refer you to the history of Jane of Naples, whom of all the bad women of former times, you will probably think of with most horror.

Read how she came to give this country to the See of Rome, and how the Popes kept their court there during the celebrated schism, which contributed so much to prepare the minds of men for the reformation : it was a favourite measure with Louis XIV. to take Avignon away from the Pope, whenever he was displeased with the measures of the Court of Rome, and you may perceive in the letters of Madame de Sevigné, how pleased she used to be, that her daughter should act the vice Queen for a time, and that Mons. de Grignan should retrieve his circumstances out of the revenues of the county : read also, if you can, some account of the shocking scenes which took place in this venerable city, and in the neighbourhood, during the fever of the revolution ; figure to yourself too, that it was here that a division of Hannibal's army crossed, whilst the main body amused the simple barbarians about twenty miles lower down, and you will conceive how interesting the view was as we descended the eminence above Villeneuve about an hour before sunset. On our arrival at the side of the river I was glad to have an opportunity of showing N—, how visibly the sea had retreated from the spot we stood on, for the whole bank had been evidently a bed of oysters.

The inn at Avignon was the best we had ever been in, and the furniture the most splendid : the room we sat in being hung with crimson silk damask and with curtains of the same materials ; it would have been a good place to have staid a day at, had we not been desirous of overtaking E—, and it

was urged to us as an inducement that we might so easily visit Vacluse, a name more familiar to you, I believe, than Jane of Naples ; as I never possessed the Italian language, I can never have been capable of doing justice to Petrarch, and that, I presume, is the reason why I had no great desire to visit Vacluse. I cannot but believe too, that this celebrated personage would have been mortified, could he have foreseen the circumstances of his life and writings, which were principally to attract the attention of succeeding ages. His love for Laura, seems if not affected at least misplaced ; it by no means contributed to her reputation, and seems to have been fatal to her peace of mind ; and what man really in love, would ever talk of rivulets being stopped by his sighs, or swelled by his tears ? But Petrarch's reputation might stand upon much better ground—he felt for the degradation of the times he lived in, and employed the great influence which the station that he occupied in the opinion of all Europe gave him in reviving a taste for ancient literature ; his letter to Rienzi,\* too, when at the summit of power at Rome, is excellent, and contains advice which a much greater man of modern times might listen to with advantage.

I saw but little of Avignon, as you may suppose, but what I saw pleased and interested me ; there were but few carriages in the streets, but a great

\* It has, I confess, gratified me not a little to perceive, that one of the best Italian scholars of the age has expressed no more sympathy or the poet's love than I do. See *Simonde de Sismondi de la littérature du midi de l'Europe*. Vol. I. page 406.

many good houses, and several pretty women : if you wish to know any thing of the manufactories of the place, or of the agriculture in its neighbourhood, there are books enough which you may consult, and particularly Arthur Young : the few people I conversed with seemed to regret former times, and to lament the degradation which had befallen their splendid churches : Jourdan Coupe-tête, who converted the Glaciere into a receptacle of slaughtered victims, and gave up one of the finest districts in all France to fire and sword, was a little fat man, with a red face, and a most ferocious countenance.

If you have traced us on the map, you must have seen that our course had generally been a little to the north-east, it now, on our leaving Avignon became due north, for we followed the direction of the river on our way through Orange to Montelimar ; the country we travelled through seemed to owe every thing to a judicious irrigation, and there are fields of clover, in addition to the vines and olives we had been accustomed to. From time to time there was a view of mountains, on our right, and on our left was the river, which appeared low, but which had left very evident traces of former freshes. Orange is a small, but very ancient town, and once distinguished by many monuments of Roman taste and magnificence. Of these there remains but one solitary arch, formerly a gate of the town, perhaps, but in great preservation, and ornamented in a very superiour style with naval and military emblems. The common opinion of the country is, that it was a triumphal arch erected in



honour of Marius's victory over the Ambrones ; but it is neither probable that such a memorial would have been erected so far from the field of battle, which is known to have been at Aix, or that Marius, or any of his party could have found architects capable of such a performance. This ancient town was once the capitol of a small principality, and gave a title to one of the branches of the illustrious house of Nassau ; standing within the papal territory, it always was made to share the fate of Avignon, and you may have seen in a letter of Madame de Serigna's how much it was upon one occasion a source of uneasiness to her.

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## LETTER XV.

MY DEAR R.—,

WE got to Montelimar on the evening of the 5th of October, exactly one hundred and thirty years, to a day, since Madame de Sevigné stopt there for the night, on her way from Grignan : after all you have heard me say in commendation of that celebrated personage, whose letters I have more than once pressed you not only to read, but to study, you will be surprised that I should pass within a few miles of her daughter's residence without going there, and that I should miss an opportunity of contemplating the Royal Castle of the Adhemars, and the town of Grignan, and the grotto of Roche Courbière ; which seemed to be the only thing real-

ly admired by Madame de Sevigné, in the whole lordship of Grignan: this grotto was about a mile from the castle and at the bottom of a small hill where a layer of stone was protruded like an enormous canopy over a shady corner of the valley. The stone, which was soft at the bottom of the cliff, had admitted of tables, and seats being cut out of it, and there was the greatest abundance of fine water. I learned, however, that the violence and cruelty of the revolution had been exhibited with every circumstance of impious destruction at Grignan; that the castle had been destroyed, and the burying-place of the family violated; and that the remains of Madame de Sevigné, after having been exposed to publick view, had been deprived of the coffin, which was of lead, and of the burial dress, to which some ornaments of silver had been annexed. The celebrated Monsieur de Saussure, who travelled through this country some years ago with his lady, had the satisfaction of passing an evening in the castle of Grignan, and Madame de Saussure found herself, for the night, in possession of Madame de Sevigné's bedchamber.

The castle was an enormous building, situated as Monticello is, except that the mountain of which it crowns the top, stands alone, and that the town at the foot of it without being a great deal larger than Charlottes ville is surrounded with walls that are flanked with towers. It would be difficult, says the author whom I make use of, to conceive any thing more extraordinary or more gloomy: in front of the castle there was an extensive court closed

by gates of massy iron, and there was a terrace all around which commanded a view of barren plains, and washed hill sides, with here and there a few live oaks, or a clump of olive trees. It is not to be wondered at, that Madame de Sevigné was not partial to such a place, exposed too, as it was, to all the violence of the Bise, which was so great at times as to break the castle windows with the gravel of the terrace. The pictures of the mother and the daughter were still hanging up, the latter, it seems, was a handsome woman, of regular features but of rather a languid countenance: the mother was fair, had blue eyes, a round face, and light hair, with by no means that vivacity expressed in her features, which the reader of her letters might expect to find there.

The whole of the hill the castle stood on, is a confused mass of various sea-shells in fragments, a circumstance which I believe on the authority of M. de Saussure, but which I should have been glad to have had ocular demonstration of. I could, indeed, have passed several days very agreeably and advantageously, had I been differently situated, in the neighbouring mountains, and in those below Avignon, with such a guide as the *Voyage dans les Alpes*, and should have been particularly glad to have visited those quarries, in which fish of various sorts have been found petrified, or have left their impression as distinctly marked out as if done by an engraver; leaves of various trees and plants are discernible in the same manner. It is singular, that fish of various climates, and of salt

and fresh water should be found intermingled ; the same space, perhaps, may have been alternately covered by the ocean or by some lake, in the great changes which our globe has undergone, and the poor animals, of either sort, have taken refuge deep in the mud as the water ran off ; the mud retaining the impression of the body committed to it, has hardened and become stone in the lapse of many ages, and the beholder is thus astonished with a form, which he could so little have expected in such a place.

I observed, at the first post from Montelimar, the spot where Madame de Sevigné advises her daughter to be upon her guard against the danger of the road : it must certainly, in former times, and when the river was high, have been dangerous to go along there, but the road has been since carried higher up the hill, which overhangs the low grounds, and the heart of the tenderest mother might be at rest. The road was now open for several miles, a handsome terrace, hanging over the Rhone ; on our right, was a steep hill, with here and there a small vineyard, wherever it was possible for art to come to the assistance of nature ; on our left was the Rhone, and, on the other side, were meadows at the feet of hills, which appeared every where cultivated and inhabited, with now and then the remains of a castle, or a castle entire on some pinnacle, which in former times was deemed impregnable : these hills were the continuation of the Cevennes, which I had first seen from the place du Peyrou at Montpellier. On our arrival at the Isere we found

a ferry, where the attendance was as bad as in South Carolina, and we were some time crossing it. It was not disagreeable, however, to be detained near the spot where Hannibal must have halted, before he directed his course towards the Alps, and where Marius was encamped before he had as yet accustomed his soldiers to the appearance of the barbarians of the north. Read the passage of Plutarch, and figure to yourself, that we must have been within a few steps of where those ferocious warriors stood, when they called to the Romans and asked in derision, if they had any message to send to their wives in Italy? The Consul Fabius also, though ill of a fever at the time, and carried in a litter, as Charles XII. was at Pultowa, has illustrated this neighbourhood by a great victory over the Gauls; history tells us, that the agitation of mind, which he underwent upon the occasion, performed a cure; it was probably a third-day fever, for the cure of which, so many idle spells and charms have been invented by the superstition of mankind, but of all cures surely none was ever so glorious as that of the consul Fabius.\* We shortly after passed through the little town of Tain, near which, and fronting the south-west is the slope that affords the real Hermitage wine, so called from an ancient chapel which crowns the summit of the hill, and where,

\* Something similar is said to have happened to the celebrated Robert Bruce, who was cured of a fever he had long laboured under by the agitation of his spirits on the day of some great battle. The insults of these fellows have cured me said the hero.

in former times, a pious hermit was wont to offer up his daily prayers: the name of hermitage is now given, as is usual in such cases to all the wine which is made on the neighbouring hill sides, and which is certainly of a very superiour quality to that of Languedoc or Provence, owing not only to the favourable exposure of the vineyards, but to the decomposition of the granite stone, which forms the basis of the soil. This being turned up in pieces with the vegetable earth, enables the husbandman to keep each plant in a separate recess, and serves to concenter the rays of the sun, without preventing the rain water from passing off as fast as it falls. We stopped for the night at St. Vallier, the master of the house here, who was also a wine merchant, gave me in the course of the evening the information I have just communicated. He inquired with great anxiety if I thought the war would last long. It was a thousand pities, he said, that industrious and quiet people, like himself, should be made to suffer for the quarrels of princes, and told me, with a sigh, of the days he had seen, when English and Russian gentlemen could travel unmolested; how deeply they drank of his wine, and what large orders they had frequently given.

The country had risen for the last two or three posts into hills a little lower than those of the south west; the Rhone ran rapidly at their base as if struggling to get free, and their sides, except now and then a little slip of meadow, were entirely covered with vineyards, the grapes of which were now in their utmost perfection: figure to yourself what

the mountains in your neighbourhood would be under this mode of cultivation, and, at the same time, very thickly inhabited. We were now within a day's journey of Lyons, and hurried on as fast as the roads, which are not so good as in the the south, permitted us. We stopped for about an hour at Vienne, which in the days of Julius Caesar, was a place of some importance, and contained, for some centuries after, several Roman buildings of great magnificence; of these not a vestige remains but one solitary monument; it is about forty feet high, and is on the road side to the south of the town: the probability is, that this memorial of some unknown person existed, as it now does, at least five hundred years before Clovis established himself in France, and yet has it outlasted the monarchy itself, and may, perhaps, survive the republick. The town is irregularly built between the foot of a steep hill and the side of the Rhone, and must, from its situation in so fertile a country, be a place of considerable trade. We now ascended for some time, and beheld, from the eminence which overhangs Vienne on the north, a country not unlike that which I described to you, the day we first left the valley of the Garonne. The night and rain came upon us soon after. I will not therefore attempt any further description of the country. I will only add that we arrived at Lyons about eight, after a length of suburbs which exceeded in extent all that I could have imagined, and were received in very handsome apartments, at a very good inn.

## LETTER XVI.

MY DEAR E——,

F—— ——— had left Lyons a day or two before, and as I found that the person whose protection I had principally depended on for him at Geneva, was not there, we felt the necessity of rendering our stay as short as possible. You must read in some book of geography the history of this great city, which is situated at the confluence of two rivers, in a beautiful and fertile country. It carried on an extensive trade, and contained one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants before the revolution. I must refer you to the same source for an account of the various arts and manufactures for which Lyons was distinguished, and for the names and works of the illustrious men which it has produced.

As mercantile opulence was for a time equally the object of persecution in France, with nobility of blood, or sanctity of character, or respectability of profession, the same sad scenes have been acted here as in Bourdeaux. The Lyonese, however, had the energy to take up arms against their tyrants; nor was it until after an honourable defence that they submitted. They bravely exposed themselves to the dangers of a siege, in defence of their just rights, and when it was no longer possible to resist, they supported, with a patience truly heroick, all the evils that could be heaped upon them by a cruel and rapacious enemy. In their first efforts against the tyranny of the convention, and its agents,



they were for a time assisted by the Girondists; nor did their courage fail them, when that celebrated party gave way before the common enemy. Having ventured to punish their tyrant Challier, who was the first victim of his own guillotine, they soon foresaw the vengeance with which they were threatened, and prepared to meet it. A city, for ages removed from scenes of war, assumed at once, as if by miracle, the appearance of a frontier town. A military chest was erected, a paper currency founded on the joint credit of every commercial house of eminence, was put in circulation, cannon were cast, redoubts thrown up, and a commander in chief appointed. It required no solicitation for the young and active to enrol themselves in the regiments which were raised: those also whose age and infirmities or habits of life prevented the offer of their personal services, very willingly submitted to such occupations as were assigned them, whilst the women undertook the charge of the hospitals, and the children were to be alert in picking up the balls that might drop from the batteries of the besieged. I have conversed with a merchant, who commanded a company during the siege, in which his two sons, his four servants, and his thirteen clerks served as common soldiers. The effective force of the besieged never exceeded eight thousand men, whilst that of the besiegers was from forty to sixty thousand. With all their courage and their internal resources, the inhabitants of Lyons would scarcely have ventured upon such a contest, had they not relied upon the general fermentation which then

prevailed in the South of France, and which ended so woefully for the people of Toulon. The king of Sardinia too, gave them hopes of assistance, and a body of troops was set in motion for that purpose; but circumstances, connected, I really believe, with the safety of his own dominions, and with the selfish short-sighted politicks of Austria, intervened, and the troops were countermanded. The Swiss Cantons were to the last depended upon for assistance, but they persevered in their unfeeling neutrality, as if Ulysses in the monster's den had remained content with the boon of being the last devoured. The emigrants seem also to have lost all energy upon the occasion. They made no effort to throw themselves into the town, though collected, apparently for that purpose in great numbers upon the frontiers; and though the fury of civil war had rekindled a flame of royalism in the breast of the Lyonese. Assistance in short offered itself from no quarter, except from the little town of Montbrisson, at the distance of about eight leagues; the efforts of whose inhabitants, however, served only to draw upon themselves a share of those calamities which overwhelmed their friends. Under all these discouragements, and with internal treachery to guard against, was the siege protracted to upwards of two months, until the batteries of the enemy commanded every part of the city, and the daily ration of provisions was reduced to half a pound of bad bread. It then became necessary to surrender at discretion, but their general, the gallant Precy, had made arrangements for forcing

his way into Switzerland, at the head of fifteen hundred or two thousand determined followers; many of these were joined by their wives, and some by their parents, whilst others were under the necessity of leaving the tender, helpless objects of their affection behind them, exposed to the vile passions and savage cruelty of a licentious, unrelenting enemy. Figure to yourself the march of this devoted column from their native city. Gibbon's description of the effort made by a portion of the inhabitants of Damascus, to withdraw themselves from the power of the Saracens will furnish you with some idea of such a scene, but the exiles of Damascus, were more fortunate than those of Lyons. They died upon the spot; for except a captain, who was spared, and dismissed, the Arabs might enjoy the satisfaction, says the historian, of believing, that not a christian of either sex escaped the edge of their scymeters: the fate of the Lyonese, on the contrary, was but the more cruel in many instances, for being longer protracted, having been compelled, after several severe conflicts, to seek for safety in flight and dispersion, they were encountered by a still worse enemy than the soldier who had routed them; the peasantry of the neighbouring villages had been made to believe, that this poor remnant were aristocrats, loaded with gold, or foreigners, whose object it had been to parcel out the territory of the republick among their different sovereigns; this, with the desire, too natural upon all occasions of siding with the strongest, was sufficient to put arms into their hands, and to

steel them against compassion. They way laid every path, examined every grot and thicket, and proceeded to the deliberate destruction of their former benefactors, as if they had been engaged in a hunting expedition against an inroad of wolves from the mountains. Of the original fifteen hundred or two thousand exiles, not more than 150 effected their escape, but you will derive a degree of satisfaction from knowing that Precy was of the number. A lady, who had accompanied her husband under the disguise of a soldier, saw him killed at her side, but was so fortunate as to reach the frontiers. The parish priests saved a few individuals; and a young man, from whose conversation I have derived the greater part of this narration, was able to gain the cottage where he had been a nurse, and lay concealed there for a month. Of those who, unwilling to make the attempt, or unable from different circumstances, or trusting to some degree of mercy in the government, had remained at Lyons, the fate was infinitely worse: death in the field of battle, or from the hands of a ferocious peasant was soon inflicted; but death after weeks confinement in a loathsome gaol, and with all the circumstances of refined, unheard-of cruelty, which attended the executions of Lyons, was a termination that completed the sum of human misery. In addition to the common motives which seems to have influenced the agents of the government, who were familiar to scenes of distress, who caught at every excuse to confiscate the property of the rich, and who thought France overburthened with inhabitants, it was the misfor-

tune of the Lyonese, that the principal personage upon this sad occasion was Collot d' Herbois,\* whom they had formerly known as an actor upon their stage, and had more than once hissed for performing his part badly. This wretch found the guillotine too slow an instrument, and drowning too easy a death for the purposes of his revenge, and it was by his order, that artillery loaded with what is called *langrish*, was pointed against the devoted victims, who were drawn up for that purpose at one time in the square of the town, at others in a field at a little distance from the gates, which had frequently been a scene of triumph to them during the siege. You may form some idea of the cruel disorder and confusion which prevailed at these executions by a single circumstance: on counting over the dead bodies after the butchery was over, it was found upon one occasion that there were two hundred and two, instead of two hundred, the number ordered for the slaughter of the day; two of the jailors, had, it seems, been fastened by mistake to two of the prisoners and had shared their fate.

There must be something in the frequent view of destruction, joined to the oppression the victim feels himself about to be withdrawn from, and the secret sense of a good cause, and the hope perhaps of a hereafter, which not only buoys up

\* This wretched man was banished to Cayenne, and died there after having been assisted in his last moments by some individuals of a Society of religious women, whose banishment he had principally occasioned.

man above the fear of death in the worst form, but renders him on some occasions even insensible to its approach. It was not simply with resignation, but even with the appearances of joy and exultation that the prisoners marched over the fatal bridge, which led to the field of death. It was in vain that all was put in practice by their oppressors which might destroy the last energies of the human mind—they saw, unmoved, the battery which pointed against them, and the soldiers, who, to the disgrace of honourable warfare, were to finish the work of death, and the pit into which they were to be promiscuously thrown. The courage even of the women, many of whom were of an inferior class in society, was not to be overcome. They were seen to tear from their caps, as they approached the place of trial, and to throw away with contempt, the tri-coloured cockade, which the pity of the bystanders had placed there. I have conversed, at different times whilst I remained at Lyons and since I have been at Geneva, with persons who bore a part in the siege, and were of the few who had escaped, or had been able to secrete themselves after the surrender. One gentleman, whom I saw dancing at a ball last night, had prepared for himself before the surrender, a hole in a thick wall behind a press, the back boards of which he could remove at pleasure. Luckily for him, it happened not to be one of the many houses selected for destruction, and he remained there, as the rabbits in our country do in the hollow of a tree, descending into the street at night, and listening

very frequently during the day to the search that was made after him. The press, he says, was frequently opened and examined. In his place I should have been afraid of their hearing my heart beat. Another owed his life to a female visitor at the prison were he was confined: she to his great astonishment claimed acquaintance with him, reminded him of his having once made room for her in a crowded box at the theatre, and being a person of some charms and some influence, contrived to get him enlarged.

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## LETTER XVII.

MY DEAR E —,

OUR stay was too short to enable us even to take a superficial view of this celebrated city. We ascended the hill, however, which overhangs it, and enjoyed one of the finest prospects we had beheld in France. Two navigable rivers embracing as they approach the sides of a noble city, with a well cultivated country, and a view of the Alps surmounted by Mont Blanc. Near the spot we stood on were the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, and below was the city, in which I could trace the vestiges of civil war and jacobinical fury. The streets and bridges were, however, crowded with carriages and people, and the imagination was thus in some measure consoled for the horrors of past time by the appearances of present plenty and tranquillity.

Fortunately for the present inhabitants of Lyons, the articles they have been so long in the habit of manufacturing, are of light carriage, and have been gradually brought into use by that return towards monarchy, and to the manners of a court which is now so obvious. On leaving Lyons, we followed, for a time, the direction of the Rhone, the stream of which soon became too shallow for navigation in any but small boats, but there were evident marks of its rising at times far beyond its present limits, and extending its ravages to a great distance. It was not like the Garonne, the emblem of a gracious and bounteous sovereign, benefiting even by his occasional excesses ; but of a tyrant, fierce, violent and unjust, exceeding at times all bounds, bearing off every thing before him, and then sinking again into insignificance and inutility. Quitting shortly after the direction of the Rhone, we found ourselves in a country not unlike the little Cantons of Switzerland, and reminding me very much at times of the narrow vallies, and high mountains, on the road from Staunton to the Sweet Springs. There were several circumstances, however, which created a very striking contrast between the back parts of Virginia, and the neighbourhood of Nanthua, where we stopped for the night ; every slip of low ground, which was capable of cultivation, became a vineyard in miniature in the hands of these industrious people. No spot of good earth, even though not larger than the Spring-hill at Belvoir, remained neglected, and it was sometimes difficult to imagine, how the husbandman was ever able to reach this



species of hanging garden. In addition to this difference in point of prospect, there were the houses of the peasantry, either collected in villages, or scattered along the face of the mountain, and in one spot there was a church on a projecting rock almost perpendicularly above us. The roads too were good though steep, and when we arrived at our inn, which was not until ten at night, instead of a miserable ordinary, the haunt of gamblers, there was a good fire in a comfortable room, and instead of an old fowl pulled from the roost by a drowsy negro girl, there was a supper of all that could be desired, and we were waited upon by the well-behaved, well-dressed and handsome daughters of the house.\* Nothing, as I have already observed, has proved so contrary to our expectation, as the goodness of the inns in France, and the civility of the innkeepers. Their floors are not always as clean as one could wish ; and we have been more than once shocked at the appearance of two or three stout men officiating as chambermaids, but their beds were invariably good. As to the individuals whom we met with on the road, or in towns, or at the theatre, I do not re-

\* It must be acknowledged by any one, who travelled through Virginia eight or ten years ago, that this description of an ordinary is not exaggerated, but the wise and severe laws which have been since enacted against gaming, have in some measure remedied the abuse complained of.

But the monthly court, which renders the lower orders of people idle for two or three days together in every county, and the want of a large town, where persons of fortune might meet at some season of the year, and where the mind of the solitary planter might be rescued from prejudice, and political bigotry, are circumstances which will for a long time, retard the progress of civilization in Virginia.

member one instance of their behaving rudely, or even impolitely to us; and the circumstance of our being foreigners, which seemed as well known at first sight as if written upon our foreheads, appeared every where a claim to kindness and respect. Of the revolution, and its effects, I have said nothing, except where the siege of Lyons irresistibly drew me from my purpose, not only from the difficulty of gaining information on a subject which has so cruelly divided the minds of men, but from a desire to acquire some better knowledge of the subject before I ventured to record my opinions, even in this transitory manner. I will only say, that I believe the revolution to have been favourable to the peasantry and small landholders throughout France; that as to its effects upon the administration of justice and upon literature, I believe it to have been favourable to the first, in appearance only, and to the last in part, and that I have reason to think, it has been extremely prejudicial to good morals, and fatal to commerce.

We are now, on the thirteenth of October, arrived at the last day's journey, as you must perceive, if you have traced us on the map. It was with mingled sensations that I felt myself approaching Geneva. You know through how many vicissitudes of life I have passed since I lived at Geneva; a revolution too had taken place there, a sort of sabine marriage with France had been entered into, and I knew, that it had been preceded, and in some measure rendered indispensable, by scenes of outrage and of cruelty, to which some of my old acquaintances

ces had fallen victims. We were anxious to see F—— ———, and delightful as the journey had been, were not sorry that it was now drawing fast to a conclusion.

The country continued mountainous after we left Nantua, so that we proceeded slowly, and I foresaw that we should lose that first distant prospect of the lake which I had promised myself so much pleasure from. I was determined, however, not to lose the opportunity of showing my fellow travellers what is called La Perte du Rhone; the river at its confluence with the Arve near Geneva is upwards of seventy yards over, and though augmented by the accession of many smaller streams as it proceeds, is confined in the neighbourhood of L'Ecluse, after a course of twenty miles, to a space of not more than three yards. You may judge of the rapidity, with which it now foams along, and particularly when the passage becoming still narrower, as in a funnel, is at last reduced to two feet.\* There have been persons, who have ventured to stand astride this horrid gulph, which gives me a better idea of a fit descent for a fury to choose, on its way to the infernal shades, than any thing I have seen. I could hardly bear even to peep into it. The violence of the river has here made itself a subterraneous passage, and it is seen to rise about one hundred yards lower down, the very emblem of gentleness itself. A

\* The hills in the neighbourhood of the fort de l'Ecluse are found to contain great numbers of marine fossils, even the Rock in which the Rhone has forced itself a passage, abounds with them, and in particular with a species which has been no where discovered in a state of existence but on the coast of Ceylon in the East Indies.

great many experiments have been made with different bodies, but nothing committed to the stream on one side, has ever appeared on the other, of boats which had accidentally been drifted from a distance, not a fragment was ever seen again. A poor hog was once made to undertake the passage, and has, it is to be hoped, found repose in some other world, for he has never since appeared in this. The connexion is in all probability, through winding passages which extend to a great depth. L'Ecluse, which is a mile or two from the Perte du Rhone, is the place, mentioned by Cæsar, as affording one of the few passages out of the country of the Helvetians, and it is impossible for any description to be more exact.

We here entered into what was probably in very remote times the basin of a very great lake, which extended in the opposite direction to the Alps, and which having successively burst itself a passage through different places, of which there are evident marks, is now shrunken to the Lake of Geneva. It was night, by the time we got into the neighbourhood of the city, I could still however, recognise several buildings, which I saw, and knew exactly where I was. A little before eight, we arrived at Secheron, which is on the banks of the Lake, about a quarter of a mile from the gates, and had the happiness to find F——— waiting for us. He was a little disfigured by a large cravat and a long coat, but otherwise improved in his looks, and in perfect health. And now dear daughter, adieu, you have had a faithful account of our expedition so far, and

may rely upon my continuing to make you acquainted with every thing that can interest you in our circumstances and situation. We shall make some excursions, and I shall have a great deal to say about Geneva, which is to be our home for sometime.

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## LETTER XVIII.

ST. JEAN, 1ST MAY, 1804.

MY DEAR E——,

Six happy months have passed at Geneva, as happy at least as can well be in a world, where, with the most reasonable intentions, and the most moderate views, we are still liable to disappointments, and where the possession of all that can render life desirable, still leaves us exposed to the infirmities of human nature.

The inn at Secheron is large and commodious, and has a garden, which leads down to the Lake. It was at no late hour of the next day, after our arrival, as you may suppose, that I walked along this slope, and leaning on the low wall which serves as a barrier against the water, surveyed the interesting scene before me. The map of Switzerland, which, I take for granted, is now spread on your table, exhibits the Lake of Geneva as approaching in some degree the shape of a crescent. It is formed, as you may perceive, by the Rhone, which enters violently with its turbid waters at one extremity, fills an immense basin of sixty miles in length, by about ten in the widest part in breadth, and having devested

itself of all impurities, reassumes, as by a sort of resurrection, in the shape of a clear and unpolluted stream, its course towards the Mediterranean : though far inferior in point of size to the lakes of America, and by no means dignified, as they are, with the appearance of vessels, large enough for all the purposes of extensive commerce, armed occasionally for war, and navigated as on the ocean, it is still an important and an interesting object. I will say nothing to you, at present, of the people who inhabit its shores, nor of the birds which are found upon its banks, nor of the fish which it produces, nor of the storms which it is sometimes agitated by, nor of its frightful depth : figure to yourself, that I was looking down upon it from a terrace, where the breadth is contracted to about a mile ; on the left, was an expanse, which appeared as an arm of the sea, not unlike the Sound between Long Island, and the Connecticut shore ; to the right, was the ancient and venerable city of Geneva, as if rising from the bosom of the water, a city so long the seat of liberty, and still the seat of literature, and to me so replete with remembrance of my younger days, and before me on the opposite side, was a shore covered with country seats, in the midst of orchards and vineyards, rising by a gentle swell into mountains ; the forms of which were as familiar to my mind as the features of a long-lost friend ; and over these, at a distance, were the snows of the lofty Alps, and above these was Mont Blanc.

I shall have occasion hereafter to enter into a more particular description of this mighty moun-

tain, and shall be able to do so the more correctly, from its having been so generally an object of attention. It attracted, in a very particular degree, that of the celebrated Monsieur de Saussure, who, after repeated attempts, was, at length, so fortunate as to reach the summit of the mountain, and to feel himself for a time, on the most elevated spot of all Europe, at the distance of nearly three miles perpendicular from the surface of the sea, or twelve thousand one hundred and seventy-two feet above the village at its base. It happens to very few individuals that they are able to return after a lapse of so many years, and from so distant a spot of the earth, to the scenes of their early youth, and the satisfaction arising from such an event in my life was accompanied with the agreeable circumstance of having so much of my family with me, and with the reflection, that health and amusement, and the means of a liberal education, were here to be found united in one spot.

The next day was employed in looking out for apartments, which with the assistance of an old friend, were very soon procured, and at no great expense, but as some days would unavoidably intervene, before we could be put in possession of them, we thought it would be best to employ the interval in making an excursion to the extremity of the lake. On the eighteenth of October, therefore, we set out, in a hired carriage, and moved slowly along the banks of the lake, into the Pays de Vaud. In the little space of the three or four first miles, there occurred many interesting recol-

lections. We first passed at the foot of the hill of Chambeisi, where I lived a year\* in company with my friend Muller, now a distinguished name in Germany, and in sight of an old family mansion, where I remembered having been kindly and hospitably received; the master and mistress of the house are no longer living, but I had the satisfaction to learn that their place in society has been worthily supplied by several families of their descendants. We, shortly after, passed in sight of the village of Genthod, where Muller and I resided a year, and found ourselves blest in the protection, the instruction, and the example of Mr. Bonnet, whose goodness of heart and mildness of disposition gained him as many friends, as his extensive erudition, and his various literary productions created admirers. Monsieur and Madame Bonnet have been dead for some years, but their names will live forever; as long at least as wisdom and virtue are in esteem, or science continues to be revered. The works by which Monsieur Bonnet was first known, were on topicks of Natural History, the reproduction of plants and animals, the use of leaves to trees, (a subject connected with some of the most important experiments on the nature of the atmosphere we breathe) and on the private economy of

\* The reader is referred to Mad. de Staël's Germany for some idea of the power of memory and universal knowledge of this amiable man, who has been some time dead.

He was born at Schaffouse and educated for the Church, but finding no disposition in himself for that profession, he came off to Geneva to seek his fortune, and it was there I was so happy as to become acquainted with him. We lived nearly two years together.



insects, either living singly, or in a species of commonwealth : nor is his manner on these seemingly less important subjects, less captivating, than when he draws the attention of his reader to those of a higher order. An animalcule swimming in a drop of water, and forming a vortex to collect its prey, as a whale might do in an arm of the sea.—A spider, bearing about her future offspring in the shape of eggs contained in a bag, encountering every sort of danger and death itself in defence of this precious bag, and becoming at the birth of her young, the first victim of their cruel voracity. A caterpillar, furnished by nature with the same means of tracing its way home, after a distant excursion, as love placed in the hands of Theseus when he entered the labyrinth, are rendered the objects almost of our regard. You may conceive, too, how interesting a description of the course of nature becomes in the hands of Mr. Bonnet, when he relates those wonderful reproductions from mutilated animals, and the multiplications of the polypus, and the sagacity of the ant-lion, who with two sharp horns, twelve eyes, and a coat of mail, lurks concealed at the bottom of a pit, and wants nothing but size to render him the terror of all mankind.

Mr. Bonnet's sight, which never had been good, without the assistance of glasses, began to fail him at an early period of his life, and his sense of hearing had always been in some degree deficient : the strength and vigour of his mind, therefore, very naturally led him to subjects of meditation, in the

discussion of which, the clearness and precision of his ideas, the order and method of his argument, the unadorned, yet beautiful simplicity of his style, the warmth of universal good will, and the glow of cheerful piety, are as conspicuous as in his earlier productions. The intercourse between mind and matter, and the operation of volition in the first instance upon the organs of the body, will always probably be as mysterious as ever : but the explanation offered by Mr. Bonnet of the manner in which external objects commence that operation on the senses, by which sensations are occasioned in the brain, and by which volition is excited, has always appeared to me more satisfactory, than any I ever met with. The strange wanderings of the imagination and the wild inconsistencies of dreams, seem brought within the limits of comprehension by his hypothesis, and we acquire at the same time, a mode of defence of very easy application, against those visual and auricular delusions, which have shaken the strongest minds. You know how ridiculous the celebrated Dr. Johnson made himself in his conversations about ghosts, and by fancying that he had heard himself supernaturally called.

Seated, as it were, apart from the prejudices of man, Mr. Bonnet casts a bold and rapid view over creation ; a connexion is explored from the lowest class of organized beings up to the insect that we tread upon, from the insect up to man, from man to God : the goodness of his heart, aided by the powers of argument, made him see and enabled him to point out a progress of perfection in this mighty

chain, the various parts of which, as far as human knowledge can avail, were familiar to him. His religion was, what has been well expressed the sunshine of the mind. It decorated every action of his life, it warmed his heart to universal benevolence, and rendered him anxious to carry the light of human reason as far as possible, from a wish to explain how all men of all religions thought alike, and that words and not things divided them.

The subjects which he treated, led him naturally to speak of our existence in a future state, and here, standing as it were on the brink of eternity, he ventures, with an imagination warmed by the pursuits of his earlier years, to cast a look into the abyss, and points out to his fellow creatures, in the grain converted into a plant, in the acorn become the pride of the forest, and in the chrysalis changed into an inhabitant of the air, and borne aloft by newly-acquired wings in another region, an emblem of never-failing hope and consolation.

It is melancholy to think that this good and enlightened man should have been on some occasions, during the last months of his life, himself a victim of that delusion of the senses, which his philosophy had taught others to guard against. Reclining on his bed in the evening he perceived, as he supposed, his old and faithful servant and secretary come gently into the room, and carry off a packet of papers from a table near him ; to convince him that he had not seen him was difficult, as he had the evidence, as he supposed, of his senses, and to tell him of the delusion he had laboured un-

der might have been attended with mortifying, and therefore, dangerous reflections to a person already weakened by a long disorder. The secretary was represented, therefore, as having acknowledged the impropriety of his conduct, and as soliciting forgiveness ; and the best likeness I have ever seen of Mr. Bonnet, represents him as stretching out his hands in the act of pronouncing these words so worthy of him, " Ah ! if he repents, let him come to me, every thing is forgotten."

On entering into this detail of the character of Mr. Bonnet, I have thought rather of gratifying my own feelings, in paying this tribute of gratitude to his memory, than of amusing you. You also, however, would have loved this good man, the mildness and cheerfulness of his countenance would have won your heart at once ; and you would have been delighted with his conversation, which he could accommodate to all ages and to every degree of knowledge.

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## LETTER XIX.

MY DEAR E—,

DR. MOORE's travels and those of Mr. Coxe, will tell you of the little town of Versoix, of Nyon, and of the other towns on the road to Lausanne ; they will give you some idea too of the Pays de Vaud, of its highly cultivated hills and vallies, and of the general appearance of the country,

which is bounded by the Jura, not unlike the Blue Ridge in appearance, though considerably higher, on the one side, and by the lake on the other; the opposite, or Savoy side of the lake, has not been so favoured by nature, or improved by art; and the appearance of cultivation gradually declines, until it ceases altogether with the black and gloomy precipices of Meillerie. As we travelled slowly, we stopped for the night at Morges, a very pretty, and well built town in the finest part of la Cote; it is a place of trade too, and has a mole and a harbour, of small dimensions indeed, but sufficiently spacious for the protection of the vessels which navigate the lake, and particularly, in these latter times, when commerce seems as much persecuted as ever religion was. The traveller who is lately from the Atlantick or the Mediterranean, and who walks down to this little inland port, smiles perhaps at such diminutive appurtenances to trade, but the sentiment which accompanies such a smile very soon gives way to a better, and particularly if it should be near the moment of the setting sun: the prospect which then presents itself is truly sublime, and the outlines of Mont Blanc, which forms the principle features of it, are so distinctly to be traced that the smallest object as should seem would be visible on the very pinnacle. The rays of the setting sun meanwhile give a new tint to the snow, it assumes by degrees a colour which approaches crimson and the reflection of the mountain is seen to glow upon the surface of the water.

A young lady, the daughter of a person, whom you have seen at Georgetown, resides here with her relations, and came to see us at our inn. She is a very pretty girl of about eleven, who lives with people, whom she loves, and who are tenderly attached to her, in a beautiful spot, and in one of the finest climates in the world. She had been all day in the vintage, and yet she did assure us, that she had rather have passed her summer at Georgetown, or on Waccamaw. Such is the invincible effect of early prejudice!

You are acquainted with Lausanne by description; but no description can give you an adequate idea of the extreme beauty of the country, which, rising into irregularly broken hills, with the appearance, upon a great scale, of the ocean, when, after a storm the wind has suddenly shifted, is, every spot of it, under the highest cultivation. It was here that the celebrated Mr. Gibbon passed seven or eight happy years of his life, in the composition of a work, which gave him fame and fortune, and in the enjoyment of the sort of society, he preferred to all others. See an account of his house and gardens, in one of the volumes of his posthumous works. As we walked upon what was formerly his terrace, the garden appeared inferiour to the account he gives of it: but the vineyards, inclining by a rapid slope towards the lake, and the elegant and comfortable seats and farm houses without number, and the lake itself, now at its broadest, and the opposite shore would require a pen superiour even to that of Mr. Gibbon.

Along the wall of the terrace we saw preserved in earthen pots many of the common plants of our country, which, whatever we may think of them, are treated here like strangers of distinction; there was a small Pride of India, about three feet high, and a little Calico Tree, and a plant of the Prickly Pear, and a dwarf of Palmetto, which, placed as curiosities in finely varnished vases, and called by their Botanick names,\* put me very much in mind of Tom Errand in one of Farquhar's plays, who is disguised in beau Clincher's clothes.

The novel of Rousseau has spread a charm over the country between Lausanne and Vevay, and y Clarens to the castle of Chillon; and surely never was there a scene so worthy the highly descriptive powers of such a writer. The vineyards rise by terraces one above the other to the summit of the hills on one side of the road, and end only at the edge of the water on the other, and the houses bespeak that just degree of opulence, which supposes some remains of former simplicity. In addition to these beauties of art and nature it was now the midst of vintage, the fields and the roads were filled with people of all ages, gathering or carrying or pressing grapes, and all, that could delight the eye or gladden the heart of man, seemed assembled in one spot. Vevay is a pretty little town which you will find well described in twenty books of travels; but Clarens seems too small a place to

\*1. Melia Asoderock. 2. Kalnia. 3. Castor Opartia. 4. Corypha Pumela.

have been dignified with the birth and residence of Julia. There are some remains of ancient castles ; but I did not see a single house, where I could suppose Mons. de Wolmar to have lived, nor any thing worthy of the description, which St. Preux gives of the garden and pleasure grounds. A little farther stands Chillon, where the fatal accident is supposed to have happened. This ancient castle, flanked with four gloomy towers, is built on a rock, which projects into the Lake, and which, were the water withdrawn by some such convulsion of nature, as we every day see the effects of, would hang over a most frightful precipice. No length of line, which could ever be commanded at the spot, has proved sufficient to reach the bottom.

We walked about the Castle for some time, and then went down into what was the dungeon of former days. It is considerably below the surface of the Lake, and has a most dungeon-like appearance ; no wretch has pined there for the last century, but there remains the very ring, to which Bonnivard\*

\* It is not without regret, that I have lately seen the flowers of poetry, to which fiction so naturally lends itself, scattered over the story of Bonnivard. Such ornaments, even from such a hand, are injurious to the dignity of historick truth.\* Nor should the Catholick priesthood lose the honours, which it derives from the noble effects of Bonnivard, who was no martyr to Protestantism, as the Quarterly Review strangely represents him, but himself a priest, and a man of letters. At his return to Geneva he found the reformation nearly accomplished, and it was by his persuasion, that the government allowed a further time to all such, as could not immediately decide between the two religions. He was soon, as it may be supposed, converted to the protestant religion. The fact is that there was no safety for him out of Geneva.

\* Je n'aime pas, says Montesquieu, qu'on jette des fleurs sur les Colosses de l'Antiquité.



was chained, and which confined all his movements to a half circle of a few feet, for seven years. He was a Genevan, who had ventured to oppose the pretensions of the Duke of Savoy, and his patriotism brought down upon him the heavy doom of perpetual captivity in this dismal place ; but the forces of Berne drove off those of the Duke, took possession of the castle, and liberated the poor Genevan : we may, in some measure, conceive his feelings, when the noise of his liberators passing over the draw-bridge, was heard below ; and if you wish to be still more strongly impressed with the ideas, natural upon such an occasion, read Madame de Genlis's description of the Duchesse of C..... You cannot have forgotten her long confinement, and the interesting account, she is made to give of it.

Having embarked at Chillon, we coasted along the extremity of the lake, passed through the turbid stream of the Rhone, and landed at a solitary house at the foot of the steep rock, which overhangs the lake, and which takes its name from the neighbouring village of Milleraï. We were now in the republick of the Vallais, which is spread along the sides of the Rhone, as that of the Grisons is along the Rhine. It is worth your attention to observe on the map how nearly the sources of these two great rivers approach, and what different directions they afterwards take. Not far from them rises a third mighty river, the Danube, which has kingdoms and nations of its own to visit in another direction. Observe the various courses of

these kindred waters, mingling at last in the great Atlantick, like children of the same family, leaving the paternal mansion at an early age, following their various pursuits in life, and never meeting but in eternity.

Coxe will give you a good idea of the Grisons, but you must not trust altogether to Rousseau's account of the Vallaisans; trust rather to that of Miss Williams, all jacobin as she is.

The goitre or swelling of the throat, which has always been peculiar to the Alps, is very frequent in this country. It sometimes attains to a monstrous size, and then occasions imbecility; it is attributed to the vitiated and relaxing air of the deep, unventilated vallies; but, what is singular, there are very frequent instances of it in Geneva, where many a pretty woman turns pale, as she measures her throat of a morning.

The people of the neighbouring mountains, who live on the very brink of the most unwholesome vallies of the Vallais, are an active, healthy race, who pass their days in a comfortable ignorance. Frugality is a virtue of very common growth among them, particularly in the Italian Alps, where coarse rye bread, baked twice a year, a bowl of milk, and garlick, with now and then, upon particular occasions, a little dried cow beef, or goat's flesh, satisfies all their wants, and completes the circle of their enjoyments. I have seen the father of a family at Macugnaga, says Monsieur de Saussure, go gravely to his cupboard of an evening, and return from it, after having carefully put the key in to his

pocket, with a handful of garlick, which he distributed, clove by clove, to his wife and children; and this was all the seasoning their appetite rendered necessary to a morsel of dark bread, which was to be bruised between two stones before they could eat it. But, what will surprize you still more, he says, that the people of this country, who occasionally have descended into the plain, and tasted the luxury of the lower world, snatch every moment, that they can, to enjoy their native Alps again, and never leave their garlick and their hard rye bread, without tears of regret.

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## LETTER XX.

MY DEAR R——,

As I may not again have occasion to mention the Vallais to you, I may as well give you some account of that country now, and of the people who inhabit it, in addition to the information which you will find in different books of travels. The extreme length of the valley of the Rhone, which forms by far the greater part of the Vallaisan territory, is one hundred and twenty miles, and its greatest breadth about thirty; and there are several narrow recesses which lose themselves in the neighbouring mountains: there is nowhere a more strongly marked variety of soil and climate to be met with, than in the Vallais. To fertile fields

succeed uncultivated deserts and mountains covered with eternal snow overhang those vallies, where one experiences all the evils of heat and moisture and stagnated air. Their intercourse with the rest of the world, except by the valley of the Rhone, is at all times difficult, and in winter rendered nearly impracticable by the fall of snow; so that they have remained longer than the rest of Europe in the darkness of the middle ages, and have universally incurred the imputation of ignorance, laziness and superstition. The upper Vallais, which was divided into seven communities, each possessing a portion of independent sovereignty, not unlike that of our states in America, and represented in the sovereign council or congress, became proprietors of the lower Vallais by right of conquest, in a war against the Duke of Burgundy in the year one thousand four hundred and seventy-six. Had they now admitted their neighbours to a fair participation of rights, and not preferred the illiberal advantage of governing as subjects, those, whom they ought to have embraced as brethren, it is probable that their remote situation, the poverty of their country, their inoffensive politicks, and the facility with which they might have gratified France in granting a passage through their territory into Italy, would have insured their tranquillity. There is no arguing, I confess, on the probable conduct of the directory of the French republick; but the plausible pretext of liberating the oppressed would not have been afforded them. Berne was taken in

March, ninety-eight, and the people of the upper Vallais were shortly after made to understand, that they must free their subjects from their allegiance, and admit them to the equal enjoyment of every civil and political privilege. To this, though with some degree of reluctance they consented; and the new election districts had been already marked out, and every preparatory measure taken for the important change, when there came a new order from the directory, that the Vallais was no longer to be considered as an independent state, but as a department of the new Helvetic government, which had lately been established upon the ruins of the Swiss aristocracy. The whole of the upper Vallais flew to arms upon this indignity being offered them; nor did they yield until all the powers of resistance had been exhausted in a succession of bloody actions, in which their towns and villages were taken by storm, their property destroyed, and the persons of the more helpless part of the community treated with a degree of atrocity, that human nature recoils from a description of.\* They have since, after another ineffectual effort, in eighteen hundred and one, and after undergoing every degree of oppression rather than request a union with France, been restored to a sort of mutilated independence, which leaves them like shipwrecked passengers upon a desert shore. The new road which is connected with Geneva on the one side, and with the Italian republick over the Simplon on the other, is carried on with very little

attention to the comforts of these poor Vallaisans. It is by all accounts a stupendous work, and will save the exertions of future Hannibals and Bonapartes ; but if the tide of power should ever set in a different direction ; if some great potentate should ever spring up to the south of the Alps, and Italy be once more enabled, as in the time of the Romans, to avenge the insults and injuries which have been heaped up without mercy upon its ill fated inhabitants, good policy and self-defence may require, that this easy access to France should be stopped up again.\*

On our return from the rocks of Meillerai to Vevay, and about midway where St. Preux may be supposed to have been, when a fit of despair had almost got the better of him, the wind headed us, and the lake rose in gentle waves so as to give a representation in miniature of the appearance we had so lately been familiar with. I felt no temptation however to jump overboard with any body in my arms ; but waited patiently, assisting sometimes at an oar, sometimes at the helm, until we ran into a cove between Clarens and Vevay, and landed in the midst of a scene of labourers and sun-burnt maidens. You may now transport yourself back again to Secheron, observing however as you pass, how visibly the lake has retired from its former boundaries, which may be traced by the accumulation of pudding stone, several feet above the pre-

\* The approach of the Austrian Army, which, by its movements in the year 1815, contributed so much to the downfall of Buonaparte was very much facilitated by this road.

sent road, and deposited horizontally ; and how regularly the Jura, like an immense wall, shuts in the prospect from the fort de l'Ecluse behind Rolle, where it begins to take a western direction, leaving that opening, through which, in all probability, the waters flowed in former times towards the lake of Yverdun. The land about Vevay is cultivated almost entirely in grapes, and is frequently held at a price beyond what I could have supposed possible, had I not been on the spot and derived my information from the best authority. A pause of twenty-five thousand six hundred square feet, (French feet) or about two thirds of an English acre, has sold for five hundred pounds sterling, but the medium price, on an average during the last twenty years, may be called two hundred and fifty pounds an acre ; the medium profit, at the same rate, has been about five per cent on the capital. My information on this subject and on some others, was from the clergyman of the parish, who having accidentally met F——— in the street, and having discovered him to be a foreigner by his accent, for F——— had inquired of him the way to the inn, had accompanied him and introduced himself to our acquaintance. He addressed us in good English, which I was not so much surprised at, as to find in him the brother of an old acquaintance, d'Eliant, a Swiss officer, who had served as brigade major to Gen. Moultrie, during the war of the revolution. The good man, who had been several years in England, was delighted to speak to us in the language of that country, and to make inqui-

ries about America, which is the Eldorado of Switzerland.

The same sort of cultivation, which prevails near Vevay, is to be found on the whole of the way to Geneva, and seems particularly well understood, and particularly profitable in the district of la Cote, which is a ramification of Jura, and presents an appearance, not unlike that of the south west mountains in Albemarle. The Jura reminded me of the Blue Ridge, which it resembles very much, except that it is considerably higher. There is a small portion of it immediately behind Nyon, which deserves your attention. It is where a smaller mountain, known by the name of the Dole, rises above the general level and diversifies the scene. There is a plain on the top of it of small extent, but much visited by strangers, who are desirous of enjoying one of the most sublime of all prospects. It is there that the shepherds and labourers of the neighbourhood meet by immemorial custom on the two first Sundays of August in every year. The best of every thing that the mountain dairies can produce is for the occasion, and every sort of rural game contributes to make their time pass away delightfully. One may without any great effort of imagination suppose what are the topics of conversation among such a group of rusticks, as they look about them from this elevated spot, of nearly a mile in perpendicular height above the country below. Their own fields and villages are at their feet; the larger towns of the Pays de Vaud are conspicuous; the Alps terminate the view on one side, and, los-



ing itself in the Alps, is seen the road to Rome ; Rome, the great fountain of indulgences and dispensations, and always, in some one way or other, the seat of empire ; the lakes of Geneva and of Yverdun are spread out in all their grandeur and magnificence of surrounding scenery ; that of Annecy in Savoy appears at a distance, and that of Joux seems bosomed in a deep vale, for ages, according to tradition the favourite seat of innocence and simplicity ; whilst a glimpse of that of Morat suggests to some grey-haired peasant, that he has heard of a famous battle fought upon its banks in days of yore, when the Swiss were men indeed, and would admit of no degrading medium between liberty and death.

One would hardly suppose that this isolated plain, so far removed in appearance above the cares and evils of the world, could have been the scene of a shocking tragedy. But the account which I have now before me, and from which I take my idea of the prospect, ends with a sad story ; of a new married pair, whose fate will remind you of the lovers described in one of Gay's letters, as having been the victims of the same thunder storm. They had come up the mountain on their wedding day, followed by their nearest friends, and by the guests of the marriage feast ; and, having shared in the amusements of the place for sometime, had withdrawn a step or two from the company and were conversing at the edge of the plain, on that side where it ends abruptly. I am not so old, but that I can easily conceive the gay prospects of life,

which animated their conversation. They were pointing, perhaps, to the very grove, where they first exchanged mutual vows ; or, to the steeple of the church, where those vows had been ratified by heaven ; or, sitting silent with their eyes fixed on some retired valley, some distant hill-side, where their new cottage was to rise “embosomed in a peach orchard,” they perhaps already enjoyed in imagination, for they were young and very unexperienced, that endless succession of days, which were to roll away in never-ceasing happiness,

. . . . . “the seasons too,  
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
Would find them happy still ; the genial Spring  
Would shed her rosy garland on their heads ; &c :  
’Till evening came at last, serene and mild,  
When, after the long vernal day of life,  
Together freed their kindred souls would move  
To scenes, where love and bliss immortal reign.”

But heaven had ordered otherwise—suddenly the earth gave way under the feet of the bride, the husband caught her in his arms, and they were precipitated together into the abyss below. A rock which projects from the side of the precipice, full many a fathom down, remained stained with the blood of this ill-fated couple.

## LETTER XXI.

MY DEAR E—,

BEFORE we descend the Dole, cast your eyes on the chain of Jura ; on those mountains, which over-

hang Geneva, and towards the Alps ; and confess, that this scene of nature in its original sublimity, and of all that art and industry can execute, derives an additional degree of interest from this idea, founded on very obvious facts, that it has been covered in very remote times by some great mass of water. The attention of literary men in Europe has been extended to every object, connected with the history of the globe ; to the stony substances, in particular, which are almost every where to be found upon its surface, or in the bowels of the earth ; to their natural and chymical properties, and to the manner in which they are found either aggregated or scattered. Those objects, therefore, which, however they may be situated or formed, attract in Carolina and Virginia as little of our attention as the particles of dust, which float around us, are here, become the alphabet of a new language, the signs and characters of a new science,\*

\* The knowledge here alluded to is what is implied by Lithology, and the science, if so it may be called, which it leads to, is termed Geology. "The geologist deriving his consequences from the nature, the order and the arrangement of the different substances, which are found in the bowels of the Earth, and proceeding from one fact to another opens a new and extensive field to the human mind. The different revolutions which our globe has undergone and at periods inconceivably remote present themselves to the astonished understanding ; we see the most inexhaustible sources of all, that is useful to man in his present state, growing out of the convulsions and catastrophes of former times, and we are penetrated with awful admiration at the great and wonderful, means which it has pleased heaven to make use of in the accomplishments of its ends. At all events, and supposing these researches to lead in the end to no very accurate information, they add a new interest to every excursion over the country ; they save us from the disquietudes of avarice, and of ambition, from idleness, and a whole host of passions, which are continually breaking in upon the peace of society." (Fajjas de St. Fond.)

intimately connected with the origin of the globe we inhabit. Nor is it unusual to hear people argue, with as much earnestness, and gravity upon this subject, as if they had been consulted at the creation. I do not, I am far indeed from carrying my pretensions to knowledge so far; but I am persuaded, that the works of the Creator would every where, if they could be properly investigated, be found arising out of secondary causes, and as much so in the formation of the Andes, as in the growth of a mushroom. The two most powerful instruments, which have served as secondary causes, have been fire and water. Whether portions of the surface of the earth have sunk, so as to leave the original supporters of it in those places protruded in the shape of mountains;\* or whether a shifting magnetick centre of gravity has occasioned a sudden change of bed to the ocean, I do not even surmise; but we have every day, in various parts of the world, an evidence of what fire can effect, and upon how great a scale. And he must be blind and deaf, who denies his assent to the powerful operation of water in former times. If the structure of a mountain be in beds, one above another, nearly parallel, and generally horizontal, such as we might suppose deposit-

\* This is agreeable to the System of Mr. de Luc the elder, whose opinion is, that the ocean once covered the now habitable Globe, forming by its movements, and by the deposit of triturated shells in the lapse of ages those mountains, and these masses of limestone and of marine productions, which attract our attention. The Rivers also carried into the ocean many animal and vegetable remains, which become a secondary soil, and fires and elastick fluids have given rise to various volcanick mountains.

ed by water, when charged with heavy particles of various sorts, it is made to remain stationary for a time ; if there are found sea-shells of various sorts,\* and fish either in parts or entire, and fragments of various sorts of stone, which have all the marks of having rolled over and rubbed against each other ; if the portions of the mass, in which these marine productions of various sorts of stones are contained, appear to have been formerly in a state of fluidity, a circumstance very easily ascertained, we may fairly and reasonably conclude, that the mountain so constituted, is formed from deposits made at different periods in the bosom of some great ocean, which has been since withdrawn. These secondary mountains, so called to distinguish them from the primeval mountains, consist generally of limestone, which is supposed to be furnished by the triturated shells (into the composition of which lime is known to enter very largely) of those myriads of testaceous animals, that succeed each other so rapidly in the ocean. These after a time become divided into portions so very small, as to be no longer subject to the action of currents ; they then subside, and from banks, which after a lapse of ages become, in consequence of a revolution of the

\* It is a singular circumstance that the sea-shells, found in the beds of mountains, are in no instance the same (except in the case of oyster shells) as those left by the sea on the nearest shore. In some instances they are unlike any now known to exist ; but in general their resemblance is to shells of distant seas. The same observation is made on the various sorts of fossil fish. Those discovered in the quarries of France or Switzerland appear, with very few exceptions, to be of the sort now existing on the coasts of Brazil, or in the Indian seas.

Earth, the source of opulence and of health to the inhabitants of some inland country. The primeval mountains are of granite, a substance in which various sorts of stone, in portions infinitely small, are found united without any visible cement. These last were probably formed by a species of chrySTALLIZATION in the bosom of some great mass of waters, and previously to the animal and vegetable creation, as no trace of either is ever found in them. It is worth attention too, that the layers of these primitive mountains are frequently vertical, as if the earth in its soft state had given way under one extremity of these enormous masses, so as to elevate the other. It is so in the case of Mont Blanc; the pinnacle of which therefore must have been once level with the surface or perhaps even below it. The wars of the Giants in Heathen Mythology may have been founded on some traditionary account of these prodigious events. Such ideas of progressive gradual creation may have the effect perhaps of removing the commencement of our globe too far back for your scrupulous faith; but you have only to suppose what I have heard a professor of divinity give as his opinion, that the era described by Moses was not the commencement but the renewal of existence on a portion of the globe, after some great operation of nature, similar to, and perhaps still more important in its effects upon the arrangement of our globe, than the great deluge of the scriptures, and your faith is saved.\* Independently

\* Mr. Bonnet was also of this opinion;—

Mais il n'est pas nécessaire d'avoir beaucoup médité sur la Théorie de la terre, pour se persuader, que Moïse ne nous a point décrit la première Création de notre

of the effect, which a former ocean appears to have operated by the sediment, it has gradually deposited, the influence of the water in its retreat seems also to have been very great. The whole bank of the river, I walk upon every morning and evening and that of the opposite side, consists of a great variety of stones, which appear to have been rolled smooth and left sticking in the mud, now also converted into stone. Immense fragments of granite too from the primeval mountains are found in places and positions, which bespeak some powerful cause, as you will perceive more evidently from a drawing which accompanies this. It represents an enormous block

Globe, et que son histoire n'est que celle d'une nouvelle révolution que la Planete avoit subi, et dont ce grand homme exposeoit tres en raccourci les Traits plus frappans ou les principales Apparences. Grace aux belles découvertes de l'Astronomie moderne, on sait qu'il est des Planetes, dont la grandeur surpasse plusieurs centaines de fois celle de notre Terre. On sait encore que cette petite planete, que nous habitons et qui nous paroît si grande, est un million de fois plus petite, que le Soleil, autour duquel elle circule. On sait enfin, que les etoiles, qui ne nous paroissent que les Points lumineux, sont autant de soleils, semblables au notre, et qui éclairent d'autres mondes, que leur prodigieux éloignement derobe a notre vue. Qu'on réfléchisse un peu maintenant sur l'immensité de l'Univers, sur l'étonnante grandeur de ces corps qui coulent si majestueusement dans l'espace, sur les nombre presque infini, sur les distances énormes de ces soleils, qui ne nous les laissent appercevoir, que comme des points étincelans, dont la voûte azurée est parsemée ; et qu'on se demande ensuite à soi même ce, qu'est la terre au milieu de cette Graine de Soleils et de monde ce, qu'est un grain de Mil dans un vaste grenier, et moins encore. Quand on a quelques notions du Système des Cieux, on sent assez combien il est peu probable que la terre ait été crée avant le Soleil, auquel elle est si manifestement subordonnée. Il seroit superflu de s'étendre sur ceci. Ce n'est donc probablement ici, qu'une simple apparence. Dans ce renouvellement de notre Globe le Soleil n'apparut que le quatrième jour.

Une seule chose étoit essentielle au Plan de l'historien de la Création ; c'étoit de rappeler l'Univers a son Auteur, l'effet a sa cause. Cet Historien l'a fait ; et l'Athée l'admireroit, si l'Athée étoit Philosophe. Cet historien n'étoit pas appelé a dicter au genre Humain des cahiers d'Astronomie ; mais il étoit appelé à lui tracer en grand les premiers principes de cette Théologie sublime, que l'Astronomie devoit enrichir un jour, et dont il étoit réservé à la Metaphisique de démontrer les grandes vérités.

which has reposed for ages on the lesser Saleve, supported by three points, which seem to project for that purpose. As to the stones, which, to the confusion of the learned, have fallen in different places, at least, which are said to have fallen; whether they are from the moon, some volcano of which may have thrown them out of its sphere of attraction, or from a satellite of our globe, visible only at moments and then mistaken for a meteor, or produced in the upper regions of our atmosphere, is what I am far from pretending to say; I believe, however, if we are to yield to recent evidence that they really have fallen.\*

I saw one of these stones the other day in the possession of Mr. Pictet. It was about the size of a large pear, and not altogether unlike one in form. The extremities were rounded by some unknown cause, as those of a body, exposed to a sufficient degree of heat might be, but it had by no means the appearance of having been rolled along with others. The component parts are the same, as those of some other stony substances, but they are differently aggregated. The portion of iron, which it

\* The fact of stones having actually fallen from the sky seems now to be established, beyond the possibility of doubt. Nor is there any instance, I believe, of this singular phenomenon, in which it has not been preceded by the appearance of a luminous body, moving rapidly through the upper regions of our atmosphere, and bursting at length with a loud explosion. The great similarity, which chemical analysis has shewn to exist among all the specimens of those stones, which have been brought from various parts of the world, has proved them to be different from common minerals, and owing their origin to the same general cause; but no hypothesis, which I have ever seen, is in any degree, satisfactory as to their origin.



contains, to judge from experiments, which have been made is more easily malleable, than iron ore is in other cases known to be ; the ore, in this instance, must, therefore, have been exposed to a great degree of heat prior to its being incorporated with stone ; had it been subsequently, the stone would have been vitrified. No person now doubts of their having fallen, but, we are as far as ever from being able to surmise how they have been formed, and where they fell from.

The cabinets of Geneva contain a multitude of the marine remains which are found in the neighbouring mountains ; that of Mr. Deluc in particular, where I lately saw a petrified fish, which had been brought from a quarry of stone in Piedmont. It is in the greatest state of preservation, and being of a dark colour reminded me of those fish, we read of in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, where a female figure comes out of the wall and frightens the Sultan's cook almost out of his senses. The impression of various leaves also, some of which belonged to trees now no longer produced in Europe, and others to plants, which have in all climates required a degree of cultivation, is frequently found on the stone of quarries amidst a variety of marine substances ; but no discovery of human bones was ever made, and the probability is, that the deluge, which sacred and prophane history agree in describing as so fatal to the human race, still covers the scene of its devastation. We will now leave the mountains ; but before we settle ourselves in Geneva, I must give you some account of the last revo-

lution in Switzerland, which I have barely alluded to in what I have said of the Vallais.

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## LETTER XXII.

In distinguishing the seat of the aristocratick and democratick Cantons on the map, you will perceive the propriety of Milton's epithet in speaking of liberty. The government of the former however, by the confession even of Miss Williams, rendered their subjects happy, or, as she in her goodness expresses it, was too weak in general and too timid to hinder them from being so. The government had in many instances succeeded to the feudal rights of the duke of Savoy, and to the tythes and other property of the Roman church, and of the seigneurs, whom it had conquered, or bought out ; but we may easily believe, that the subjects who were left in possession of the most valuable civil rights ; who paid few or no taxes ; who had arms in their hands, could not have much actual oppression to complain of. Of all the subject countries, the Pays de Vaud, which belonged chiefly to the Canton of Berne, has at all times attracted the greatest attention ; it is thickly inhabited, cultivated to the utmost, and adorned by the hand of nature with almost profuse magnificence. If ever the requisites of happiness existed on earth, they were certainly to be found in this fine country, where peace and plenty, good air, agreeable prospects, literature

and the charms of society were to be enjoyed, under the protection of a mild, paternal government. But man was not made for happiness. The gentlemen of the Pays de Vaud felt themselves worthy of a higher station in the political scale. They felt as the gentlemen of South Carolina did before the American revolution ; that a degree of employment, suited to their education, and of importance in proportion to their fortune, was still wanting ; and the government of Berne, like that of England, stood in the unamiable light of a parent, who keeps his children too long dependent upon his bounty, instead of providing for them handsomely in the world. At the conquest of this country nearly——years before, from the duke of Savoy, France, it was pretended, had guarantied the privileges of the people ; and, though no one could say what those privileges were, or how they had been violated, it appeared to the Directory a sufficient reason for interfering in the affairs of a country, where a spirit of dissatisfaction was supposed to have for sometime existed, and where it had of late been extremely promoted by the writings of a gentleman by the name of La Harpe, whose history reminds me of what is said of Dr. F—— after his appearance before the privy council. They were not insensible, at the same time, to what publick report said of the treasury of Berne. That accumulated wealth of hoarding ages seemed already in their grasp, and to have been placed there for the purpose of aiding them in their intended expedition to Egypt.

It is probable that the duke of Savoy, when sovereign of the Pays de Vaud had from time to time assembled the states; and it is certain, that they have never been assembled since; but that Fribourg and Berne, having nothing to ask, should not have called them together for the only purpose, which had ever given rise to their meeting in former times, or employed them when met, is not surprising; nor is it so, that those Cantons should have retained the abbey lands and other church property, which was confiscated at the reformation, and which ever since have stood in lieu of taxes. I can conceive, however, that the gentry, may, in addition to the causes of revolutionary ideas already mentioned, have been mortified at the airs of superiority assumed by the Bernese, and at the general right of hunting and fishing which they exercised, as a lord of the manor might in England. It was another mortifying circumstance to the gentlemen of the Pays de Vaud, that they could fill none but inferior offices of a civil or military nature; and that a sort of court was to be paid to the bailiff or governor of the district. This bailiff who had originally united the powers of a sheriff and receiver of a country, such as they are exercised in England, had by degrees been placed by the government of Berne at the head of whatever was connected with Law, Finance or Religion in his Bailliwick; deciding in many cases without appeal, and leaving the plaintiff, when he could appeal, to a very tedious, uncertain and expensive process. He had consequently by degrees also assumed airs of impor-

tance ; and, though he might be an awkward unlettered man, with an ungracious Swiss German accent, yet was he to be looked up to, as an oracle on all occasions. His lady claimed precedence in all companies ; and he was to be called Monseigneur. All men have a right to freedom, and are not to be argued out of it by casuistry ; in such cases precedent is nothing : but the people of the Pays de Vaud ought not to have suffered the prospect of being raised to a level with those, to whose authority they submitted with reluctance, to render them blind to the probable consequences ; they ought to have reflected how far it would be in their power to retain what they were so desirous of obtaining, and they might, in justice to their sovereigns of Berne, have cast a view on the opposite side of the lake, and have compared their situation with that of their poor neighbours, who had remained subject to the Duke of Savoy. They should have compared Rolle with Thonon, Morge with Evian, and Vevay with Meillirie. They have succeeded, however, in all they desired ; but I do not find the inhabitants in any respect better off, than before the revolution. The government is fallen into the hands of those, who were never considered, as the most respectable of the community ; their taxes are much greater ; their manufactories are gone to ruin, and their commerce is extremely diminished. They have disgraced their name their country and their cause, by aiding the French to subdue the Vallaisans ; and with the painful recollection of having solicited the ruinous and humiliating interference of a foreign

power, they are now to hold that independence, which has been accomplished at the expense of so much blood, at all times subject to the will and to the caprice of France. The great object of Switzerland and particularly of Berne, had always been to avoid being absorbed in the French revolution. Mistaking a long continued lethargy for prudence, and insensibility for good policy, they were not to be roused by any thing, that could happen ; not even the return of the poor, half naked, wounded remnant of those fine troops, who had remained faithful to Louis XVI. in his utmost need, could turn them from their purpose.

The treaties and military capitulations between the two countries had been annulled by the French government, and every outrage committed upon the dignity and honour of the Swiss nation, which the ingenuity of the French journalists could invent, when the Directory finding the Swiss still passive, published a decree, by which all persons subject to Berne and Fribourg, who had grievances to complain of, or rights to vindicate, were placed under the protection of the great nation. A body of their troops shortly after entered the territories of the Canton of Berne, and the attack commenced. The Latin proverb says, that Heaven begins by depriving those of their senses, whom it means to destroy, and the events of the last period of the history of Berne seems a proof of it. All their ancient wisdom, their decision and firmness seemed to have abandoned them. No concession which might have conciliated the discontented among their

subjects was ever made until it was too late ; and the courage of their officers and soldiers was damped, and their patriotism allayed by a continuation of half measures, and a succession of truces, until the enemy who spared no arts, and respected no engagements, was prepared to act. You have seen an account in the publick papers of the sad scenes which followed.

There is something extremely affecting in the last efforts of a brave people ; in the united exertions of ages, sexes and conditions, in defence of their native country. I say of sexes ; for even the women were willing to share the danger of the conflict. Two hundred and sixty of them, armed chiefly with instruments of agriculture, appeared in the field in the last fatal action which took place near Berne. Of these one hundred and eighty were killed ; among them was the mother of a family with two daughters and three grand daughters ; they were found stretched lifeless on the spot, where the battalion, to which they had attached themselves had been drawn up. Such desperate valour was however of no avail. The soldiers of the Bernese army, rendered suspicious of their general by French agents, massacred him in the retreat ; the capital was taken, and that treasury " which might have ranged embattled nations at their gates" became the prey of the Directory. In the other aristocratick Cantons,\* the defence was even less pro-

\* Ce fut le jour fatal, ou cessa d'exister, comme Etat, comme République, cette ville qu'on appeloit avec raison le plus beau diamant de la couronne des Confédérés Helvétiques ; ville célèbre par sa sage politique, et pour les grands hommes d'Etat et d'Epée, qu'elle avoit produits ; illustre par sa valeur, bienfaisante dans sa domi-

tracted, the orders of the French general were received with submission, and a revolutionary government every where established.

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## LETTER XXIII.

MY DEAR E—,

THE Directory had now leisure to turn their attention to the smaller Cantons ; not that they expected to find any money in either of them, but a constitution, as they affected to call it, had been composed in Paris, and it was their fancy that all Switzerland should adopt it. These small states, in some measure deserved their fate, by the degree of insensibility, with which they beheld the distress of their neighbours, whose aristocracy and insolence of wealth they were not sorry to see humbled. They were soon made to understand, however, in no very soothing terms, that they also were to revolutionize themselves, to forego their distinct governments as states, and to be assimilated to the rest of Switzerland, under one general form, in which, the division of power and the distinctions of the magistracy, were closely copied from that emblem of all perfection, the Directorial government.

*nation, florissante par ses maximes. Ainsi fut renversé par la main de son plus ancien ami cet Etat, qu'aucun Eanemi n'avoit jamais envahi, ni même abaissé, pendant un existence de plus de six siecles, et dont aussi longtems la prospérité, le lustre, la paix intérieure s'étoient maintenus, et presque continuellement augmentés avec un bonheur sans Exemple.*

*Mallet Histoire des Suisses.*



The first measures of the Cantons, who were now the object of attack, were such as deserved success, and such as deprived the Directory of every shadow of pretext for invading them. They liberated the inhabitants of the subject countries from their allegiance, and informed the French General of their having done so ; but nothing, short of the new constitution, would avail. Had the Cantons, not attacked, invested any one individual of sufficient talents and experience with full powers to direct the general defence, as he might see best ; so as to prevent that shock of interest, of party spirit, and of local attachments, which embarrassed all their measures ; the scenes of their earlier triumphs might have been repeated, and the French have found a grave, as the Austrians had done some centuries before, in the bosom of the Alps. It was their misfortune not to adopt this wise policy ; still, however, their defence was such, as became a people who had been so many ages in possession of liberty. The old and the young, the women and the children, even the clergy prepared to share the common danger, and all that patriotism and religious zeal could dictate, all that paternal influence, and the sacred love of home could effect, was, though in vain, exerted. You may see the particulars of this afflicting contest in the newspapers of the time. The Canton of Schwitz, the cradle of the nation's liberty, held out as long as there could be any hopes of success : but when their losses amounted to a hundred of their people a day, an assembly of the nation was convoked, and the last fierce struggles

of expiring liberty were allayed by the soothing accents of a venerable minister. A capitulation was entered into the day following with the French General ; and the people of Schwitz, having agreed for themselves and their neighbours, to lay aside their arms, and to accede to the general government, the French army was withdrawn, and they were left undisturbed.

Two of the smaller members of the Helvetic Confederation have experienced a still harder fate. Bienne, a little republick at the extremity of the lake, to which Rousseau has drawn such general attention, had for ages acknowledged the very limited prerogative of the bishop of Bale, in the executive part of government ; but its inhabitants were in full possession of all, which constitutes the essentials of liberty and independence. The principal act of sovereignty, indeed, exercised by the Prince Bishop, was to renew the charter of privileges and exemptions claimed by his subjects at the commencement of every reign, and to receive their oaths of allegiance in return.

The neighbouring lake, (which has attracted the curiosity of travellers far more, I believe, than the singular government of this little state, in which Protestant subjects lived happily under a Roman Catholick Sovereign) is about nine miles long and and three broad, and its greatest depth is 235 feet. About midway is the Island of St Pierre, which, in the very diminutive circumference of a mile and a half, incloses a choice of wild and cultivated prospects. There are vineyards, shady groves, corn

lands and pasturage ; and there is a little harbour for the protection of boats, which keep up the communication with the main ; and there is the greatest variety of the finest fish. It is a little world of itself in short, and I regret that poor Rousseau was not allowed to remain there.

One might have supposed that this little inoffensive state would be overlooked by the French Directory, but nothing was too trifling for their rapacity. As the Bishop, in his capacity of Prince of the Empire, was in some measure an object of fair hostility, a French army took possession of Bienne, and has held it ever since. Another republick, whose fate will interest you, was Mulhausen, which consisted of one flourishing town, of a few villages, and of about eighteen miles square of fertile territory, upon the river Idd, in Alsace. This little state was in alliance with Switzerland, and exhibited in its government a happy mixture of aristocracy and democracy. It had been proposed to this happy, inoffensive people, at a very early period of the revolution, to unite themselves with France, and upon their refusal, their territory had been taken possession of, and their city rigorously blockaded, so as to prevent all egress and all communication with the adjacent country. The blockade lasted for two years ; nor did the citizens of Mulhausen submit to be incorporated with France, until they had consumed the last days ration of provisions which the town afforded ; these they had scrupulously shared, and used in the most rigorously economical manner, and as they had long

been without fuel, almost every article of furniture was converted to that use. It was a most affecting sight, says the author of the relation which I have now before me, to perceive the people of Mulhauzen bring out their furniture into the publick square, and sharing it with their fellow-citizens, that all might have the means of preparing the small pittance of a meal, that they allowed themselves. In the *Moniteur* of the day, Mulhauzen is represented, as having solicited to be united to France.

There were other and still smaller republicks, the citizens of which, though not compelled to become French subjects, had the mortification to be annexed to some neighbouring Canton, and thus lost that individual and distinct independence, they were so much attached to. Gersaw for instance, and the valley of Urzeren, states very little known, though they have not escaped the attention of the venerable President Adams, one of the Fathers of our country, in his elaborate defence of the American Government. The valley of Urzeren is about nine miles long and three broad, and situated in the very bosom of the highest Alps. There is no entry for a horseman into it, but along a narrow and dark passage, formed by manual labour, through a rock eighty feet thick ; nor any access for a man on foot, but by narrow paths and defiles, where a guide is necessary at almost every step. The traveller, who arrives in this peaceful and happy valley, by either way, is astonished to find the Russ, a river so violent and impetuous elsewhere, here converted into a gentle and pastoral stream, gliding smoothly through a fine meadow, and three or four pretty villages, and a

Hospice, or house of hospitality, for travellers, who are about crossing, or have crossed the St. Gothard. It had pleased Heaven to give these interesting people neither power nor riches, but the means of acquiring by their industry, all that the sober wants of nature require, and as much civil and political liberty, as they had the good sense to be satisfied with. The neighbouring Canton of Uri, sent them at stated periods, agreeably to a convention solemnly entered into, a Supreme Judge, who received appeals from the inferiour tribunals, and a proper person when required to command their militia:—in every other respect they determined for themselves.

Gersaw was perhaps the smallest republick in Europe ; the whole territory being but six miles long and three broad. It had been for some centuries, however, in the undisputed possession of the most perfect independence, being no other way connected even with the Helvetick Union, than by a defensive alliance, according to which, their quota of troops in time of war, was an hundred men. This diminutive republick, as President Adams observes, had its different councils and tribunals, all emanating from the assembly of the nation, and was careful that too much power should not be lodged in the same hands, or too many employments in one family ; reminding us if you please, of the animalcule of infusion making a vortex by its motions to absorb its prey, but still commanding our respect. I once went some miles out of my way, to lodge a night in the little village, which is the capital of Gersaw, and had my horse shod by the President, or Landamman, as he is termed in the language of

the country. It appears that there never was a single instance of capital punishment in the republick. It was a pity, surely, to break up these communities in miniature ; but, the directory was as inflexible as to Berne, Fribourg, or Soberne ; and all Switzerland submitted to be new modelled.

The weak and ill-composed government, which went next into operation, was such as would have left the country forever at the mercy of its powerful neighbours, still more than it is now by the act of mediation ; and you may conceive how little the constitution was built upon the affections of the people, by the facility with which it yielded to the first efforts, which were made against it, in the year eighteen hundred and two, when some of the best and most influential characters were desirous of availing themselves of that article in the treaty of Luneville, which guaranties to the Swiss the privilege of regulating their government, as they should think proper. The interference of the First Consul upon this occasion, was in violation of the most sacred engagement, but though humiliating in the greatest degree to the pride of all Switzerland, and to the feelings of its inhabitants, as an independent people ; it does not appear to have been attended with such injurious and degrading consequences, as might have been expected ; his attachment to a form of government similar to the one which he had so lately himself overturned in France, could not be very great, and to give him his due, in that spirit of charity, which our old proverb expresses, he did not seem bent upon destroying all remains of national honour

among the Swiss. A new constitution was organized under the shadow of his power, and with somewhat more of a federal government, than before the revolution, the Cantons were relieved from the degraded state of Provinces, and re-assumed a portion of their individual independence as States. The smaller republicks indeed remained annexed, as they had been to some more powerful neighbour. Neuchatel was confirmed to General Bertier, and Mulhauzen, Geneva and Bienne, continued subject to France. Berne too, remained shorn of its beams, and saw two sister states arise where it once counted a race of happy subjects ; but the ancient and more respectable families have come forward again, and the peasants are convinced, that they were deceived, and not betrayed, and that their gallant general deserved a better fate. Zurich has been able with the assistance of its allies to repress an insurrection of discontented people. The *Pays de Vaud* has the delight of seeing itself treated as a Canton, and is as much embarrassed with its independence, as your county of Albemarle would be ; and the little Cantons are restored to that ancient form of internal government, which they were so much attached to. They no longer indeed possess, as sovereigns, the subject districts, which they once held, but at that, they ought in the true spirit of liberty, rather to rejoice than not.

The last of October, found us fixed at Geneva, on the first floor of a house in the *grande Rue*, and we began to mix a little in the world.

## LETTER XXIV.

MY DEAR E——,

It would be useless to describe the situation of Geneva, which you ought to know from Moore and Coxe, as well almost as if you had been there. There are indeed but few cities in Europe, which have attracted such general attention, and not one more deserving of it. A little republick, in which the departments of government were wisely and distinctly ascertained, with no more of democracy than was necessary to maintain the privileges and support the consequence of the people; with no other aristocracy, than that of talents and hereditary virtue, and with such a portion of monarchy, as gave vigour to the law, but which, the nation could at any time re-assume. Such a republick was very naturally an object of general regard: and, that the semblance to the commonwealths of former times might be yet more perfect, there was a little army kept up for the defence of the state; there was a subject territory, once the property of the church or the fruit of former wars, which was to be governed by proconsuls, sent out for that purpose from the capital; there had been more, than one civil war, and several revolutions.

What nature has done for this highly favoured spot still remains of course; and travellers will, to the end of time, admire the noble lake, the clear, the azure-coloured rapid river, the amphitheatre of gentle hills, and the contrast of variegated vegetation, with the perpetual snow of the neighbouring



Alps. But the efforts of wisdom and virtue are far less durable: still, however, there is something left of former times even in a moral point of view; and, as in the remains of ancient temples, the foundation may still be traced, and here and there an isolated column may still command our admiration, long after the superstructure has been swept away; so in Geneva, though their independence has been torn from them, though their commercial opulence has vanished, and their manufactures have fallen to decay, yet their system of education, the basis of all their former happiness, remains. Their manners are pleasing, their taste in literature is correct, and their morals are still good. It is indeed wonderful how so much remains of what Geneva was, and how under so many losses, and such humiliations, they still preserve a degree of apparent independence, a decent exterior of comfortable circumstances, and such good spirits. They now feel the advantage of the sumptuary laws, which they had begun to complain of, and which brought them acquainted with those habits of decent economy that must now be practised from necessity. It is from this circumstance that a stranger, who returns to Geneva after an absence of many years, finds the place, and the people more exactly the same, than he could have supposed possible. Though annexed to France, they still gratify a national pride in speaking of France as a foreign country, and very generally shut their doors to all Frenchmen without distinction.

To fill the various 'civil, ecclesiastick or literary offices of the republick; to be a member of some

one of the councils; to be in the executive or judiciary departments; to close a military life in foreign service, by holding a commission in the army of the state, were all objects of honourable ambition, which encouraged the liberal policy of the father in giving a good education, and incited the application of the son. These objects no longer exist; but the precious habit remains; and no change in the article of literary attainments is as yet perceivable, or in the conversation and general appearance of the superiour orders of society. But the people of the inferiour class, the tradesman, the manufacturer and the small shopkeeper have suffered by the loss of that spark of patriotism, that dignified sense of their own importance, which raised them above the paltry arts of gain, consoled them for the inequalities of fortune, and made them proud to vindicate their title of citizen of Geneva in foreign countries. Once a year at least, when assembled in the great council of the nation, they heard themselves addressed as sovereign Lords, and the Bourgeois, with his sword by his side, and his hat on, might perceive that every magistrate bowed before him and solicited his approbation, whose shoes he had made, or whose coat he had carried home that very morning.

You would admire the gentleness with which their schools are conducted, and how powerfully the scholar's mind is incited by a much better cause, than the fear of blows; there are publick examinations in all of them, and nothing is omitted, which can give importance to the prizes that are

distributed on those occasions. The examination which a schoolboy or student undergoes, is an epoch of no small importance in the family ; his parents think of little else for some days, but of the appearance he will make, or of the glory he has gained ; his little brothers and sisters are deeply interested in the event, and the very servant-maid, who waits at supper is proud of his success. The education of the daughters is equally well attended to, with this difference, that it is never but in a very small degree publick, and is confined to modern literature, and to the more elegant accomplishments, among which the making of artificial flowers, cutting paper for profiles, and some other as trifling accomplishments are frequently included. Religious instruction, very properly, also occupies a portion of time of both sexes, as preparatory to the first communion. All are passionately fond of dancing, and their parents indulge them in that, and in every other amusement, suitable to their age ; so that one can no-where meet with a more general appearance of happiness than here. Mahomet may have been right in placing the Paradise of sensual man in fragrant bowers, by the side of purling streams, and amid never-fading beauties ; but we may say without exaggeration, that Heaven has placed a Paradise for the young and innocent in Geneva. The style of dancing is such as accommodates itself better to the common English country-dance, than that of the best masters in Charleston does ; but they have given into the rage

for the waltz, and I confess to my great astonishment.\* I should be tempted, I think, were I to see a daughter of mine dancing one, to act like the father in the Spectator on a similar occasion; and I acknowledge, that it requires my full and perfect recollection of Gibbon's observation on the error, into which a Greek traveller had fallen,† who visited England in the reign of Henry the IVth, not to deviate in some uncharitable reflection on the subject of these waltz. I will tell you hereafter the observation, which they suggested to an Italian lady.

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## LETTER XXV.

MY DEAR E——,

As you have Dr. Moore's travels upon the shelves of your bookcase, you may now turn to what he says of Geneva, and observe, in particular, his description of the Sunday-night societies, into

\* There was a dance in fashion some centuries ago in Europe, called the Volta, which was not unlike the waltz: it was thought, even in those days, so much at variance with decency and good manners, that the facility, with which it was every where introduced, was attributed by some to witchcraft.

Je vous laisse à juger, says an old French writer, si c'est chose bien sante a une demoiselle de se laisser si librement manier par son danseur, et de faire de telles enjambées et si en cette volte, (quelle bonne contenance qu'elle fasse) l'honneur et la santé n'y soient pas un peu hazardées.

† See Decline and Fall. Vol. 12th. ch. 66. p. 86.

which the whole town, and particularly the female part of it is divided, from the opulent matron of seventy, to the little seamstress, who trips along in her spencer, with her reticle suspended from her arm, and the profits of many a week's labour bestowed upon some ornament on her person. If a society becomes by the admission of new members, at length too numerous to meet any longer with conveniency, it is either dissolved, or it is separated into two or more portions, each of which, like the parts of the polypus, shoots out a new head, and becomes a perfect society. The boys have also their societies; and when of a proper age, and on certain conditions, are admitted into those of the young ladies. The men of an advanced age have their circles, where, "Wise through time, and narrative through age," they meet, and regulate the affairs of Europe, or descending into the garden, if the circle is provided with one, those who have some smack of youth play at bowls, others look on, and others again lean on the wall and bask before the sun. There are also family societies, in which on certain days, and generally once a week, the old and the young of one connexion meet; a custom of all others I admire, and which is particularly essential here, where the different ages are so much, upon all other occasions, in the habit of living or of at best passing their time apart from each other. It is a pity, that with all their good sense, the people of Geneva, should have suffered the very trifling circumstance of living on the hill, or at the foot of it, to be a source of odious distinc-

tion, and that from this, or some other such imaginary scale of rank in society, there should have sprung a degree of animosity, which has been more than once attended with very serious consequences. One of their exiled citizens, who of all others afterwards contributed with the most virulence to the humiliation of his native country, and who is suspected by many of having entertained worse views, had been repulsed in a proposal, he made of placing his daughter in a society of young persons, who lived a little higher up the hill. He was a man of genius and of knowledge, but of strong passions. Having embarked in the French revolution, he foresaw the probability of that unjust fate, which had swept away so many, and having resolved, in case he should be brought before the revolutionary tribunal, to put an end to himself before the mock sentence could be passed, he resolutely executed his purpose, and his wife as resolutely performed the promise, she had made of not surviving him. Their object was to preserve their property from confiscation for the sake of their daughter, nor can we refuse them our admiration. One may truly say with the Latin poet, that there are many, who remain inglorious, for want of an historian.

But I can conceive your impatience all this time to know what I think of the ladies of Geneva, and that you have as many questions to ask upon the occasion as Mrs. Tabitha Bramble put to Captain Lismihago. I cannot, however, you should recollect, be supposed to be half as well informed, as the Captain was; for it has been by no means my fate to be as

well circumstanced for that purpose. I can tell you, however, that there are few, that can be called handsome, but numbers who have an animated, pleasing, cheerful air, and something better than beauty in their faces. They are generally below your size; wear rouge universally after marriage, but so as to imitate nature; and dress themselves to advantage. If I might venture, however, to make an observation on their appearance in publick, it would be to regret, that they attach so much importance to a certain fulness of form about the bosom. And though they deserve our thanks no doubt, as Addison somewhere says of the ladies in his time, for the courage, with which they brave the inclemency of the weather in order to give us a sample of their beautiful persons, yet it is surprising that they should be led by the influence of fashion, to adopt a style of dress, so much at variance with that great attention to decorum, which so generally distinguishes them. As they are well and virtuously brought up, we may presume that they make good wives; there is nowhere indeed a greater appearance of domestick happiness, than at Geneva; and the inhabitants still retain the very pretty custom of annexing the wife's name to the husband's. In a place where science is so diffused, and men of learning are at the same time men of the world, the conversation of the ladies naturally assumes more of a scientifick turn, than with us in America; and society, so far, gains by it. But I could have wished that somewhat more of ancient simplicity had been retained, and that a certain

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softness of phrase, and extreme gentleness of manner, had never been adopted. Words and sentences are no more apt to be misunderstood indeed, where common use has fixed their value, than a pound sterling is likely to be confounded with a pound in weight ; but a stranger at Geneva must have some experience not to be led into mistakes, and to know with certainty, that all expressions of very great satisfaction at his approach, or of regret at his departure are words of course ; that his presence diffuses no more delight than that of any other individual would have done, and that, whatever they may say, no one will be in agonies during his absence, or break their heart, should they never see his face again. I have often thought, that a very good letter, like that of the king of Bantam's minister in the Spectator, might be written upon this subject.

In losing their independence, the Genevans have been deprived of a great many amusements, which were connected with it, and which you may see well described by Moore, who possessed the talent of relating, and who, after having made us smile at the event of a martial representation in Plein-Palais, where the rage of the combatants was allayed by a call to dinner, paints the interesting scene of a whole people assembled at one general repast. These military exercises, were latterly, mere matters of amusement. But the Genevans were once a warlike people, in proportion to their means, and their annals like those of all nations who have had to struggle for their political



existence, contain some brilliant moments and some sad reverses of fate.

You may have formed an idea of these beautiful environs from books of travels, and from what I have attempted to describe to you ; but the view is in several instances rendered far more interesting by some knowledge of the events, which a particular spot has been the scene of in former times. I never saw the young people of the city collected in groups during the summer of a Sunday afternoon, on the edge of the opposite hill of La Batie, or appearing and vanishing again, like imaginary beings among the trees, but I derived an additional satisfaction from beholding at the same time the ruins of the neighbouring fort, which was so long the torment of their ancestors. It is agreeable too to see Lancy, once a place of rendezvous for the banditti enemy of the neighbourhood, and subjected as such to the midnight horrors of military execution, now the undisturbed residence of a race of peaceful Spanish sheep ; and, when worried and questioned by the custom-house officers at the little village of Versoi, one remembers with a sort of satisfaction, that this very Versoi was taken by storm some two hundred years ago. A glorious effort was made in the year 1540 to vintage at the expense of the Savoyards near the neighbouring town of Bonne, and the Genevans having been attacked on their return, were so brave and so fortunate, as to repulse a very superiour enemy, and to save their wine. Their march into the city with the spoils of the day and upwards of one hundred pri-

soners must have had very much the air of a Roman triumph. There is no place, whence the view of the neighbouring mountains, and of the Alps in all their magnificence, and of the Lake, in its full extent, is better commanded, than from a beautiful country seat called Le Bouchet; which, however, derives an additional interest from the great and bloody battle fought there, in which the Genevans were defeated. Their contests were not however confined to the narrow circle of the next towns and villages—they took Thonon, they compelled Evian to pay a ransom, they destroyed the fort of Ripaille, where the Duke of Savoy had prepared a flotilla for the invasion of Geneva; they assisted Berne with three armed vessels in the siege of Chillon, and made Chambéry, the capital of all Savoy, tremble at the distance of full fifty miles. And let no one think the worse of these exertions, for having been confined to so small a theatre,

“ Or grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor :”

When pressed by Berne and Fribourg in the year 1531 to submit to the pretensions of the Duke of Savoy, their answer was such as became men, who knew the value of freedom; there was no expense, no danger they would not incur, they said, for the protection of their independence; death itself was to be courted in defence of their just rights. When surprised in the midst of a winter's night, at a time as they supposed, of profound peace, by a bold, inveterate foe, their courage was most honourably

proved, and the success was such, as their courage and their cause deserved. You may easily conceive how the anecdotes of this great event, which is termed the Escalade in Genevan History, have been treasured up, from the first approach of the enemy to their final repulse, and how the exploits of every individual are recorded, from the woman who killed a soldier with an iron pot, to the aged magistrate who boldly advanced sword in hand upon the foe, and died fighting at the head of the people.

But the military honours of Geneva have rapidly faded away ; the anniversary of the Escalade is scarcely remembered ; the trophies of that memorable night no longer excite the patriotism of the citizens ; and the arquebusiers, the artillerists and the bombardiers, so renowned in former times, are now confounded in one general mass of peaceable French subjects.

You may remember in Moore's description, a certain King, Moses the first, whom he gravely represents, as surrounded by his courtiers and family, and presiding at a military festival ; you may wish to know what fate awaited the hapless monarch in the scene of general ruin, which ensued, as Dido was desirous of being told by Æneas, what had been the end of Priam. The commissioners of the armed mediation in eighty-two treated the monarch with very little ceremony, and deposed him, but suffered him to live at large as a private citizen. In eighty-nine, when the people re-assumed with some violence a portion of the power, they had

been deprived of, King Mosés was restored, and remained in quiet possession of all his honours for some time ; but, in the year ninety-six, he was seen stretched upon a mattress, in the common prison, confounded among the victims of that frightful period, like king Priam upon the shores of the Hellespont, without a title and without a name. But I almost reproach myself for trifling upon a circumstance any way connected with a period, the horrors of which I must soon bring you acquainted with, and which I dread, as I should the recital of some great domestick misfortune.

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## LETTER XXVI.

MY DEAR E——,

The Genevans are very fond of society, and besides their regular meetings, which I have described to you, there are frequent tea-parties given by the ladies, who invite on such occasions as many of their own sex, as they have chairs for, besides as many men, as they can collect : these last are seen huddled up together in the midst of the room, a few more fortunate than the rest, à l'Anglaise, upon the hearth, whilst the ladies describe a formal segment of a circle, and one universal buzz, I had almost said uproar, of conversation is kept up. At a certain period of the evening, which varies according to the more or less fashionable ton of the house, two or three servants appear bringing in a table,

which at first sight looks like a moveable altar, but is found covered with preparations for making tea, with all its accompaniments, which are here far more extensive than with us. The cups, and various sorts of cakes and pastry, are now \*handed about, and the uproar of conversation continues ; uproar is too strong an expression, I confess ; but the noise is something very like it, though attended, it must be observed with politeness, and with great good humour. To the tea-equipage succeeds as many card tables, as the company may require, and the genius and knowledge of the lady of the house is displayed in placing those together, who prefer each other's company, and in making them play at the game they like best. Good order and silence now succeed (as when the distinct elements sprung up out of chaos) to the confusion of the moment before, and the company seem shrunk to a diminished size, which would remind you of Milton's Pandemonium, and of the miracle that took place there. It has made me sorry upon such occasions to see a delicate and pretty woman toiling through a numerous company, with a pack of cards in her hands, inviting some, and soliciting or commanding others, to draw a card, and to take their places ; but it has been afterwards consoling to behold her resting from her labours, as she sat with self-complacency, surveying the various groups, she had so skilfully arranged. Bonaparte, reviewing his army, after they had crossed the Alps, could hardly have been more gratified.

Of publick amusements there are but few ; there is a playhouse indeed, but it is not much frequented, and there are now and then private concerts ; but musick, though executed, I believe, to perfection, is not such as I expected to find it. Like stage dancing it seems rather an exertion of skill, than of taste, and is very remote from conveying any expression, that I can give a name to. My means of observation have been indeed very much circumscribed as yet, and I may think differently when I get to Paris.

There are private balls also from time to time, (for dancing is a very favourite amusement) and it would be very agreeable to be present at them, were they not so crowded ; but one would think, that every body here were of Miss Larolle's opinion, when she talks with delight of having been so squeezed at a ball, that she could hardly breathe.

The city having been for ages circumscribed by fortifications, has never been susceptible of much augmentation, and the houses are consequently not in proportion to the number of inhabitants. Many families, therefore, are compelled to reside under the same roof ; a circumstance, which by no means promotes either cleanliness or comfort. It is owing to this no doubt, as well as to the beauty of the surrounding country, that so many of the families of Geneva pass their summer out of town. Their country houses are generally large and handsome, and though a proper taste for ornamental gardening does not prevail, yet vineyards and wheat fields on a slope terminated by water, and by a distant

view of lofty mountains, are in themselves such beautiful appendages, that if you imagined these interspersed with comfortable houses, where the delight of shade is generally secured, you may suppose with truth, that it would be difficult to find here what would not any where else be called a pretty place.

Mountains are every where I think, agreeable to the sight ; they have been in so many instances the asylum of civil and religious liberty, and are so generally the abode of health and strength. To be habitable however, they ought not it seems, to exceed a certain height ; for if the air in low places is rendered unwholesome by certain gaseous substances, which are peculiar to such situations, there are others again of a different nature, which rise to the upper regions of the atmosphere, and render it unfit for respiration. The conclusion of Mr. de Saussure, in which there is perhaps as much of the Genevois as of the natural philosopher, is, that the atmosphere most conducive to good health, and to longevity is to be found at the distance of between 12 and 1800 feet from the level of the sea. The mountains near Geneva are cultivated to as great a height, as the soil will admit of ; they form a field of observation to the botanist and natural philosopher ; they are replete with evidences of those great operations of nature, which carry the mind up to periods the most remote in the history of the globe ; and they afford a retreat during the summer to a nation of herdsmen, who, lost to all the knowledge of what is going on in the world, con-

fine their attention to their cattle and to the making of cheese.

I will endeavour in some future letter to give you an idea of the simple and uniform turn of the pastoral life in the high regions. At present I could only do it from the descriptions of others, but I hope to judge for myself during the summer.

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## LETTER XXVII.

MY DEAR Z——,

It is now time that I should say something to you of the history of Geneva, which I will do, depend upon it, in as few words as possible,\* passing rapidly from the time of Cæsar to the last revolution; and rather pointing out to you the particular subjects and periods, upon which you ought to seek for information if you are so disposed, which I confess to you, however, that I hardly believe you will be, than attempting to convey it.

Cæsar, desirous of stopping the Helvetii from leaving their country, hastened to Geneva, then a town of some importance, but as the theatre of the war was speedily removed to a very distant quarter, he says nothing of a place which it would have been so agreeable to us to have had a description of

\* Mr. Muller (see note to letter XVII., p. 94) has said that at some very distant period the lake of Geneva was known by the name of the lake of the Savages.



from such a hand. This being the case, you must be satisfied to take a step of nearly five hundred years, when Geneva, which had shared in all the calamities, that assailed the declining age of the Roman empire, became the capital of the Burgundians, and the residence of the great king Gondebaud, who erected walls, which are yet to be traced ; built himself a palace, which thirteen hundred years have not destroyed all remains of ; and published a code of laws.\*

It was from Geneva, that his neice the beautiful Clotilda, who had escaped almost alone of her father's family at the massacre perpetrated by this very Gondebaud, assisted by another barbarian, who was also her uncle, set out in an ox cart, the genteel equipage of those days, to join her husband Clovis, the founder of the French monarchy, whom she had the glory and satisfaction of converting to the Christian faith. He could not, however, (this great conqueror, who, with all his abilities and knowledge of war, was a selfish, treacherous and cruel tyrant) have made much progress in the mysteries of the faith, he embraced, when he declared, that if he had been at Jerusalem with his valiant Franks, our Saviour should not have been put to death.†

\* The reader who may wish to know something of Gondeband's system of legislation must turn to the *Esprit des Loix*, and he will admire the vigorous good sense of a Savage, struggling with the abuses of an ill understood religion.

† Gondeband had been very averse to the connexion with so powerful a Prince, for he feared the influence, which the beauty and superior attainments of his niece would acquire over the mind of her

In process of time Geneva became annexed to the German empire, and acquired the privileges of an Imperial city, and the bishop, who had been originally entrusted by the emperor, with the administration of the government, was gradually converted into a sovereign, owing, however, his election to the people in conjunction with the Chapter of St. Peter, and depending upon the general sense of his good conduct for the preservation of his power. By a convention, in the year eleven hundred and twenty-four, the bishop was left in possession of the essential rights of sovereignty, whilst the count of the neighbouring county of Genevois, who had originally been an officer of the empire, and had been appointed to administer justice at Geneva, in the name of the emperor, with whom the bishop had been in a long continued state of warfare and disputes, (similar to those which for so many years distracted Italy between the Papal and Imperial power) retained a portion of the executive authority in the person of his representative the Vidomne. The indiscretion of a succeeding count, who divided his territories by will, and the resentment of one of their coheirs, who had taken shelter in a distant country,\* first brought the house of Savoy in contact with Geneva, and the people having unfortu-

husband, whom, however, though with some difficulty, and after many humiliations, he found means to live upon good terms with.

\* In England, where one of the royal prisons, which stands on the side of the palace he resided in, is called the Savoye. Le Genevois was a province of Savoye.

nately invoked the interference of a count of Savoy on the occasion of some internal disagreement, that enterprising family were never afterwards without a pretext for vindicating their just claim, as they presumed to call it, to a share in the administration. At one period the rival counts of Genevois and of Savoy appear to have divided the affections of the people, and to have made war with each other in the town itself. Toward the end of the fourteenth century, however, I find Geneva in a state of perfect tranquillity. The counts of Genevois had become extinct and those of Savoy had renounced all pretensions to any thing more than the powers of the Vidomne ; whilst the bishop, being chosen by the people and the chapter, was in several instances an enlightened and benevolent sovereign. One of them fortified the town according to the rules of art in those days, and another, a Genevois by birth, of the respectable family of the Fabri, which is still in existence, gave good laws and a constitution to the state. The bishop and the clergy on the one side, and the magistrates, as representing the people on the other, divided the rights of sovereignty between them in the manner that the sun and moon are made to rule, in the first book of Genesis—the bishop ruling by day, and the people by night.

The passage of the Pope through Geneva, in fourteen hundred and nineteen, was an unfortunate circumstance. It happened to be at the period of an election to the bishoprick, and his holiness, as if recollecting a branch of his prerogative, which had

been hitherto overlooked, assumed the right of appointing upon the present instance, and secured the right of election on all future occasions to the chapter, exclusively of the people. A subsequent regulation made it necessary that the Canons should be noble; and it was ever afterwards by no means difficult for the house of Savoy, now become Ducal, and in possession, by inheritance or purchase, of the whole county of Genevois, to influence the election, which they so managed as to render the bishoprick little better than an appendage to their family. In fourteen hundred and forty-four, duke Amadeus, known in history by the name of Pope Felix the 5th, the same whose life at Ripaille became proverbial, and who had the good sense to sacrifice an empty title to the repose of mankind, administered the See of Geneva, though not, I believe, with the title of bishop. He confirmed the privileges of the people, and conducted himself in every respect with all that moderation, which marked his publick character. But the bishoprick was upon succeeding elections, or as they might more properly perhaps be termed appointments, very unworthily filled, and not unfrequently by minors, or dissipated young men. The contests which ensued between the duke or bishop, and the people, and which cost the lives of several distinguished individuals of merit, prepared the minds of men in some measure for the important change which shortly after took place at the reformation. This great event was promoted by a variety of causes, but principally by the ignorance and immorality of the clergy; by that con-

nexion, which invariably exists between civil and religious liberty ; by the powerful influence of Berne ; and by the personal character of the celebrated Calvin. It was the misfortune of this great reformer to think himself competent to the solution of questions, which in all ages have embarrassed and confounded the good sense and the philosophy of mankind ; questions, which Milton very properly assigns as an employment to those malignant spirits, who had revolted from the supreme Being. It was his misfortune, also, (not sufficiently considering man, as the creature of his senses,) to reject whatever might amuse or allure in the religious system, which he established for Geneva. Fearful of giving into any thing like saying masses for the repose of a departed soul, he would not even permit any sort of funeral ceremony whatever, or allow of any kind of sepulchral monument.

It is to him, however, that the Genevans owe almost every thing, which has distinguished them ; their morality, their love of science, and their knowledge of civil and political liberty. The last moments of his life, in which, after having distributed by will the very little, which he had to bestow, he takes leave of the republick, as a father might of his children, are very honourable to his memory. His learning, for such it was in that age, was prodigious ; but his learning and his fervent piety, were contrasted with the utmost bigotry and intolerance ; and, as he laboured under a complication of disorders, he very naturally considered this world, as a mere state of trial, and confounded the liberal

amusements of life with the temptations of the devil. He was fierce, presumptuous, irascible and unforgiving, but sincere and constant in his affections, for he had affections, and was even married. Zealous and intrepid in the great work to which he thought himself called by providence, simple and unaffected in private life, and strictly disinterested.\*

It is difficult to conceive how one head and one hand could have been equal to all he performed, to the numerous sermons, dissertations, commentaries and letters, which he wrote and published.† The execution of Servet, the circumstance of all others the most inexcusable in his conduct, might have been so obscured in such a mind by religious fanaticism, as to be deemed by himself a meritorious action, and we ought no more to appreciate the merit

\*The provision made for Calvin by the republick was about thirty dollars, equal perhaps to an hundred in these days, a year; a certain quantity of wheat, and two casks of wine; he was also allowed a house. I have read his will, in which it is affecting, and at the same time exemplary, to perceive the small sums that he leaves as legacies to his friends. He had one child, it seems, but was so unfortunate as to lose it in its infancy, and was accused, by his enemies, of having been overheard offering up his prayers to the saints for their mediation.

† We are become too indifferent almost, I fear, in these latter times to subjects, that were then thought of so much importance; but it must ever be regretted, that the life of a human creature should have been sacrificed for the causes, that were alleged against Servet, and founded in a great measure upon a letter, written six years before, to Calvin himself. His theology appears nearly allied to that of the celebrated Dr. Priestley, whom he also resembled in his attachment to scientific pursuits. I have never seen the passage, but I am told, there is a passage in one of his works, which alludes to the possible circulation of the blood; and that he may be said to have preceded Harvey, as Dr. Priestley certainly did Lavoisier and others.

of those, who have lived and acted in former times, according to the opinions and prejudices of succeeding ages, than we ought to try a man for actions committed in one country, by the laws and usages of another. It is probable, says Montesquieu, that if we had lived in the time of Caligula, and known all the circumstances of the case, we might not have thought it so extraordinary, that he appointed his favourite horse to the honours of the consulship.\*

It was on the fourteenth of July, fifteen hundred and thirty-five, that the Protestant faith was established by law in Geneva,† to the great satisfaction of the people, with the exception of about fifty families, who quitted the city. The far greater part of the clergy also remained attached to the ancient faith, as did the nuns of St. Claire, who heroically resisted the offers held out to them, and moved off in a body to a distant convent in Savoy. One of these good ladies has left an account of her departure from Geneva in company with the sister-

\* The author, who would deal justly, should go back in imagination, to the times he treats of; and, standing where those stood, whose actions he records, endeavour to see things in the same light, from the same point of view, and through the same medium.

QUARTERLY REVIEW—*by memory.*

† It is in the political, as in the natural world, secondary causes, and frequently to all appearance of a very inferior sort, operate most powerfully in bringing about events of the greatest importance. This was certainly the case in England, where the impure passions of Henry VIII. contributed to promote the interests of religion, and eventually, of civil and political liberty. And so in Geneva, where the licentiousness of a bishop, who had insulted the daughter of a citizen, and the selfishness of the clergy, who refused to pay the duty on wine, roused the whole city, and prepared men's minds for a system, that was to put an end to such abuses.

hood; of all they saw upon the road, and of the events that marked, what may be called, their first appearance in the world. I have seen this, and found it extremely interesting, notwithstanding some absurd miracles, that it relates, and a violent and bitter sentiment of enmity, which it breathes throughout against the enemies of the Roman church. It ought to be observed at the same time for the honour of Jeanne de Jussie that she very candidly confesses, that many prelates and dignitaries of the church led very irregular lives, "*se gaudissant dissolument des biens de l'Eglise, tenans femmes en lubricite et adultere.*"

It was thought proper by the magistrates, that one of the most popular of the new preachers should give a proof of his eloquence at the convent; that he should represent to the nuns, who were, much against their will, assembled for that purpose, the superiour advantages of those proper enjoyments, which awaited them in the world, over the useless mortifications to which they had condemned themselves. But the pious maidens heard him with impatience, and dismissed him with contempt. They preferred the cause of truth, accompanied as it was with danger and with poverty, to all the allurements of the world, and having assembled in the cemetery and poured out their hearts in a last and solemn farewell to the departed sisters, they followed their superiour, each with a little bundle and a prayer book under her arm, and were conveyed by a guard as far as the frontiers.



"The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

The astonishment of those, who had passed their lives in seclusion, and now beheld the common objects of the world for the first time, must have been amusing to such, as were better informed. Many of them are said to have mistaken the cattle and sheep, which were wandering over the fields, for wolves and other wild beasts, that they had read of.

"'Twas sweet to see these holy maids  
Like birds escap'd to greenwood shades ;  
Their first sight from the cage,  
How timid and how curious too !  
For all to them was strange and new ;  
And all the common sights they view,  
Their wonderment engage.

MARMION.

It ought to be observed to the honour of the first reformers at Geneva that they excited discussion on the subject of their difference with the church of Rome, and that no person was molested in person or property, for remaining attached to the old religion.

Exhausted, as the city was, by continued exertions in defence of their independence, and of their very existence, it was necessary to inculcate the most rigid economy, and to enforce it by sumptuary laws. Of these you may form a very just idea by looking into Keate's account of Geneva. There is something ludicrous, perhaps, at first sight in making the sort of lining, which a gentleman may have

to his coat, or the size of a lady's boop, or the duration of a ball, or the number of guests at a wedding supper, the objects of legislative interference. But you must consider, that independent of general economy, which was the first object of such laws, it was essential to prevent that, degree of envy, which might have been excited by a difference of living or appearance, where the whole nation was brought together in so small a space, and where union and good order, and somewhat of republican simplicity were so necessary to their preservation.\*

The morals of the people were placed under the protection of an ecclesiastical court, called the consistory, who took cognizance of all improprieties, and inflicted penalties in proportion to the offence; and, while Calvin himself presided at the board, you may easily conceive that the interference of such a body could not fail of being troublesome, and even oppressive. There was something, in their zeal for virtue, which looked too much like hatred, and revenge, it was stern and unrelenting, and the publick, who compared such moroseness, with the amiable defects and pleasant vices, of the Romish clergy, began to regret the change, which had taken place; so that the personal courage and perseverance of Calvin became as necessary in the great work of reformation, as his religious zeal and his learning. There certainly existed in those days a singular

\* See Keate's account of Geneva, for an account of the administration of the Hospital, which, in addition to the usual purposes of such institution, gives a night's lodging and a meal to every wanderer, that presents himself. See Keate also, for the precautions taken to preserve a sufficient quantity of grain.

degree of libertinism in Geneva; either, owing to the bad example of the inferiour clergy of the Romish church, or connected with that relaxation of principles, which seems to be the effect of all great revolutions, in every country. But the peculiar object of religious indignation, was the crime of dancing,\* which Calvin, in particular, never could overlook. It so happened, that once in Christmas time, the lady of the captain-general, was tempted by the sound of a sacrilegious fiddle, and deviated, from the paths of virtue, into a dance, in company with one of the principal magistrates of the state. Three days confinement, in the common gaol, was the punishment inflicted upon the lady; and, her relations, having resented the indignity, a quarrel ensued, the government took part in it, and this miserable affair, of an accidental dance at Christmas, ended in the ruin of a once powerful and distinguished family.†

\* It would be interesting to trace the gradual progress of the Genevans in the arts of amusement since the time of their great reformers. Balls are now given at the houses of clergymen, and on Sundays in preference to any other day. But I perfectly well remember the sensation, which was occasioned by the first occurrence of such a circumstance—it was in the year 1776.

† There certainly existed, as it is observed in the text, a great deal of Libertinism in Geneva; and dancing, which is now the symbol of innocent gayety and the school of the graces, was then the gross expression of every unbecoming passion.—*La rue des belles filles*, which every one must remember, who has been at Geneva, derived the name it still retains from the venal beauty of its inhabitants, who were under the control of a Queen of their own election, and she was recognised as such by the magistracy. *La fonction de cette Reine étoit, says the Historian of Geneva, de maintenir l'ordre parmi les filles, et de les empêcher de se répandre dans les rues bonnetes; fonction, dont elle s'acquittoit assez mal.*

The government of Geneva, during this period, resided in four Syndicks, who were annually chosen by the people, in a council of twenty-five, who, together with the Syndicks, held the executive department; and in the council of two hundred, who were supposed to represent the nation or general council, which was assembled at stated periods, or on very particular emergencies; and the members of which, were satisfied to be saved the trouble of a more particular attention to the affairs of the state. Strangers, who offered themselves, were for a moderate price admitted as Bourgeois, and their children, born within the city, were entitled to all the rights of citizenship, which addition to the other privileges of Bourgeoisie enabled them to fill offices under the government. There were other distinctions arising from residence or birth within the city; and to this variety of interest, and these various sorts of people, residing within the same walls, and upon a different footing, the republick owed in process of time, a part of those disturbances, which frequently rendered it necessary, that the neighbouring powers should interfere. There were also other sources of unhappiness.

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## LETTER XXVIII.

MY DEAR R——,

My reliance on the truth of historical narrative has been by no means strengthened, as I have increased in years; still, however, I am persuaded,

that very useful knowledge might be acquired by due attention to the events of former times. We know the fatal effects, that resulted to Greece from suffering their ambitious neighbour to become a member of their body politic; and the Roman historians date the decline of their republick from the successful termination of the third Punick war. It was so also with Geneva. As long as the common enemy hovered around the walls, and the independence and religion of the state were exposed to danger, the strong sense of one common interest kept all parties united, and the Duke of Savoy contributed to the internal tranquillity of Geneva, as Hannibal\* did to that of Rome; but the event of the Escalade, which like the battle of Zama, put an end to the hopes of an inveterate foe, left the people of Geneva leisure to discuss a number of speculative points, and to examine the principles, of their government, comparing what they had hitherto acquiesced in with the rights, to which they felt themselves entitled, and which they had in great measure enjoyed previously to the reformation. The civil wars of England too, which ended so fatally for Charles the first, had roused the attention of all Europe to the inalienable rights of man. In France the flame was soon smothered; but in Geneva, where the instinct of liberty remained, and where the accession of exiled Protestants encouraged a spirit of discussion and resistance to arbitrary power—where the means of obtaining a

\* ————— ac proximus Urbi  
Hannibal—

*Juv: VI. 290.*

*Metus hostilis in bonis artibus civitatem retinebat.*

*Sal: Jug: Bel:*

liberal education were accessible to all, the contest very soon assumed a serious appearance, and, as is but too natural, was accompanied with faults on both sides. The people had a right to require, that more than a limited number of the same family should not be members of the administration at one time ; that the laws, by which alone their lives, their property and their honour could be secure, should be published, and not remain in many instances a mere matter of disputable tradition ; that the judicial should be more distinct from the executive power ; that the council of two hundred should not be altogether independent of those, whom they were supposed to represent ; that no taxes should be imposed, which the nation, convened for that purpose, had not consented to ; that there should be stated, though perhaps distant periods, at which they were to be convened, for the purpose of a general supervision of the government ; and that remonstrances might be presented whenever the signatures of a certain number of citizens could be procured, and the sense of the nation taken upon the grievances, they referred to. These demands, many of which were extremely reasonable, though easily admitting of being carried to excess, were accompanied by others as ill advised, and seditious, and the popular party suffering their zeal in a good cause to degenerate into what had more the appearance of fanaticism, would in the event of their success on many occasions have exposed the government to all the weakness and disorderly fluctuation of democracy. Unfortunately too, the harsh

spirit of Calvin, in matters of criminal jurisprudence, seemed still to hover over the city, and to have inspired the magistrates in the condemnation and punishment of particular individuals, who had rendered themselves obnoxious by taking the lead in opposition to the government. In succeeding years the picture exhibited by this little republick, became still more afflicting. The different parties had several times recourse to arms; the blood of citizens was spilt by their fellow-citizens; and it became more than once necessary that the neighbouring powers should interfere. The calm produced upon these occasions was generally but of short duration; the long promised code was still to make its appearance; other grievances remained unredressed; the natives, such as had no claim but what arose from being born within the city, were clamorous to be admitted to the Bourgeoisie; and the ministers of the court of France, with no very liberal views, seemed to promote the internal discord of the republick, by all those means, which their power and their near neighbourhood gave them. At length in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-two, the aristocracy or government party, finding themselves too weak to struggle any longer against their opponents, invoked the mediation of the Swiss Cantons, of France, and of the king of Sardinia; and the consequence was, that after a useless parade of opposition, where no effectual opposition could be made, the democrats were compelled to submit. There now succeeded seven years of peace and prosperity; the aristocrats were left in posses-

sion of the government ; and though furnished with an armed force, which precluded all opposition, they administered the laws with mildness and equity ; the expenses of the state were made to fall upon the rich, and no one could complain of any act of oppression ; such of their former opponents as chose to return, were received with open arms ; and nothing was left undone, which could promote the welfare and even splendour of the state. But it is not to be expected that the citizens of such a small state, where the people had always been in the habit of reasoning upon their privileges, and discussing the rights of man, and where, from the late rapid accumulation of their fortunes in the French funds, great numbers had scarcely any other employment, would long remain tranquil spectators of the important revolution, which was going on in France. To the tumults of seventeen hundred and eighty-nine there succeeded a formal change of government, in seventeen hundred and ninety-one. Of this there are various opinions ; but it appears to me to have very happily combined all that was essentially useful in the particular modes, which had so long excited the attention and divided the opinions of the people ; and it had certainly acquired their confidence, when, in the following year, the French army under Montesquiou approached their walls. The close connexion between Geneva and their powerful neighbour had existed for two centuries ; they had assisted Henry IV. in his war against the Duke of Savoy ; and had been content, as in the union between the giant and the dwarf in



Goldsmith, that whilst the king bore away by far the greater part of the honour and profits of the union, the blows should fall on them; they certainly neither "shared in the triumph, nor partook the gale;" the good natured monarch gave them kind words however; and their independence remained secured, though sometimes trifled with, and more than once insulted.

At length in the year ninety-two, Brissot who for the sins of mankind was placed by Providence, in some measure, at the head of the French republick, actuated, by an unnecessary and outrageous zeal for what he called, and perhaps thought liberty, determined to surround France with a chain of smaller republicks; and the Minister of the French Finances, an exiled Genevan, blinded by resentment against the party, which had banished him in seventeen hundred and eighty-two, endeavoured that one of these should be composed of a certain portion of Savoy with Geneva; the government of which was to be new modelled for the occasion, as the capital. The general of the French army, however, feeling ashamed of the orders, which had been forced upon him, and not very sanguine of success on a first attempt, delayed to carry them into execution; and the people of Geneva, laying aside all political differences rallied around their magistrates, and prepared to defend the sacred inheritance of their forefathers.

"They ask'd no omen but their country's cause."

In this awful moment, the French government, which had as yet some degree of reputation to pre-

serve, acquiesced in a treaty, which they would not approve, and withdrew their forces from the neighbourhood of the city ; but flight alone could save Montesquiou from their vengeance ; and the attempt on Geneva was only suspended, to be shortly after renewed in a more fatal manner. France, it was declared by the convention, had never held any other object in view, but a general participation of privileges and advantages among all the people of Geneva ; and, without wishing to intermeddle with the concerns of any government, was yet ready, at all times to stretch forth the hand of brotherly assistance to the aggrieved and oppressed of all nations. In this manner was the apple of discord thrown into the very bosom of the republic ; for no sooner was it apparent, that France had laid aside all idea of force, than their promised friendly interference was looked forward to by all those, who felt themselves deprived of an entire participation of privileges by the laws of the state. The natives, who had not yet been admitted as Bourgeois into the sovereign council of the nation ; the peasantry of the neighbourhood ; and even such persons, as were accidentally residents, began to clamour for equal rights, and to assume the democrattick manners, and bloody cap, and coarse language of the lately emancipated French. To these were joined those outcasts of mankind, known by the name of Mountaineers or Marseillois, whom Soulavie, the French minister, an apostate priest, let loose from time to time, as a pack of hell-hounds kept ready for the occasion. Others might contend for rights

and privileges'; but the object of these men was to degrade all that had been deemed respectable, to insult the great, to mortify and affright the pious and the weak, to plunder the rich, and, with very little or no care of what might be established afterwards, to subvert and confound all present institutions. It had been better for the republic, perhaps, to have resisted the evil in its infancy, and to have incurred without fear the threatened interference of France. Such violence might have awakened the Swiss from their fatal lethargy; or at the worst the citizens of Geneva, either perishing with arms in their hands, or submitting, as prisoners to the fortune of war, would have bravely done their duty, and a ray of glory might have gilded the last hours of their political existence. The wiser and more prudent of the state thought differently, however; the majority yielded to the minority; the government was suppressed; a temporary administration established; a convention of the people called; and, after a year of fluctuating decision, a constitution was agreed to, in which, the genius of democracy had been allowed to gratify its utmost caprice.

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## LETTER XXIX.

MY DEAR E——,

THE long wished for revolution was now established; a new order was to commence; and those

days of virtue and happiness, which have never perhaps existed, but in the fancy of poets, were to roll on in never-ceasing succession. The popular party, however, or, what shall I call them? the jacobin, mountaineer, or if you please, the diabolical faction, were afflicted at the return of any thing, which resembled government. They had proceeded to every sort of outrage and even to murder, during the year of the temporary administration, and felt oppressed at the idea of submitting even to those laws, which had been made to suit their wishes, and which were administered by men after their own hearts.

There arrived about this period from Paris, a Genevan, who though born of reputable parents, and well educated, and marked as yet by no disgraceful conduct, had caught from Robespierre the flame of democrattick fury against every thing, that is respectable in society. It was no difficult matter for such a person to work upon the passions and prejudices of a set of wretches, already prepared for evil; to procure their concurrence in asserting, that there was a conspiracy of aristocrats ready to declare itself; and that the liberty of the people required prompt, vigorous and severe measures. Unfortunately too, they felt strong in the concurrence of opinion, and in the promised support of the French minister, and knew that a body of troops would be marched to their assistance at the first word. It was on the night of the eighteenth of July, seventeen hundred and ninety-four, that the attack was made. Almost all the most respectable or

degree of libertinism in Geneva; either, owing to the bad example of the inferiour clergy of the Romish church, or connected with that relaxation of principles, which seems to be the effect of all great revolutions, in every country. But the peculiar object of religious indignation, was the crime of dancing,\* which Calvin, in particular, never could overlook. It so happened, that once in Christmas time, the lady of the captain-general, was tempted by the sound of a sacrilegious fiddle, and deviated, from the paths of virtue, into a dance, in company with one of the principal magistrates of the state. Three days confinement, in the common gaol, was the punishment inflicted upon the lady; and, her relations, having resented the indignity, a quarrel ensued, the government took part in it, and this miserable affair, of an accidental dance at Christmas, ended in the ruin of a once powerful and distinguished family.†

\* It would be interesting to trace the gradual progress of the Genevans in the arts of amusement since the time of their great reformers. Balls are now given at the houses of clergymen, and on Sundays in preference to any other day. But I perfectly well remember the sensation, which was occasioned by the first occurrence of such a circumstance—it was in the year 1776.

† There certainly existed, as it is observed in the text, a great deal of Libertinism in Geneva; and dancing, which is now the symbol of innocent gayety and the school of the graces, was then the gross expression of every unbecoming passion.—*La rue des belles filles*, which every one must remember, who has been at Geneva, derived the name it still retains from the venal beauty of its inhabitants, who were under the control of a Queen of their own election, and she was recognised as such by the magistracy. *La fonction de cette Reine étoit, says the Historian of Geneva, de maintenir l'ordre parmi les filles, et de les empêcher de se répandre dans les rues honnetes; fonction, dont elle s'acquittoit assez mal.*

The government of Geneva, during this period, resided in four Syndicks, who were annually chosen by the people, in a council of twenty-five, who, together with the Syndicks, held the executive department; and in the council of two hundred, who were supposed to represent the nation or general council, which was assembled at stated periods, or on very particular emergencies; and the members of which, were satisfied to be saved the trouble of a more particular attention to the affairs of the state. Strangers, who offered themselves, were for a moderate price admitted as Bourgeois, and their children, born within the city, were entitled to all the rights of citizenship, which addition to the other privileges of Bourgeoisie enabled them to fill offices under the government. There were other distinctions arising from residence or birth within the city; and to this variety of interest, and these various sorts of people, residing within the same walls, and upon a different footing, the republick owed in process of time, a part of those disturbances, which frequently rendered it necessary, that the neighbouring powers should interfere. There were also other sources of unhappiness.

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## LETTER XXVIII.

MY DEAR M——,

My reliance on the truth of historical narrative has been by no means strengthened, as I have increased in years; still, however, I am persuaded,

that very useful knowledge might be acquired by due attention to the events of former times. We know the fatal effects, that resulted to Greece from suffering their ambitious neighbour to become a member of their body politic; and the Roman historians date the decline of their republick from the successful termination of the third Punick war. It was so also with Geneva. As long as the common enemy hovered around the walls, and the independence and religion of the state were exposed to danger, the strong sense of one common interest kept all parties united, and the Duke of Savoy contributed to the internal tranquillity of Geneva, as Hannibal\* did to that of Rome; but the event of the Escalade, which like the battle of Zama, put an end to the hopes of an inveterate foe, left the people of Geneva leisure to discuss a number of speculative points, and to examine the principles, of their government, comparing what they had hitherto acquiesced in with the rights, to which they felt themselves entitled, and which they had in great measure enjoyed previously to the reformation. The civil wars of England too, which ended so fatally for Charles the first, had roused the attention of all Europe to the inalienable rights of man. In France the flame was soon smothered; but in Geneva, where the instinct of liberty remained, and where the accession of exiled Protestants encouraged a spirit of discussion and resistance to arbitrary power—where the means of obtaining a

\* ————— ac proximus Urbi  
Hannibal—

*Juv: VI. 290.*

*Metus hostilis in bonis artibus civitatem retinebat.*

*Sal: Jug: Bel:*

duct was calm and dignified before the tribunal and in prison ; he was prepared to meet his fate ; and, on his way to the place of execution, he found means to throw a paper into the crowd, with an invocation, that the person into whose hands it fell, would deliver it to his widow. A copy of this interesting paper is now before me ; and I will endeavour to give you a translation of it, which shall be as literal as the idiom of the two languages will permit of ; it will remind you a little of Anne Boleyn's last letter to Henry VIII. in as much, as there is expressed in both, a natural attachment to life, a submission to the decrees of Providence, and all the conscious pride of injured innocence.

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## LETTER XXX.

MY DEAR E——,

*Prevost's Letter.*—"It is but too probable, that I shall never again see my wife, my mother or my children ! Heaven knows what I suffer at the cruel separation ! No one had ever more reason to be attached to life than I had. These dear objects of my affection will remain impressed on my heart to the last moment of my existence. To my wife, my most tender, my best of friends, I return thanks for the happiness, she has blest me with. I leave her miserable, but not without means of consolation ; for she will reflect that her husband died honourably ; and that his conduct has been such, as will se-



nexion, which invariably exists between civil and religious liberty ; by the powerful influence of Berne ; and by the personal character of the celebrated Calvin. It was the misfortune of this great reformer to think himself competent to the solution of questions, which in all ages have embarrassed and confounded the good sense and the philosophy of mankind ; questions, which Milton very properly assigns as an employment to those malignant spirits, who had revolted from the supreme Being. It was his misfortune, also, (not sufficiently considering man, as the creature of his senses,) to reject whatever might amuse or allure in the religious system, which he established for Geneva. Fearful of giving into any thing like saying masses for the repose of a departed soul, he would not even permit any sort of funeral ceremony whatever, or allow of any kind of sepulchral monument.

It is to him, however, that the Genevans owe almost every thing, which has distinguished them ; their morality, their love of science, and their knowledge of civil and political liberty. The last moments of his life, in which, after having distributed by will the very little, which he had to bestow, he takes leave of the republick, as a father might of his children, are very honourable to his memory. His learning, for such it was in that age, was prodigious ; but his learning and his fervent piety, were contrasted with the utmost bigotry and intolerance ; and, as he laboured under a complication of disorders, he very naturally considered this world, as a mere state of trial, and confounded the liberal

amusements of life with the temptations of the devil. He was fierce, presumptuous, irascible and unforgiving, but sincere and constant in his affections, for he had affections, and was even married. Zealous and intrepid in the great work to which he thought himself called by providence, simple and unaffected in private life, and strictly disinterested.\*

It is difficult to conceive how one head and one hand could have been equal to all he performed, to the numerous sermons, dissertations, commentaries and letters, which he wrote and published.† The execution of Servet, the circumstance of all others the most inexcusable in his conduct, might have been so obscured in such a mind by religious fanaticism, as to be deemed by himself a meritorious action, and we ought no more to appreciate the merit

\*The provision made for Calvin by the republick was about thirty dollars, equal perhaps to an hundred in these days, a year; a certain quantity of wheat, and two casks of wine; he was also allowed a house. I have read his will, in which it is affecting, and at the same time exemplary, to perceive the small sums that he leaves as legacies to his friends. He had one child, it seems, but was so unfortunate as to lose it in its infancy, and was accused, by his enemies, of having been overheard offering up his prayers to the saints for their mediation.

† We are become too indifferent almost, I fear, in these latter times to subjects, that were then thought of so much importance; but it must ever be regretted, that the life of a human creature should have been sacrificed for the causes, that were alleged against Servet, and founded in a great measure upon a letter, written six years before, to Calvin himself. His theology appears nearly allied to that of the celebrated Dr. Priestley, whom he also resembled in his attachment to scientifick pursuits. I have never seen the passage, but I am told, there is a passage in one of his works, which alludes to the possible circulation of the blood; and that he may be said to have preceded Harvey, as Dr. Priestley certainly did Lavoisier and others.

for the promoters of these shocking scenes had felt from the first the necessity of keeping up the delusion of the people by idleness and dissipation. They had themselves shared the profits of the moment, and encouraged, by their example, a general departure from all decency and morality. Money, obtained by such unjust and barbarous means, was not likely to be well husbanded; and the fact is, that at least three hundred pounds a day were for a short time expended in pay to the citizens in insurrection, in national festivals, and in supplying the wretches, who acted as judges, with the materials of that almost continued intoxication, which kept them insensible to the dictates of justice, and deaf to the groans of their fellow citizens. When I reflect upon the fatal change, which took place as if by enchantment in Geneva, and placed an amiable, an industrious and enlightened people at the mercy of a sanguinary banditti; when I recollect that this was brought about by the adoption of French principles, and by the co-operation of a French resident, and carried on in imitation of the conduct pursued by the French government, I cannot but be grateful that Providence listened not to the prayers and wishes of perhaps two thirds of America, and of nearly all Virginia, which would have given victory to the fleet of Robespierre over that of England, and placed us at his mercy; for with the instruments, he might have set in motion, how could we in the south have resisted his displeasure? Judge by the fate of St. Domingo, of the scenes we should have been exposed to, and of the fate that awaited us.

## LETTER XXXI.

MY DEAR E——,

THE death of the tyrant Robespierre arrested the operations of his admirers and followers in Geneva; and the revolutionary administration, which had so timely or rather so cheerfully submitted to the insurrection of the mountaineers, now resumed its functions, and, still acting in imitation of the parent government, proceeded to punish some of the inferiour agents of the party, not as guilty of the crimes, which they really had committed, but as anarchists and as conspirators against the independence of the republick in conjunction with Soulavie, who had lately been recalled. But the object of Soulavie had rather been mischief and destruction than re-union; and Robespierre had taken credit for having respected the independence of Geneva, in opposition, perhaps, as much as from any other motive, to his rival Brissot. It was not until 1798, that the danger became imminent; for the Directory had then expressed a wish to annex Geneva to their republick, and the resident who had succeeded Soulavie, entered with zeal into the project, and left nothing undone, which could effect the execution of it. The trade of the city, which depended upon a free passage through the neighbouring territories of France, was burthened with difficulties and restrictions, and the utmost vigilance and severity were exercised to prevent the entry of provisions; even the navigation of the lake was ob-

structed by batteries and armed vessels, and Geneva was made to suffer in time of peace, and from a friend and ally the most intolerable of those evils, which are ever inflicted in time of war upon an enemy. The Genevans would, it was expected, become in time tired of their own independence, and beg to be released from it; but neither threats nor inconveniences nor even promises of more splendid times could gain upon their patriotism. Even the revolutionary magistrates, who, though relieved from the despotism of the violent mountaineers, still governed more by clubs and illegal associations, than by law, were attached to the independence of the state; and that single merit seemed to make amends, in the minds of their unhappy countrymen, for all the cruelty and injustice, that had been perpetrated. They were like the uncle in the play, when he forgives all the faults and follies of a nephew, who had refused to sell his picture. And never surely had a people more reason to complain. To the revolutionary tribunal of ninety-four had succeeded a commission of liquidation, which proceeded very deliberately to inquire into the circumstances of every individual, to scrutinize his political sentiments, and to levy a tax upon him in relation to both. Of this the lower classes felt nothing; they were already reduced to penury by that idleness and those habits of dissipation, which the revolutionary government had promoted and encouraged, and by the total stagnation of trade. The inhabitants of the subject territory could not be made to understand how a

revolution, from which such blessings had been promised, could occasion such a demand for money. The democrat could not be called upon for pecuniary sacrifices, after all the personal services he had rendered. The aristocrat, in short, the Genevan, attached to the ancient order of things, who had done nothing for the revolution, was to pay for all, and that insult and mockery might be added to injustice, the publick were told in a proclamation, of the close connexion there was between poverty and liberty, and how essential it was to the existence of all free states, that there should be a perfect equality of condition. The demands of government, were in many instances, equal to thirty and forty per centum of the supposed capital of individuals, and a large portion of their property was to be sold at any price in order to raise it. Numbers were ruined by this tyrannical exaction, others preferred leaving every thing at the mercy of these robbers, armed with the powers of law, and the city once so gay, so thickly inhabited, so much the seat of happiness, and so commercial, became in all the upper part of it, but a gloomy collection of empty houses, with here and there a solitary citizen plodding his way home along the grass-grown streets—his situation there was sad indeed. Trade and manufactories were now at an end, the funds of France paid no interest, or paid in assignats, and the general distress was increased by want in all the bitterness of humiliation. One respectable father of a family, whom I frequently see, has told me, that he maintained his wife and children by copying.

Luckily for him he wrote a good hand, and there was always some plan of a constitution, some new law in agitation, which it was necessary to have a fair copy of before it could be printed. In another family, which I also know, and which had, for many years, lived in decent plenty, the great object of their solicitude was to be provided, beforehand, with as many bushels of potatoes, for they aspired to no other food, as would last them for a certain time. Such were the blessed effects of that revolutionary spirit which had been represented as likely to give rise to a better era in human affairs, and of which you must have heard many of your friends speak in terms of great admiration.\* Heaven grant that the dreadful lesson may have its proper effect, that we may be taught in time the danger of lodging power where there is no responsibility of property, and of letting loose the lower orders of society, to prey at large and gratify every vicious passion, at the expense of their fellow citizens. The body of the people seemed, during the gloomy interval of four years which succeeded the insurrection of ninety-four, to be, however, recovering from their insanity. Those who had acted as leaders to the rest felt themselves

\* The world cannot, perhaps, be too often told of the demoralizing effect of civil dissensions. The democrats of Geneva, many of whom had been known, but a few years before, as peaceful citizens, of a modest and religious demeanour; could now assemble under a banner which was remarkable for every frightful emblem of death that is ever seen upon a tombstone, whilst their drinking cups were from the cemetery and selected from the remains of those who had fallen victims to the revolution.

called upon to explain to the world, in the best manner they could, the conduct they had pursued ; and all, with at least a very small exception, remained attached to the independence of their country. But some desperate individuals of the revolutionary party, not taught experience by the evils which had overwhelmed France, nor by the scenes of misery and distress which they had witnessed at home, nor softened by the tacit agreement which the majority seemed desirous of entering into, to forgive and to forget all that was past, continued to interfere in an illegal and tumultuous manner, with the administration of government, and affected to be distinguished by emblems upon their flag of reunion, and in the celebration of their festivals, which are too horrible for description. They proceeded to such lengths at last, they rendered themselves so odious and oppressive, that the resident of France, always anxious to find a pretext for annexing Geneva to the great republick, assigned their conduct as a reason why the directory should intervene and protect the good and ancient allies of France from such a scene of brutal ferocity, and such domestick tyranny : and yet this was the very party, these were the very men, whom this very resident had presented to general Bonaparte on his passage through Geneva, but six months before, as the steady friends of liberty and social order ! But it was necessary, it seems, if he meant to keep his employment, that he should promote the views of the directory, who had lately expressed their desire of a union, as they were pleased to call it,



with Geneva, and who were known to pursue their purposes, upon all occasions, with unrelenting perseverance. They had forgotten, or perhaps they were ignorant of the language held the year before by the resident Resnier, when he presented the standard of France to the administrative council of Geneva. It was a solemn pledge, he said, which the great nation now gave of their friendship to the sister republick, whose freedom and prosperity they would always cherish and protect. The resident Adet, who preceded Resnier, had expressed himself to the same purpose—"France, he said, whose liberty is now established upon a basis never to be shaken, can never cease to love and to respect the liberty of others; far from seeing their independence insulted, each weaker state would find in France its best defender." The utmost, however, which the general council, now open to nearly all who chose to be of it, could be brought to consent to, was, that a committee should be appointed to devise such measures as might best contribute to strengthen the bond of union with France. They were willing indeed under the specious name of a closer connexion to make every sacrifice but that of their political independence; they offered to place their means of defence and of subsistence, and the regulation of their custom-house in the hands of French agents, provided that what little would then remain of independence, could be respected, and with that view the committee addressed the resident in terms of the most pathetick eloquence. But the savage, unprincipled ravisher, was not to be so moved. Geneva, though dis-

graced by internal faction, though disarmed, depressed, impoverished, and almost depopulated, was a victim not unworthy the voracity of his masters. A corps of troops had been kept in readiness for that purpose, and on the 16th of April, 1798, while the sovereign council was in session, and about to decide on the powers of the committee, a party of Hussars entered at the same moment, each of the three gates, disarmed the guards, paraded in military form through the city, and established themselves as in time of war. All that could now be done was to procure a sort of capitulation, in which the expiring republick stipulated for a few advantages, the principal of which was, that the Genevans should retain the direction of those funds, that had been appropriated by their ancestors to the encouragement of learning, and the maintenance of the poor; thus expiating in some degree the crimes and irregularities of the last six years, by this final exercise of their independence in behalf of charity and of science. France was now meanly possessed "of a mere lifeless violated form," but the world was told, that the directory had listened to the solicitations of the Genevans, and received them into the bosom of the great republick. "Citizen directors," says the resident in his official communication to the French government, "all its joy and happiness in Geneva—a solemn deputation from the sovereign council of the state, announced to me their wish of being united to France, and I have in your name accepted their offer, and confirmed forever the happiness of the Genevan people. The true patriot was not to

be awed by the vociferation of a few wretches in the pay of England, nor alarmed at their poinards, and the wish of a very large majority of the citizens, solemnly convened for that purpose in all the forms of law, and expressed in terms the most affectionate, has induced me to order a small body of troops to enter the city. No words can express the general joy; every corner of Geneva, resounds with patriotick songs; and the only contest is, who shall best receive their brave defenders." On the very day of this gross violation of truth, the resident had addressed an insulting message to the government of Geneva, now in the last hours of its existence. The syndick and council, had expressed themselves like men, who knew their deplorable situation, but like the magistrates of a people once free. "Your note," says the resident, "does not surprise me. It is consistent with your general conduct, and with those principles which rendered the interference of France necessary. I will not degrade myself so far as to enter into particulars. Your publick functions will cease to-morrow, and it is of very little consequence to France and to your fellow citizens, by what publick act it may please you to terminate them."

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## LETTER XXXII.

MY DEAR E——,

In the account which Dalrymple gives of the siege of Limerick, you may remember how much

was effected by the enthusiasm of a few spirited young men, who raised the drawbridge in the face of an advanced corps of king James's army, and encouraged their townsmen to a desperate and successful resistance. I have often wished, that some such generous youths had existed in Geneva on the 16th of April, and that the drawbridge had been raised. The directory appear to have been at that moment rather desirous of acquiring a character for moderation. They had lately expressed themselves, at the reception of the agent from the government of Tuscany, as being to be hereafter swayed by no principles but those of general good will, under the guidance of the strictest impartiality and uprightness; they might have refrained from inflicting the horrors of a siege, or an assault, upon an unoffending city; they might have been ashamed of entering upon a quarrel, so like that which the wolf forces upon the lamb, in one of *Æsop's* fables, and might have respected the last struggles of patriotism in their unhappy neighbour. It is idle, however, to reason upon what might have been the consequences of another course of events, or to consider the transactions of past times any otherwise than as facts, from which we may derive experience for the government of our own affairs. I have mentioned in a former letter, the effect which the union with France appeared to have upon the manners and customs of Geneva, and it is right that I should now give you some idea of the consequences which that event has been attended with, in mat-

ters of manufactory and commerce, and I do so with the more pleasure, as I have much better authority to go upon than my own observation. Previously to the year 1792, the money held by citizens of Geneva in the funds of France, amounted to at least——. Of this upwards of two thirds have been sunk by the partial bankruptcy of the French republick during the revolution, to the distress, and indeed ruin, of numbers, who not satisfied with the disposing of their own original fortunes in that manner, had borrowed largely for the purpose. The remaining third, brings an interest of five per cent., but sells, if the holder chooses to draw his money out of the funds, at the loss of forty per cent. ; so that a capital of a hundred pounds, before the revolution, brings in but one pound, thirteen shillings and five pence of yearly interest, and sells for less than twenty pounds. As the money so lost, however, consisted in general, of what had been formerly saved, the consequences would not have been irretrievable, had not the means of subsequent accumulations, been destroyed by the union. Seated as it were upon an island, amidst surrounding nations, Geneva carried on its commerce formerly with all the advantages of uninterrupted neutrality. The raw materials for different manufactories were imported free of duty ; spices and every article of grocery were brought in, from the East and West-Indies, and the city was like an immense, and well-assorted warehouse, from which the people of the neighbouring country to the

distance of nearly two hundred miles in every direction, were supplied on easy terms. Six thousand persons, and many of them women, were employed in the various branches of watchmaking, to the yearly value, in exportation, of three hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds ; and fifteen hundred workmen, found constant employ, in the manufactory of calicoes and printed linens. There were some other manufactories of less importance ; and the business of printing, was carried on to great extent, while a bank, established for the special purpose, facilitated the payment of all labourers and journeymen. The poor, meantime, were amply provided for, not only from the funds of the hospital, but from the very liberal and regular donations of private families, making altogether, a sum not inferior to the revenue of the state, which was about twenty-five thousand pounds a year. The act, which rendered Geneva French, put an end, as you may suppose, to the greater part of its commercial advantages. The admission of every raw material, or other article of foreign produce, became subject to the duties of a French customhouse ; and all such were prohibited, as there was the slightest prospect of procuring from any part of France. In addition to the very natural, though in some instances ill-judged, desire of promoting their native manufactories, the government of France seems blinded by the headlong passion of injuring England. Every article from that country, even such as long use had rendered necessary, and as cannot be supplied elsewhere, are strictly prohibited. An army of custom-

house officers are seen prowling about the environs, or basking in the sun at the gates of the town ; and a whole nation of smugglers has been called into existence. The commerce of Geneva, is now sunk to nearly nothing, the fifteen hundred workmen, at the calico manufactory, are diminished to less than a third. The numbers of those, employed in the various branches of watchmaking, are still more diminished ; and the trade, in the East and West-India articles, is confined to the consumption of the city. The spirit of charity is as fervent as ever ; but the administrators of the hospital, are every year obliged to encroach upon their capital, and the probability is, that the means of relief will decrease as rapidly, as the number of the poor increases. The only class, which appears to flourish, is that of the smugglers, whose industry, stimulated by twenty-five per cent., keeps the city perfectly well supplied with cloths and velverets of English manufacture, which, being better and, wonderful to tell, cheaper than can be furnished in France, are openly exposed to sale, and very generally worn. This is in a great measure the case wherever I have been. The only effect, therefore, of these prohibitory regulations with respect to English manufactories is, to render them of somewhat less common use, and infinitely more expensive ; and this is effected, by employing above seventy thousand chosen men in a way, destructive of military discipline ; by corrupting the morals of the frontier inhabitants along a space, of perhaps three thousand English miles ; and by affording illegal employment to numbers, whose

talents and whose activity might have rendered them useful members of society. Could the government adopt the wisdom of Canut the great, when seated amid his courtiers on the brink of the ocean, and acknowledge that there are occasions, in which empire is not to be attempted; would they reflect upon the enormous sacrifice of fifty and sometimes of fifty-two per cent., which is made on the receipts of the custom, in their present mode of collection; would they be satisfied with a duty of eight or ten per cent. on English goods; and employ no more officers and others, than such a system required, I am persuaded that, independently of every other advantage, there would result an increase of revenue, equal to the maintenance and equipment of a large army or a powerful fleet, or to some other great national purpose of general utility.

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## LETTER XXXIII.

MY DEAR E——,

I mentioned to you in a former letter that there was a theatre at Geneva, and that it was not much frequented. The arrival of Mademoiselle Comtat, however, during the summer, and of a somewhat better troop from Marseilles enabled us to see what is esteemed good acting in France. To me, however, the actors appeared in one continued state of exaggeration; and neither in gesture, tone of voice, nor pronunciation to resemble the individuals,



whom I have had as yet an opportunity of meeting with in company. As to the morality in the French theatre, I do not think as highly of it, as when my knowledge was confined to the few distinguished productions, I possessed in Carolina ; nor am I more reconciled than formerly to their strict adherence to the unities of time and place. It appears to me a greater violation of probability, than the most extravagant changes of scene, we meet with even in Shakspeare. How is it indeed possible to imagine, that either at a house in the country, or at a hotel garni in Paris, the lover should have no other place to dress in, to lay plans with his valet de chambre, receive his friends, or sooth his creditors in, but the very room in which his mistress sees her company, and listens to his declarations ? We were at the *Philosophe Marié* last night, one of Destouche's few good plays. The first scene represents *Alceste*, the *Philosophe*, as musing in his study, which he describes, from experience no doubt, as a sacred asylum against noise and interruption of every sort ; and yet it is in that very study, that every event of a very busy play takes place. That the husband and wife should converse there is very natural ; but it is there also that visits are received ; that, contrary to every rule of propriety, the coquette of the piece flirts and quarrels with her admirers ; and that a Marquis, who is really a fine gentleman, goes upon one knee, and makes a tender of his person and fortune. *Mademoiselle Comtat* was very much applauded ; and at times when it betrayed, I thought a want of taste and feel-

ing in the audience. Melite, the wife of Alceste, is represented as throwing herself at the feet of an uncle, who, hard-hearted as he is made to be, and familiar with scenes in some measure similar, is overcome with compassion, at beholding her in all the agony of such deep distress. Such a moment should have commanded universal sympathy and attention ; but there was no resisting the shurgs and grimaces of Mademoiselle Comtat, who, in her avidity for applause, kept the audience exclusively attentive to her and in a foolish simper, while they should have been melted into tears at the sight of a wife, a modest and lovely woman, upon her knees. It is singular enough that the theatre should have been erected at no great distance from the gigantick bust of Rousseau, who was never more eloquent or more in the right, than when arguing against the propriety of a theatre in Geneva.\* The eloquence of this singular man will command attention to the end of time. His political principles are those of a vigorous, enlightened mind, unimproved, perhaps, by practical knowledge and experience, and deviating at times, as on the article of property, for instance, into the absurdities of theory ; but not disposed to sacrifice the calls of humanity to the imaginary rights of man. I like his idea, that no agreement can subject the interest of the many to those of the few ; that a nation is not called upon to obey laws contrary to its happiness, and not made by itself ; and that a despotick government is of all things the most absurd. But it is to be regretted,

\* See letters of Madame de Stael on Rousseau.

that one, who has been considered in France as the apostle of liberty, should not have understood the principles of the representative system, which leaves the people all their rights, their feelings and their energy at the same time, that it guards against the arts of demagogues, and the evils of confusion. His book on education is replete with useful ideas and hints, either derived from others or from himself, and inculcated with all the charms of eloquence on the most interesting of all subjects. Mothers have been taught by it not to deprive themselves of the most delightful of all employments, and of the caresses of their children in infancy. The infant too is under obligations to Rousseau. He is left in possession of his little powers of motion, and, as he increases in years, is no longer considered, as a mere dependant being, bending under the will of a master; he is made to learn at a proper period, that there may be necessity, arising from circumstances, of which he is himself a judge, to which he must submit; and that faults carry with them the privation of some enjoyment: he acquires by degrees a knowledge of his fellow creatures, and he arrives at manhood without having been humbled by correction, or enervated by luxury, or spoiled by flattery, with the faculties of the mind awakened, and prepared for any walk of life, which he may be called upon to enter. With some exaggeration, therefore, and some erroneous views, there is more truth, and more useful knowledge in his *Emilius*, than in all his other works. It is by this, that the wiser and better part of posterity will know him.

Such, indeed, are the tendencies of our nature, that it will always be of service ; and more so than even you, who are an American mother, would perhaps imagine. Not only the infants, who, in the first instance, are left in possession of their mother's milk, will have to bless the name of Rousseau ; but those of the hired nurse, and those of her substitute, the labourer's wife, who were deprived of a great portion of their necessary nourishment, will, many of them, owe their lives to him. There is hardly a village in the neighbourhood of a large town, where this might not be verified. As to his first literary production, which attracted such universal attention, it has been often observed that nothing could be more fallacious than the argumentative part. It is well known that nothing could be more accidental, than the circumstance, which induced him to adopt that side of the question ; but it answered the purposes of his ambition ; it made him, for a time, the object of curiosity ; and that was all he wanted. It is singular, that his first effort as an author, should have been made after the age of forty. It was probably a keen sense of the precious years he had lost, in the career of literary glory, which so deeply affected his irascible and jealous mind ; and, as he emerged from a state of great obscurity, to assume a station among authors, he is supposed to have been animated by feelings not unlike those of Marius, when he entered Rome as Consul, after having been found lurking in the marshes of Minturne. He could not bear superiority of any sort ; he was like too many individuals, I have known in

America, who, having been admitted by accident, or in consequence of the offices, they were called upon to fill, in some family, to take a nearer view of the comforts of opulence, and the graces of polished life, became, from envy and resentment, the fiercest of all democrats, and would have established a system of equality at the expense of as many lives, as were sacrificed by Robespierre. The various forms, which madness takes, and the very singular manner, in which it often exists, alternately, with reason, in the same individual, might form the subject of an interesting work. In Rousseau there was certainly no small portion of it; for what but madness, founded originally upon the most consummate vanity, could have made him suppose that the orders of society, in every part of Europe, were in conspiracy against him? If the government of France sent a sufficiency of force, to put an end to all resistance in Corsica, it was to prevent his becoming the legislator of that island. If the king of England offered him a pension, it was only to lead him into some snare, an unresisting victim to the hatred of his enemies; nor would he venture to leave the country-house, where he had been so hospitably received at the expense of Mr. Davenport, until he had repeatedly solicited a guard to protect him, as far as the sea coast. Madame de Genlis, in her *Souvenirs*, under the name of Felicie, has related, in a very interesting manner, her first acquaintance with this singular being. She was persuaded, in consequence of some private intimations, when he was first presented to her, that it was the celebrated

actor Preville, who had been tutored for that purpose. She consequently behaved to Rousseau, as she would have behaved to Preville; and won his heart by her familiarity, and by being perfectly at her ease; their friendship, however, was of no great duration. The inordinate vanity of Rousseau, but ill concealed by the manners of a savage, made it impossible it should be otherwise. There are in his *Heloise*, many eloquent effusions and many well drawn pictures of domestick life; and virtue and good order are set off with all that glow of sentiment, which he so well knew how to colour every subject with, when he wrote with pleasure. "But he should have put the unexperienced reader on his or rather on her guard, against the first impulses of wandering passion, and taught her to avoid that intercourse, which leads to familiarity, and is replete with danger. He should have stigmatized, in the strongest terms, the gross impropriety, which he describes, and have branded with infamy those vices, which are the more dangerous for the exterior decency, with which they are veiled; which attack morality in its very source, and carry dissension and despair into the bosom of a family." His confessions, though disgraced by a number of every way improper ideas, form a work, which may be considered totally new of its sort, and as affording a useful lesson to mankind. The trifling anecdotes of his infancy are, by far the greater part of them, unworthy of our attention; he must have been blinded by self-sufficiency, not to have thought so himself; and

the person, whom he lavishes every praise upon, was, in many respects, a disgrace to her sex. Still, however, the lesson is a useful one ; it teaches us to look deep into our own hearts, to trace our actions to their source, to set a mark upon what is improper, and to give, as it were, a voice to our conscience. It is in this, as in every other composition of Rousseau. His style operates like magick, and we read with attention, and even with pleasure, a relation, that nothing, as it should seem upon reflection, ought to induce us to listen to. A run-away apprentice, at one time a pretended convert, then a servant, and then a musick-master, without possessing the first elements of the science, he pretends to teach, often ungrateful and fickle, and almost always immoral, he yet interests us in his story, and carries us along with him. If our common parent nature, has been more bountiful to some than to others, in bestowing those mental faculties, which lead to distinction in society, how strictly does she preserve her character of impartiality, when we calculate the sum of happiness, which individuals enjoy. We know how far Voltaire was from considering the path of life as strewed with flowers, and only observe the character and fate of Rousseau. Impressed with respect for christianity, and yet a prey to passions the most remote from its doctrines and principles ; just in his avowals with respect to himself, and yet forming erroneous opinions, without end, of other men ; violating, at every moment almost, his own maxims ; sowing seeds of dissension in the republick, he affected to love ; dis-

regarding, in his own helpless offspring, the tender ties of nature, though no one could inculcate better advice upon that subject; impatient of restraint; vain, envious, repulsive, ignorant of the world, and yet presuming to give rules of conduct; proud, irascible and eternally suspicious; this wonderful, much admired, unhappy man, dragged on a miserable existence, for far the greater part of life, and died out of his senses. Such was the prevalence of melancholy and misanthropy in Rousseau, that he could not bring himself to leave the mind of the reader cheered by a ray of comfort. The last scenes of Julia's life, preceding the very awful and interesting one, bring us back to the recollection of those events, which had rendered her earlier life so miserable. Love seems converted into a sort of divinity, whose power is sooner or later irresistible. We are suspicious of approaching impropriety, and our suspicions are found to have been justified, when we read the last sad letter, that St. Preux receives after the death of his unhappy mistress. The good sense and virtue even of such a woman, would, it seems, have been insufficient, and death alone could save her. As to his *Emilius*, he might have been satisfied; one would suppose, with marrying his pupil to Sophia, and leaving us impressed with the belief that so much time and attention had not been bestowed in vain; but you know how miserably the narration ends, and how much to our disappointment. Rousseau appears to have been struck with this impropriety himself, and had intended a continuation to his work, of which the following is the



plan, such as he imparted to his friend, professor Prevost. The wretched Emilius arrives at length at an island, where he finds a solitary temple, the ornaments of which are composed of the fruits and flowers of the neighbouring fields, arranged with simplicity, with variety from day to day, and with taste by the hands of the priestess, who is no other than Sophia, whom a chain of events, connected with the improprieties of her past life, had brought to this retired place. She makes herself known to Emilius, explains the tissue of treachery and violence to which she had fallen a victim, and, with every expression of her own unworthiness, promotes his union with a young person, whom a coincidence of circumstances had brought there, and whose servant she professes herself desirous of remaining. A marriage, of course, takes place, but, after some days of sorrow and humiliation, Sophia is unexpectedly relieved. Emilius discloses to her, that the late marriage was only in appearance, that the lady was already the wife of another person, and that the mock ceremony had been performed in order to put her contrition and resignation to the utmost proof. He then receives the poor penitent to his bosom, and expresses himself blest in the possession of one, whom he knew not before to honour and esteem sufficiently.

Whatever Rousseau had chosen to write would have been well written; but in other respects we have no reason, I think, to regret that he did not live to put his plan in execution.

## LETTER XXXIV.

MY DEAR K——,

I remember your being amused at K—, with an account we read of the polypus in Goldsmith's Natural History, and my telling you then, that I had formerly known Mr. Trembley, the discoverer of that wonderful animal, which, as is sometimes the case with beings far more elevated on the scale of creation, has derived but little advantage from the celebrity, it enjoys. This miserable and yet wonderful production of nature, which can scarcely be distinguished at the bottom of a muddy ditch from amidst kindred vegetables, was converted by the sagacity and perseverance of Mr. Trembley into a source of wonder, which far exceeds the efforts of the wildest imagination. Not satisfied with the perfect knowledge, he acquired of all the various forms the polypus could be made to assume, and with the art, which he may be said to have attained, of composing an entire animal from detached pieces of various individuals, he penetrated the recesses of their private life, became acquainted with their ruling passion, their prevailing tastes, their mode of receiving and digesting nourishment, and the disorders, to which they are exposed.

It is singular enough, that the polypus should have its tormentors, like the nobler beings of the great chain. But Mr. Trembley found means to drive off the race of insects, that beset those in his possession; and, as he was a humane man, it is to be hoped

that he derived some consolation, from this discovery, for the pain, which he must have experienced in a course of experiments, so fatal to a humble and in-offensive creature; experiments, which, after all, have led to nothing more than to increase, if it could be increased, our admiration of the works of nature.\*

Another distinguished character of Geneva, whom you have heard me speak of, was Mr. Huber, whose knowledge of natural history, in some branches, rendered him conspicuous; but whose talents for painting, and cutting out likenesses in paper were principally expended on Voltaire. He has represented the poet at every stage of life, in every sort of employment, and under the operation of almost every passion. So impressed, indeed, was his mind, with the idea of Voltaire, that he could make his dog tear out a likeness of him from a piece of paper, or eat out a likeness of him from a piece of bread; not to mention various other modes, which he was fond of exercising, some of which are ludicrous beyond description.

The son of Mr. Huber, whom I have at this moment the satisfaction of possessing as a neighbour, is a still more distinguished character than his father

\* It would be difficult to prove that any, the slightest, benefits had been conferred upon mankind by the multiplied acts of cruelty, which have been committed upon various animals. Every experiment is a discovery of truth, no doubt; but a truth must be of importance to justify the infliction of a moment's pain upon any feeling creature. Should we be justified in suspending an infant by the leg, in order to ascertain how long life might be preserved in that unnatural posture?

was. With less brilliancy of parts, and labouring under the calamity of blindness, from an early period of life, his attention has been turned to objects of natural history, and particularly to bees; the secrets of whose interiour government he has explained in the most interesting manner; making use, for that purpose, of a faithful and intelligent servant, whose eyes and whose attention he has directed, as they remained, for hours together, in patient expectation, by the side of a hive.

The result of his experiments has filled a quarto volume, which I have now before me; and as it may never penetrate as far in America, as the S. W. mountains, I will endeavour to give you some idea, and in as few words as possible, of the most interesting particulars, which have been either discovered by Mr. Huber himself, or confirmed by him, as the discovery of others. There is a difficulty in subjects of this sort, arising from the language to be made use of, which should not imply reason\* in treating of animals so unquestionably unprovided with the faculty, and yet should not describe them, as no more conscious of the motive which influences their conduct, than a stone is of the secret cause, which impels it towards the earth. The expression

\* See this subject in Paley's Natural Theology, at the article "Instinct." He objects to the theory here alluded to in the explanation of what we call instinct, and is unnecessarily alarmed. I say, unnecessarily, for, surely, he might have seen, that those, who resolve instinct into sensation, are but tracing the works of the Creator, through its secondary causes, to the first great cause. Dr. Clark's expression is—that emanation of the mundane soul, to which we give the name of instinct. Mr. Huber preferred, upon these occasions, the word inspiration.

commonly made use of, to evade the difficulty, is instinct; by which is meant the operation of some want, some sensation of inquietude, to be got the better of, or of satisfaction to be obtained, which impels the unconscious animal to all that its preservation requires. It is thus that a child sucks, and that a hen allays the fever of her breast, and remains attached to her eggs. But the knowledge of the bee, though not directed by its own experience, or the experience of others, and consequently not to be included in a definition of reason, is something very superiour to instinct. And when it leads to the preparation of larger cells, for a distinguished portion of the future race; to a change of diet, in the maintenance of such, as are called upon to fill a station for which they do not appear originally designed; and to the massacre of a parcel of useless old bachelors; it deserves almost the name of inspiration. It is usual, in some countries, to embark their bee hives, in the spring, in a large boat, and to change their station upon some river, as the meadows on each side produce in greater or less abundance the flowers, which bees are most fond of; and these little animals are known to fly on board again at night as certainly, and with as much apparent regularity, as a flock of sheep returns of an evening to the fold. In other countries again, which are but thinly inhabited, and where the earth is covered, chiefly, with a growth of vegetation, that produces no materials for honey, or any of the sort of farina, required by bees, this interesting insect is known to wander from home to a distance far beyond the pos-

sibility, as we should suppose, of receiving any assistance, on her return, from the senses of sight or of smell; and yet, after making a circle or two in the air, as if to reflect upon the right course, and to acquire a proper degree of velocity, she is seen to fly in a direction so undeviating, that those, who are attentive to her flight in the first moment, and who made their observation with a compass, are as certain of being lead, through forests, and even mountains, perhaps, to a hive, as navigators are of finding their port by means of the same instrument. But to return to Mr. Huber. With a pride and a delicacy of modesty, not unlike that of Juno, in the fourth Iliad, the female bee retires from each lawless gaze, "and meets her lover in the wilds of air;" to him, however, the honour is as fatal, as that of marrying the Sultan was in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, till the ingenuity of Scheherizade found means to excite the tyrant's curiosity. The eggs she lays are of two sorts, and when hatched, after the usual process of the insect race, those of the one sort, become, according to circumstances, either females, or, as they are not improperly called, queens, or of the neutral working tribe, whilst those of the other produce only males. The eggs which are deposited in cells of larger dimensions, and constructed with less economy, produce queens; and the royal worm is nourished with a peculiar sort of food.\* The first queen bee, which issues from

\* It is rather singular, considering the usual economy of nature, that those, among the bees of a hive, who are born to spend their time in idleness and inutility, have larger mouths, stronger jaw-bones, and greater appetites than the working race.

a cell, immediately attacks, with more than Turkish jealousy, her helpless sisters. It has pleased nature, that this sort of bee should, in its nymph state, be exposed to external attacks, in a manner, that no other is, and that it should fall an easy victim to the good of the state ; for the good of the state requires, that there should be but one queen. Should the parent queen have not yet issued with a swarm, or should one of the sister queens have been overlooked in the massacre, or should a stranger of the same rank be introduced into the hive, the rivals become inflamed at the sight of each other, with the most ungovernable fury, and a single combat takes place. This, though sometimes after repeated onsets, ends with the death of one of the parties ; and the victor is as implicitly admitted to fill the vacant station, (the purposes of which are still a mystery) as a triumphant Bey is by the herd of inhabitants in old Cairo. It sometimes happens, however, that the hive is for a short time deprived of its queen, or that a want of a queen is foreseen, if I may use the expression, when the parent bee is observed to be occupied in the way, that invariably precedes her issuing with a swarm. The operation, which then takes place, is one of the most wonderful in the whole history of this curious insect. The neutrals go to work immediately, and either construct royal cells, or convert into such a number of the common cells, and taking care to supply a chosen few of the infant race, which, by having their cells enlarged, become royally lodged, with a sufficiency of the sort of food, peculiarly adapted to the royal race,

they create, if I may say so, as many queens, as the occasion requires. When the hive is thronged, and a mind, that reasoned would foresee the approaching necessity of frequent swarms, each to be headed by a queen, the neutral bees establish a guard around the royal cells, and by that means preserve each helpless sister from the rage and jealousy of the first born, whose confinement, in the natal cell, they also find means to prolong; feeding her, meanwhile, with honey, which succeeding bees supply through an orifice, contrived, to appearance, for that purpose. But as it might happen, notwithstanding all the precautions, that there would be a deficiency of what may be termed natural born queens, and the race of bees be in danger of extinction, it has pleased that Providence, which watches over this useful insect, that the infant bees, which happen to be placed in the neighbourhood of the royal cells, should be so far affected by the change of food, which takes place near them, and of which some fragments fall to their share, as also to undergo a change of organization. They, too, are capable, it seems, of becoming the parents of succeeding generations; and, like the pawns at chess, may be made queens of upon occasion. I have since learned, that the fecundity of these occasional queens, is confined to the productions of males. At a certain season of the year, the males, whose insensibility has enabled them to prolong a useless existence, are put to death without mercy, or driven out to perish elsewhere.



Several of the above observations were already, I can conceive, familiar to you, but there are others which you will allow to be new, and singularly interesting. The food which the neutral bees prepare for the rising generation, according to their destination, is chiefly composed of the farina of flowers, with which they are perceived to return home loaded; and the wax, which is so material a part of the produce of a hive, is a preparation from honey in the stomach of the bee. Of the various articles, which can be offered them as food, at the door of their hives, nothing, it seems, contributes more to the formation of wax, than the common brown sugar.

Desirous as Mr. Huber was, of becoming acquainted with the whole history and economy of bees, and yet willing that the gratification of his curiosity should be as little injurious to them, as possible, he naturally turned his attention to the disadvantages of the common bee hive, and succeeded to the improvement of it, as you will agree with me, I trust, if you will take the trouble to read the following description. Figure to yourself, a certain number of frames, like those of school-boy's slates, but composed of broader and thicker pieces, set up perpendicularly, with an orifice through the front piece of each, near the bottom, and of a proper size for the entrance and exit of bees. These are placed as close to each other, as books upon the shelves of a book-case, and are secured by a bandage carried round the whole, or by grooves in a top and bottom piece; and, in order to direct the industry of the bees, the necessary means are taken to secure a piece of honeycomb to the upper part or ceiling of

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each frame, exactly corresponding to its length and breadth. The two exterior frames have each a glass fixed in them, through which this busy people may be seen at work ; and any particular frame may, at any time, be selected and drawn out, either for examination, or in order to get the honey it contains, without even a momentary derangement to the other parts of the hive. After all the wonders I have related, you are prepared, I presume, to be told, that bees have the gift of speech ; and there are times at which the queen bee, either annoyed by the confusion and uproar of the hive, or tired of confinement in her cell, emits a sound, which, operating like a charm, commands their attention to her situation and to her wants, and calls the whole nation to order in a moment. It would seem from another very singular circumstance in the history of this interesting race of animals, that their sense of hearing is as delicate as that of Morose in the *Silent Woman*. One of their greatest enemies is the death's-head butterfly ; it ravages their hives, and ravages them with impunity. Instead of rushing out with violence, to repel his attack, as one might expect from their usual conduct, they are struck motionless with terror, and seem paralyzed at the sound of his voice. You will smile at the mention of a butterfly's voice ; but it is as dreadful to them, as the roaring of a lion would be to a company of unprotected children. It is not improbable, I think, but that the custom of striking upon some sonorous body, in order to induce a swarm to settle, took its origin from observations, made in very remote

times, upon this peculiarity in the organization of bees. There is another animal, whose sense of hearing is peculiarly delicate; and it is right you should be made acquainted with any thing interesting in a very inoffensive but ugly race, which we too generally entertain an antipathy to.

An eminent surgeon of Geneva, was struck with the circumstance of a bat's avoiding every obstacle to its flight, by an instantaneous change of direction, and suspected that it was unconnected with any peculiarity of vision. He tried, therefore, the cruel, perhaps, but interesting experiment, of blinding several of them; and perceived that it made no difference in their flight, and that they avoided the pillars of a hall in which they were liberated, or the trees of a wood as skilfully, as when they had the use of their eyes. It then occurred to him to close their ears with wax, and to leave them the advantage of sight, but they either remained torpid on the ground, or if thrown up into the air, they struck themselves against every thing in their way. It is difficult to conceive the sense of hearing, endowed with such delicacy, as to distinguish whether the column of air, in opposition to rapid motion, is shortened or not by any intervening obstacle; but when we recollect, the exquisite sense of smell, and of sight, which enables a hound, and various birds of the vulture species to pursue, and to discover their prey, we can see no reason why Providence should not protect its creatures by the perfection of any other sense. To return to the subject of bees; I must inform you that I communicated to

Mr. Huber, the short extract, I had made from his book, and that I received a very polite and very instructive answer; and in order that it may not be mislaid, I will insert a copy of it here.

Huber remercie M. ——— de l'attention qu'il a bien voulu donner à son ouvrage sur les abeilles; il n'y a rien à changer dans le compte, qu'il en a rendu et M. ——— y a repandu tout l'intérêt dont un extrait est susceptible.

L'auteur souhaiterait cependant que la description de sa ruche fut un peu plus détaillée; elle a reçu quelques modifications depuis la publication de ces lettres; et dans le cas où Madame N—— ou quel-  
u'un des amis de M. ——— voulut en faire l'essai en Amérique, il faudrait lui donner tous les perfectionnemens, dont on a constaté l'utilité et même la nécessité.

#### ARTICLE I.

##### *La matière de la ruche.*

Le bois de sapin doit être rejeté dans cette construction, ainsi que tout autre bois d'un tissu trop serré.

La fausse teigne de la cire sculpte ces sortes de bois avec trop de facilité: elle s'y creuse des retraites dans les quelles elle échappe aux recherches et à la vigilance des maîtresses de la maison. On se flatte d'éviter cet inconvénient, en faisant les chasis des ruches en bois dur, tels que celui de chêne par exemple. Si l'on pouvait en faire en bois de fer cela vaudrait encore mieux.

## ARTICLE II.

*Forme de la ruche et ses dimensions.*

Il y a ici une grande latitude. Le mieux n'est pas encore trouvé. Ce qui est probable, c'est qu'il faudrait se rapprocher autant, que possible de ce, qui est indiqué par la nature.

Elle a assigné les arbres creux pour demeure à la feuillet des abeilles. La plus grande dimension de ruches naturelles, est dans le sens de la hauteur.

On entrevoit plusieurs avantages dans cette disposition ; qu'on se figure un essaim d'abeilles logé dans la partie la plus élevée d'un arbre creusé par le tems, reserré dans un espace assez étroit, la chaleur qui lui est nécessaire, sera repandue bien plus également dans toute son atmosphère qu'elle ne le serait dans une cavité beaucoup plus large, et dont l'essaim n'occuperait que le tiers ou que la moitié, les abeilles en travailleraient donc avec beaucoup plus d'ardeur et de suite. Lorsque l'essaim aurait rempli de rayons la partie supérieur de cette cavité ; trouvant dans l'espace inférieur assez de vuide pour les étendre à son gré, il le ferait sans doute quand la saison le permettrait. Il construirait donc plus de magasin et pourrait faire des plus amples provisions ; l'on aurait plus de cire et plus de miel.

Un troisième avantage très précieux, qu'ont les ruches naturelles sur celles de notre invention, dans les quelles tout n'a pas été prévu, c'est d'éviter la moisissure. L'atmosphère des abeilles est très hu-

mide : quand cette eau ne peut pas s'écouler par le bas, la cire se moisit.

Dans les parties qui se trouvent trop éloignées du groupe des mouches, et où il n'y a plus assez de chaleur pour prévenir la condensation des vapeurs, on conçoit que cela doit arriver fréquemment pendant l'hiver, dans nos ruches qui ont trop peu de hauteur, et où l'humidité est arrêtée par la table sur laquelle elles sont posées, et qui s'oppose également au prolongement des rayons.

On pourroit imiter à quelques égards les ruches naturelles, et leur laisser la faculté de pouvoir s'ouvrir ; on donnerait alors beaucoup plus de hauteur aux chassis, cinq à six pieds par exemple, huit à neuf pouces de largeur prise intérieurement, leur donnerait une capacité suffisante. On lui donnerait douze à quinze lignes d'épaisseur dans un sens, et dix-sept lignes dans l'autre, l'expérience ayant appris que c'est trop peu de seize.

En réunissant sept ou huit chassis de cette taille, on logerait peut-être convenablement les abeilles Américaines.

### ARTICLE III.

#### *Porte de la ruche.*

On a supprimé les entrées que l'on avait conseillé de pratiquer au bas de chaque feuillet.

C'est au bas, et au milieu d'un des petits côtés de la ruche, qu'on doit placer l'ouverture ou la porte des abeilles ; cette porte doit être unique et perpendiculaire au plan des rayons.

On se reserve de donner là-dessus des détails ultérieurs.

#### ARTICLE IV.

##### *Exposition des ruches.*

Indifférente à ce que je crois, la nature a placé les abeilles à l'ombre dans les forêts et dans toute exposition ; on peut donc faire comme elle. On a plus souvent trouvé des portes de ruches tournées vers le nord-ouest, que vers aucun autre point du ciel.

L'usage de placer les ruches en espalier au midi, a des inconveniens reconnus et dont on parlera dans une autre occasion. Si les ruches en feuillet paraissent en Amérique trop difficiles à construire ou à manier, on pourrait essayer une construction plus simple, et qui aurait aussi de très grands avantages.

Pour tirer tout le parti possible des abeilles, il faut nécessairement que les ruches soient divisibles dans un sens ou dans un autre ; dans celles qui sont faites d'une seule pièce, on ne peut en prendre le miel sans nuire aux abeilles ni le faire dans les proportions exigées par leur état et leur besoin, ni les diminuer, ou les hausser à volonté, ni former artificiellement des essaims.

On se procurerait tout ces avantages par les dispositions suivantes : 1. On choisirait des arbres creu-és par le tems ou par l'art ; le creux cylindrique aurait à peu près neuf à dix pouces de large sur sept à huit pieds de long : 2. cet arbre serait divisé horizontalement en trois ou quart parties

égales, c'est-à-dire, de deux pieds chacun. 3. Chaque partie serait séparée de l'autre par un plancher fixé à sa partie supérieure. Ce plancher serait percé d'un trou rond dans le milieu, de douze lignes de diamètre ; à son bord il aurait des ouvertures longues et étroites pour faciliter l'écoulement des eaux, ces fentes auraient quatre à cinq pouces de longueur, et demi pouce dans le sens le plus étroit.

Entre les ouvertures faites à la circonférence du plancher, et le trou du centre, on pratiquerait autant de trous que l'espace le comporte.

Ces trous destinés à faciliter les communications, seraient de six lignes au plus.

Il y bien des moyens de réunir les parties de cette ruche. On choisira les plus simples et les plus sûrs.

Pour fermer la ruche par en haut, on se servira d'une planche épaisse et forte ; comme cette partie peut devenir l'intérieure à son tour, il faut qu'elle lui ressemble à tous égards et que son couvercle puisse s'enlever à volonté.

C'est dans la partie supérieure que l'essaim doit être reçu. Après cela on la met à sa place, et on l'y assujettit jusqu'à l'année suivante.

C'est alors, seulement qu'il faut songer à retirer quelque produit de ces ruches, en partageant avec les abeilles.

La nature du pays, celles des récoltes qu'elles ont pu faire, décideront de la manière dont ce partage doit être fait.

Si l'on demande plus de détails, Monsieur Huber sera toujours disposé à les donner. M. ——— veut bien être persuadé de son entier devouement.



## LETTER XXXV.

MY DEAR ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~,

I HOPE I do not deceive myself, in supposing that you have been amused with the account in the last letter. Had I suppressed the name of the insect, and omitted a few circumstances, as in one of Hume's essays, or pretended that some traveller, Mr. Humboldt, for instance, had discovered a nation of Amazons in South America, you would have admired the arrangement of a commonwealth, in which the monarchical and democrattick powers, were so wisely combined, and the science of domestick administration carried to such perfection. In some future letter, I will endeavour to give you an idea of the discoveries which have been made by another Mr. Huber, the son of the last mentioned, in the history and internal management of a race of bees, who live under ground ; we call them humble-bees, in English. They make, in small quantities, an inferiour kind of honey, and have an instinct or inspiration, call it which you will, adapted to their peculiar circumstances and situation. He has turned his attention to the commonwealth of ants also, whom I find upon better acquaintance, to be by no means unworthy of the notice taken of them by Solomon. They cannot indeed be held forth as patterns of foresight and frugality, for they consume as much as they can lay their hands on, and sleep all the winter ; but they have in general a large family to bring up ; they have fatigue parties,

who labour for the common good, and bring home food for the rest, in a very unusual way ; and they are content that their superiours, who are the parents of the nation, should be exempted from labour. These last, who are a winged race, take flight, with the exception of a very few, at a certain season of the year, and leave the ant-hill, as the nobility of France did the *tiers état*, to get through the winter as they can. There are circumstances attending this active race, that are not unworthy of our attention. They have a degree of sensibility in their horns, or feelers, by which their sensations are communicated ; for this wonderful instrument seems to be at once the organ of sight and of smell, and to approach almost as nearly to the purposes of speech, as the signs of the deaf and dumb do, and though armed with teeth, they seldom make use of them against any living creature, but, instead of that violence which many of the smaller of the brute creation exercise against such as are still smaller and weaker than themselves, they employ arts, of which you would not suppose an ant capable. The principal object of their attention, is the puceron, a little lazy animal, who like a rich luxurious planter, lives always upon the same spot, and derives a superabundant nourishment from the paternal stem, or leaf, with hardly any other exertion than what the powers of the trunk require. These they approach, and practising certain blandishments, induce them to give up part of their superfluity. Sometimes they carry their arts still farther ; they either surround the little establishment of pucerons with a shelter of clay,

against the weather, and against the inroads of other animals, taking care to leave a private passage for themselves ; or, as if they foresaw a degree of danger from coming abroad every day, they carefully remove the pucerons to their own cells under ground, furnish them with roots to live upon, and compress them at regular periods, as the inhabitants of a village in the Alps may be seen milking their cows every morning and evening. Other animals are observed to live among the ants, unmolested and unmolested, and may possibly serve for some domestick purpose, which has not yet been discovered ; and as pucerons are in the nature of cows, these other insects may be as the dogs and cats of the ant nation. If these discoveries of the younger Mr. Huber raise the nation of ants in your estimation, it must be confessed, that they very much elevate the importance of the puceron race, who act also as purveyors for the race of bees. It is to them is owing that honied substance on the leaves of trees, and which sometimes falls from them like dew,\* and which you may perceive the bees so busily employed in collecting of a summer morning. You will be struck with the circumstance of three individuals of the name of Huber, of three succeeding generations, being distinguished for their ingenuity and their talents of observation in Natural History, but the race of man is impelled by the force of early domestick

\* I observe that Forsyth, who has the merit of having adapted the improvements of surgery to the treatment of fruit trees, was acquainted with the nature of this substance, which he calls honey-dew ; he attributes it to a small insect, called the vine-fretter.

example, as the animals we have been speaking of are by instincts. There is a difference of constitution no doubt in different individuals, and some receive impressions more easily than others, but in all cases, our nerves, like the strings of a musical instrument, may be made to convey the most sublime, or the most ordinary sensations, and our mental organs can only be developed by the culture which our minds receive. You may not be able to leave your children rich, or to see them placed in brilliant situations, but you may give them morality to direct their course by, you can inspire them with activity, which seeks for employment, and you must take care that a liberal education shall enable them to turn their activity into a proper channel.

On looking back, I perceive, that contrary to a practice very common in the world, I have spoken too little of ourselves, and too much of others; it is time, therefore, to enter into some description of our country life, and of the place we live at.

As the houses of Geneva are crowded with inhabitants, the streets are dirty, without any side pavement, and, in general, too steep for pleasurable exercise. The taste for passing the summer in the country is very prevalent, and we, among the rest, began, at a very early period of the spring, to look out for a retreat. The difficulty was, to determine upon a choice in the number that were offered, and we at last fixed upon the *Maison Constant* at St. Jean, near the confluence of the Arve and Rhone, which we got, furnished, at the rate of sixty pounds a year. The house is roomy and convenient; and

three or four steps lead from the drawing room to the terrace, which is upwards of 100 yards long, and broad in proportion, and planted with double rows of lofty trees, which afford shade at every hour of the day, and are so arranged, as to leave intervals at either extremity and in front for one of the most beautiful and diversified prospects in the world. The slope in front, which might almost be called a precipice, leaves room for a narrow strip of vineyard, and then succeeds the broad, azure-coloured, rapid stream of the Rhone. A garden tract of 60 or 70 acres of rich soil, bounded by the Arve, and visibly the deposit of the waters in former times, next presents itself, in all the lively beauty of variegated vegetation; and the view is afterwards carried over fertile fields and vineyards, and farm houses, and villages, till it is terminated, at no great distance, by the mountain of Saleve. To the left, the city presents itself in one of the best points of view, at a distance of little more than half a mile; on one side of it is a glimpse of the lake, and above it, at a distance, are cultivated hills, where I often admire the unusual reunion of all that bespeaks plenty and population, with that sort of comfortable retirement from which it might be delightful to survey the world. On the other side is seen the Buet, one of the loftiest of the Alps, and next to it is the commencement of those masses of granite which are connected with Mont Blanc. From the right of the terrace, the view would remind you of those sudden turns in the North River, where the waters appear to have burst a passage. The banks are lofty

and steep, and the Rhone receives the accession of the Arve; which, white with pulverised rock from the mountain, seems at first repulsed, as a rough and ill-bred country squire might be by some beauty of polished manners, and better education. But great is the power of perseverance; those turbid waters, which at first make scarcely any impression on the Rhone, are very soon in possession of half the space, from bank to bank, and shortly after, from the change of colour, which is evident, they seem in possession of the whole. A clergyman of Geneva, preaching not long ago to a numerous audience, and wishing to impress upon the minds of the younger part of his congregation a sense of the danger that would arise from the contagion of improper company in the world, made a very happy allusion to the junction of these rivers, and to the effects which I have described. The church of Geneva, though stripped of its consistorial powers, is still rendered respectable by the personal merit of its ministers, and good preaching is as much admired as ever. The sermon is, indeed, the only part of the service, which is properly attended, and it is not unusual, after the reader has been reciting the word of the Lord to empty benches, to perceive a rush of company, and a degree of momentary confusion, when a favourite minister is to preach, which reminds one too much of the theatre. The style of preaching is such as you would think exaggerated; it is attended with a great deal of action, and consists very much in description.

The estate annexed to the *Maison Constant*, is a very small one, and in the hands of a farmer who pays thirty louis for about twelve English acres, with a small dwelling house and out-houses. From two poses, or 58,254 square feet (English) of vineyard, he has, this year, made seven chars, or 5600 quarts, nearly thirteen pipes of English measure. The wine is but of an ordinary quality, and from the abundant vintage, all over the country, would not sell, at present, for more than 3*l.* the char. Such land is supposed to be worth about 80*l.* the acre, below the house is another small estate, with a vineyard and a garden, at the foot of which runs the Rhone.

Before the reformation, there was a nunnery on the spot, the church was dedicated to St. Jean, which has given its name to the whole neighbourhood. The garden tract, on the opposite side, reminds me a little of our rice fields, it is cultivated to the utmost advantage, and watered by means of wheels, which having buckets fixed to the rim of the circumference, and being set in motion by the current, are seen dipping up and pouring out, alternatively, the water in the manner of the elevators in our rice mills. The water is received in a trough properly placed for the purpose, and is conducted where it is required. A drawing which accompanies this will give you a very good idea of the situation I have been describing; words alone are insufficient.

## LETTER XXXVI.

MY DEAR E——,

THE life we have led here during the summer, has been rather a happy, than a gay one; we have had company now and then, we have made several excursions into the neighbouring country. Your uncle surprised us very agreeably with a visit. F—— has come regularly once a week to pass a day with us. N. has been attended by the same masters as in town, and another sister has added herself to our society. But before I say any thing to you of our excursions, I must carry you back to Geneva, and bring you acquainted with some of the persons whom I saw there last winter. It is, perhaps, the principal advantage arising from a residence in large towns, that we are able to intermix in society, with those from whose conversation we derive amusement or instruction, in a sort of momentary acquaintance. It is agreeable to find ourselves in the same circle with a person who has lately navigated the Euxine, or who is just from Moscow, or who has served in Egypt, or who has distinguished himself in the literary world, or by some useful improvement in the arts, and to return home late in the evening, as from a play, where we have seen a number of interesting characters, taken from life, and well represented. It is agreeable also to compare the countenance and appearance of those who have acted a part in the great political theatre of the world, with the opinion we had conceived



of them from their actions and general conduct ; to see the face of one who has ridden in the great whirlwind, and directed, for a time, the storm. I confess to you, that in writing the last sentence, I had principally in my mind the celebrated Mr. Necker, who had for two or three years past, resided in Geneva during the winter, and whose acquaintance I was, in some measure, able to cultivate. Mr. Necker was the son of respectable parents, who, by giving him a good education, and early habits of industry, gave him what was better than fortune. His established reputation as a man of talents, his great success as a banker, his good name and extensive credit, recommended him to the notice of the French government, as likely to assist in restoring some order to their miserably mismanaged finances, (76.) The effect of his first operations, in simplifying, and consequently rendering less expensive, the collection of the publick revenue, was soon evident and universally applauded ; but when he had prevailed upon the king to suspend, to the end of every year, the distribution of pecuniary gratifications, without binding himself in the interval by any promise, and had destroyed a labyrinth of abuses, all arising in the first instance from the good nature of the unfortunate monarch, who knew not how to reject or to refuse his merit, he was soon attacked, and his conduct vilified, by a whole host of foes, among whom were some of the most exalted personages of the kingdom. It was in vain that he had found funds for carrying on the war occasioned by the independence of America, without the impo-

sition of new taxes; that he had found means to establish, at the most difficult of all periods, that credit which his predecessors in office had not been able to preserve in time of peace, and that he could announce to the King, and to the nation, that the ordinary revenues of the state exceeded the ordinary expenses by the sum of 10,002000 livres, which would have paid the interest of a loan of 200,000,000. Some denied his assertions, others attacked his conduct on the score of vanity and indiscretion, and such numbers assailed him, in different ways, that unmindful of that inestimable consciousness of having done well, which he may be so easily supposed to have possessed, inattentive to the high and important duties of his station, he pertinaciously insisted upon what the King had been previously prevailed upon to believe, could not with propriety be granted, and threw up his place—an event which he must ever after have sincerely regretted, for, he must have since been sensible, that it contributed, more than any other circumstance, to bring about those evils, under which the monarchy was finally overwhelmed. In addition to those enemies, whom every man of merit in place unavoidably creates, at court, the grave and silent demeanour of Mr. Necker,\* his unattractive civility,

\* The reader will perceive, that I have availed myself of Marmontel's account of the Necker family.

"It was not for such a man as Marmontel," said Madame de Stael, when I asked her, what she thought of that part of his memoirs, to appreciate my father, "but I am persuaded," she added, "that he meant to speak the truth, and I cannot say that he has deviated from it very widely."

his strongly manifested determination of depending upon himself alone, created others ; and his very disinterestedness, in not accepting the emoluments of his office, was displeasing. I can very well imagine that he felt himself rich enough to overlook the advantage of three or four thousand a year, added to his income, and that he gratified an honourable pride in serving the publick without pay. But his appointments, which were but a trifle to the means of the nation, might have been made subservient to some purpose of publick utility, or private charity, and he ought to have avoided driving those who surrounded him to any mortifying comparisons. After three years of privacy and retirement, he again attracted the attention of the publick, by defending his former exposition of the finances, which had lately been attacked, and having given the government some pretext to affect displeasure, from the nature of his arguments, or the expressions he made use of, he was ordered to quit the kingdom. You may now turn to Johnson's noble imitation of Juvenal's tenth Satire, and will agree with me, that it would have been better, perhaps, for Mr. Necker himself, for his family, for his fame and fortune, for France, and for all Europe, had he never returned to court. I say *perhaps*, meaning, in the full force of the word, to acknowledge my incompetency to judge, and mindful of that sort of predestination, according to which the great and important affairs of the world move along, as the heavenly bodies do in their orbits. M. de Calonne, who was a man of genius, is to be distinguished from the general cen-

sure passed upon those ministers, who rapidly succeeded Mr. Necker, but *their* administration of the finances exhibited, too generally, a succession of weak measures and rash expedients. The exile of the parliament of Paris, at the same time, the imprisonment of several respectable and popular individuals, the establishment of the *Cour Plenière*, by which the last appearance of any thing like independence, in any branch of the government, was destroyed, were all so many steps towards that general confusion which all men looked forward to, some with dread, some with indifference, but the greater number with exultation. The finances of the kingdom, meanwhile, were extremely embarrassed, publick credit was at an end, the laws were without effect, the police without energy, and the army in a state of dangerously relaxed discipline; the wrath of heaven indeed seemed poured forth upon this wretched country; for, in addition to all the evils I have mentioned, the harvests, to a great extent about Paris, had been destroyed; they were much less favourable than usual, over the whole kingdom, and bread had risen to an enormous price. Rumours too, of political changes, to be effected by the promised assembling of the States General, had gone abroad, ideas of liberty, derived from England and America, were every day becoming more and more familiar to the publick mind, people of all ranks and degrees of information were dissatisfied, and symptoms, which may be compared to those hollow sounds, and to that lowering sky, which precede an earthquake in the W. Indies, were every where apparent. The won-

der is, indeed, now as we look back to the events of those times, that the revolution should have been so little foreseen. The incapacity and insensibility of Louis XV.; the scandalous life he led, so scandalous indeed as to violate, as it has been well expressed by some one, the *decorum* even of vice; the cruel indifference of the higher orders to the oppression under which the lower classes groaned, and the influence over these last which was possessed and exercised by a middle class, in whom the energies, the talents, and the ambition of the whole nation seemed concentrated, and in whom the monied, the mercantile, and the literary\* world were united, whilst the press, of which they had in a manner entire possession, made an electric communication every where to the annihilation of loyalty and of religion. Had the good sense of Louis XVI. been assisted by honest counsellors from the first, had his native benevolence which disposed him to redress all grievances, and grant all indulgences, been restrained and directed, the errors and misfortunes of the preceding reign might have been retrieved. But a perpetual change of system, rendered inevitable perhaps by the spirited but ill advised opposition of the Parliament of Paris, the American war, which brought the rights of a neighbouring Monarch into contempt, and the bankruptcy occasioned by the enormous expense of that war, the levity of the Queen, who idly destroyed those barriers in society, which might have proved her best protection against the torrent of Republican ideas, and even

\* Burke.

the appointment of Mr. Necker, a foreigner, and a protestant, to one of the highest offices of the State, were all so many additional causes, to those already mentioned. With respect to the last mentioned cause, however, it must be confessed, that whatever impolicy there might have been in the first appointment of Mr. Necker, his return to the superintendence of the finances did indeed operate wonders: this must have been a proud moment of his life. The courts of justice soon reassumed their customary authority, the police its vigilance, and the army its former habits of discipline and good order, whilst provisions flowed in from all parts of the world. What was as singular too as any other circumstance, and upon which indeed all depended, was that the treasury seemed replenished, as if by miracle, and the obligations of the government were fulfilled with honour and punctuality. But still the King had given his word, the nation was not to be trifled with. The assembling of the States General seemed inevitable, and it was necessary they should be preceded by an assembly of the Notables. You will see an account of all that followed in any history of the revolution, and how the noblesse and the parliaments seemed to provoke their fate. It is to be presumed that Mr. Necker could not have prevented the meeting of the States General; but he might have prevented their being convened at Paris. From that circumstance, and from the still more fatal oversight of permitting galleries to be

erected for the accommodation of the publick, who were allowed to be present at the debates, and to express their opinion by marks of applause or disapprobation, flowed the greater part of those evils, which afterwards ensued. Of the double representation of the *tiers état*, he was, undoubtedly, not the author, but he too readily consented, that the individuals of the three orders should vote, as members of one General Assembly; and he was unquestionably wrong, in not appearing at the Royal Sessions, because the King had differed from him, and, I believe, very properly, in opinion.

Fortune now once more afforded him an honourable opportunity of retiring from the arduous station he had filled, but he again refused to avail himself of it, and accepted the first invitation to return; after having been banished the kingdom. I must not convert a letter into what would be, at best, but a very imperfect and inaccurate history of the revolution, and posterity, after all, can alone decide on the nature of certain events. Vision is at times as much obstructed by our being too near, as it could by our being too remote from a particular object.

Either Mr. Necker\* brought down ruin upon France, by giving into dangerous experiments in matters of government, and drawing the attention

\* Monsieur Necker avoit un esprit étendu et une ambition encore plus vaste, et prétendoit à la fois gouverner la France, la réformer, et l'éclaircir par ses ouvrages. Et comme il arrive souvent, ce n'étoit pas ses talens en finance qu'il prioit le plus. Mais les hommes ne se manient pas aussi aisément que les Ecus. Son histoire a servi à constater l'éminente distance qu'il y a d'un habile financier à un grand homme d'Etat.

of the nation to subjects, which they were every way unfit to reason about, and decide upon, or he was hurried along, as he expresses it, toward a precipice, which was not to be avoided, by a force, which was not to be resisted. It was a misfortune, perhaps, that his mind had been confirmed in its tendency to literary pursuits, by the success of a first attempt; he thought too much, it seems by the event, of his powers of persuasion, and supposed that he could regulate the tumultuous passions of a whole people, by a pathetick, eloquent address, and splendid arguments. He mistook the applauses of the mob, the mad enthusiasm of a wrongheaded frivolous nation, worked upon by designing men, for the effusion of honest patriotism, for the proofs of a virtuous affection to his person, a high sense of his past services, and of his means to save them from the brink of ruin. He had forgotten, no doubt, what he himself relates of their conduct at the funeral of Colbert. Perhaps, however, no man, no philosopher of ancient or modern times, could have resisted the pressing invitations which he received from all parties, to reassume the conduct of publick affairs; from the King, from the National Assembly, and from the people at large: and yet, how short lived were his influence and popularity! It was to no purpose that he interposed in behalf of the Clergy, now about to be stript of their property, or in favour of those just prerogatives of the crown, which are essentially necessary to the duration of the most limited monarchy, or that he objected to the forced circulation of paper money;



ample not unfrequently produces very different effects from what we might expect, or some one circumstance in the mode of life, the conduct, and conversation of the parent, makes so powerful an impression upon the mind of the child, as to exclude every other sentiment. I knew several persons at Geneva who remembered Mademoiselle Curchaud when she gave lessons. She was young and handsome, and rather meanly dressed; but always made herself respected, and bore her subsequent elevation with great equanimity. Having, however, by degrees, given into the very indecorous custom of admitting the friseur to put her hair in paper, whilst seated at the dinner table, where the company was generally very numerous, an old acquaintance of hers, whose eccentricity I very well remember, was determined to cure her of it. He was at the Hotel Necker, upon some great occasion, and went provided with the means of changing his stockings, as soon as the friseur should make his appearance; fortunately, however, Madame Necker hearing of his intention, and remembering him well enough to be certain of his carrying it into execution, took care to be dressed in time, and was never known afterwards to treat her company with so little respect.

Like her parents, Madame de Stael has always been attached to literary pursuits, and to the company and conversation of men of letters. Her mind, however, had not been formed in the walks of private life, nor tried by adversity; and her wit and love of amusement have borne her away, as the horses of the sun did Phaeton.

It is singular, that the great good sense of her parents should have left them so desirous of a splendid match for their daughter, and that they should have annexed no other indispensable condition to the disposal of her hand in marriage, but nobility, and the profession of the protestant religion; which Gibbon, from whom we learn the fact, calls a piece of religious obstinacy. They were also, it seems, desirous of placing their daughter in the higher ranks of society, but persons of their wisdom and virtue ought to have foreseen, that her natural vivacity could but facilitate the effects of those bad examples, they must have known she would be exposed to. Had her affections been consulted more than they probably were in so splendid a connexion, and had she remained in that station, to which she was born, there were materials in her mind for the very perfection of domestick happiness. She has indeed, blazed like a meteor, but if her good qualities had been called into action in another sphere, if her attentiveness to every obliging office, and her genuine benevolence of soul, aided by the means of an affluent fortune, and her incomparable temper, had preserved their proper influence in private life, she would have been as much beloved, as she has been admired; and as much praised, as she has been talked of. As the wife of an ambassadour, Madame de Stael was received at court upon a footing, which she could not have attained to from the claims of her family. She seems never, however, to have been a favourite there, and I can easily conceive,

that the Queen, who had received scarcely any education herself, must have been rather oppressed by such literary brilliancy in another. The society she lived in, too, were all of them, individually, considered as promoters of the revolution; they were really so, I believe, and she was delighted to glide gayly along the stream, and to contribute her utmost to the success of a cause, which she supposed congenial to her principles. The atrocious conduct of Robespierre, and some others, at length rendered her adherence to their opinions no longer possible, and then she retired from the scene, but not till she had made one generous effort in behalf of the Royal Family. Mr. Bertrand de Moleville has recorded the anecdote I allude to, though by no means with expressions of partiality; but a candid posterity will give her credit for the ingenuity of the plan, and for having so generously undertaken to risk her life in the execution of it. She has travelled a great deal, has lived at all times with great hospitality, and has been always ready to do a charitable or a generous and friendly action. She resides generally at her castle of Copet, and would willingly, I believe, diversify her life, with now and then a visit to the capital, but Buonaparte has continued, as Emperor, the restriction he had imposed upon her when first Consul, of not approaching nearer than sixty miles to Paris. He fears her, perhaps, as Mazarin used to dread the Duchess de Chevreuse and the Princess Palatine, who gave him more trouble and more uneasiness, he declared, by their cabals at court, than the

Prince of Condé could at the head of an army, in the field ; or perhaps, he dislikes, that any one, not within the pale of the imperial family, should attract universal attention so near the residence of his sacred person. He is even said to have felt disagreeably, the praises so lavishly bestowed upon Madame Recamier in his presence, and to have made that lady experience the proofs of his displeasure. You will think it impossible, that such little passions should find a place in the bosom of so great a man ; but you may remember that the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* was mortified that any one should not think him a pretty fellow, or should suppose that he could not throw a pike as well as one of the *Fantocini* was made to do ; and that *Voltaire*, in all the blaze of literary glory, and in the bosom of philosophy, and of friendship at *Cirey*, was seen to sicken with jealousy, when the conversation of a numerous circle, in which he lived, happened to be engaged, for a day or two, with the story, and the sufferings of a wretch, who had been broken upon the wheel at Paris.

At all events, and whatever the cause may have been, the fact is, that Madame de S. is in a state of continued exile from Paris, a circumstance which will, probably, be of no disservice to her with posterity, and which, when I reflect upon her indiscriminate hospitality, and upon that unbounded flow of conversation she delights in, may probably, I think, preserve her from being enveloped in some real or imaginary conspiracy against the government. Her penetrating mind and active curiosity,

would very naturally have led to such a suspicion. I remember hearing Mr. Necker say, when some political mystery was discussed before him,—if my daughter were in Paris now, we should know the truth of this in twelve hours.

The first time I saw this celebrated lady, was in her castle of Copet, and when her mind was as yet strongly impressed with the loss of her father, of whom she never speaks, but in terms of the highest affection and veneration. She was surrounded, as usual, with a company of men, who hung upon all she said. By degrees, her natural cheerfulness prevailed, and, placing herself very much at her ease, with her feet resting upon an opposite chair, she ran on in a flow of lively conversation. She speaks, I think, even better than she writes, and is never at a loss for the happiest expressions, colouring every thing after a manner peculiar to herself, and deviating, at times, into anecdotes and descriptions, which might offend your chaster ears, on the other side of the Atlantick. Her person is of the middle size; her features are not all of them good, and her complexion is bad; but she has a certain roundness and amplitude of form, much admired and aspired to in this country, with a good-natured lively countenance, and very fine eyes. With many of the graces of her sex too, and with a natural desire for those triumphs, and that admiration they are entitled to, she rather unwisely goes over to the other sex on some occasions, if I may use the expression, in her conversation and manners; unwisely, I say, for it has added a sentiment of resentment

to various other cases of umbrage in the minds of those whom she has left, whilst by those she now and then joins, she is considered as a deserter in war, by the party he takes refuge with.

The writings of Madame de S. bespeak an ardent imagination, a warm heart, and a considerable fund of various literature. She writes, in general, from accurate observation, or where her means of information fail, she guesses more happily than most people, confounding sometimes, however, it is said, argument with truth; and the art of reasoning with reason itself. Her system of liberty too might probably end in slavery, and her philosophy in ignorance; and her vision of perfectability is contradicted by the experience of past ages, and the events of the present. Her works are numerous, though you may have met with none of them except perhaps with *Delphine*, and that in a most execrable translation. It was difficult for me to overcome the repugnance I have to all novels which end unfortunately. I have read it, however, and can recommend it to you, who are the mother of a family. The moral is a good one, for we are to suppose the author meant to establish it as a maxim, that no woman ought to think herself independent of the received opinions and prejudices of society. *Delphine*, who is under no such control, though never deviating, in fact, from the paths of virtue, is rendered miserable with a thousand good qualities. It is remarkable, at the same time, that those of the characters which are represented as more under the government of reason and religion, attract very lit-

tle of our sympathy and regard, so that we are led to prefer Delphine, with 'all her irregularities ; and if that be generally the case, one may assert, that the effect of this popular novel is at variance with the ostensible moral. Such a genius as that of the author of Delphine is not calculated, as you may suppose, to lie still long, or enjoy more than a momentary repose ; and the literary world is already in expectation, that she will soon publish the posthumous works of Mr. Necker, and some particulars of his private life. Her intended tour in Italy, next winter, too, will probably furnish her with materials for an interesting work, and particularly so, if she could submit to what she supposes a very inferiour department of literature, and would simply convey to her readers, the impressions made upon her own cultivated mind. But the probability is, that some Italian romance, at best, will be the fruit of all those means and opportunities of information, which high rank and a splendid fortune might so easily procure this somewhat whimsical lady, who, as a writer, prefers fiction to sober truth, and the imaginary crosses and intricacies of an idle love story, to all the beauties of history, or the interests of courts. There are, as Pope says,

There are whom Heaven has blest with store of wit,  
Who want as much again to govern it.

## LETTER XXXVII.

MY DEAR E——,

ONE of the most agreeable excursions we have made, has been to the glaciers of Savoy, which Coxe and other travellers have rendered familiar to you by name, but which no description can convey an adequate idea of. I will simply give you an account of the impression they made upon us, but without entering into particulars which have been so frequently repeated. You must now open a map of Savoy, and observe the course of the Arve, which the road is governed by from Geneva to Chamouni. The towns mentioned by Coxe are such as he describes them. The country is wild and savage ; little spots of good land appear well cultivated, in places that seem almost inaccessible ; and what we should call, in America, the low grounds of the river, are, in general, an accumulation of very fine soil. But in some places, a great deal of injury appears to have been occasioned by the ungovernable fury of the water, which now and then re-assumes, like Providence, in a moment, what it had been ages in bestowing. If we may judge from appearances, the far greater part of this extensive valley of the Arve, was formerly a chain of lakes, and one in particular, is known to have been near Servoz. In the centre of this lake, stood, on a craggy island, the castle of St. Michel, and a few miles below was the little town of St. Denys, not far, in all probability, from where the *pont des chevres* is



placed on the map. Could an inhabitant of those days be called to life again, how great would be his astonishment, at the change which has taken place! The poor dismantled remains of St. Michel are no longer on an island. The lake disappeared by the sudden failure of the mound which supported it, and the waters, in their retreat, swept away the town and all its inhabitants. It must have been a horrible catastrophe, and as unexpected as it was irresistible. For an hour or two from Servoz (for in this country they count by hours and not by miles,) the road has more the appearance of stairs, badly cut in the rock, than of a means of communication in carriages. Even the *char-à-banc*, of which I send you a drawing, is with difficulty dragged along. To the right is a steep, impending rock, to the left is a precipice, with the Arve hursting his way from one obstacle to another, at the bottom. The opposite side rises abruptly to a very great height, and almost perpendicularly; and yet, not far from the summit, I observed a man mowing. The spot which was to reward his industry, seemed less than a quarter of an acre. It lay, like an island, amid a waste of barren rocks, and was so steep, that had he lost his foot-hold, he must have fallen into a chasm of at least 2000 feet.

It would surely be no difficult matter to collect as many people as one pleased, in a country like this, who would cheerfully consent to remove to any part of the United States, from the wilds of Savoy, or of Jura; these last are very little known

to travellers, and have been well and eloquently described by Mr. Lequinio.

At a very small distance from the part of the road, where we saw the man mowing, as it were, in the air, the singular appearance of which will never be effaced from my imagination, we entered the valley of Chamouny, a valley so often described, that I can conceive your being better acquainted with it, than with the Calf-pasture, or the Shenandoe. The Arve runs along the middle, and on either side, the banks, which rise by a very rapid slope, are diversified by various sorts of produce, till they become too steep, or too barren, to be cultivated. Houses and villages are thickly scattered, and every thing bespeaks plenty and good husbandry, while the glaciers, which, like enormous icicles, are protruded down the sides of the mountains they belong to, create a contrast with the beauties of vegetation, which exceeds all I ever beheld, in novelty and in magnificence.

Hitherto, the inhabitants of Savoy, though frequently in possession of a fertile soil, had appeared a poor, dispirited, and miserable race; and the shepherdesses of the Alps had looked more like gipsies, than those elegantly rural forms, which the genius of painting had bestowed upon them. But in the valley of Chamouny, the race of the inhabitants seemed improved; the men are well looking and well behaved, and the women are a great proportion of them pretty; all seemed industrious, and their children were well clothed. Our company was not quite the same as in the journey

to his existence in this wilderness; arises very much from what Thomson to have been inspired, calls "The huge, smoothed o'er with snow." *not held between years, grim, and was as limbs, and transfer the different culture every six years. First article of their wealth, for a little stock is the only addition to what they inherit, and have a cow, and then they work the soil.* a person walking upon the surging mountain, and on a part snow, suddenly disappeared his companions. In as shoes were procured, and a road down through the same between two and three remains of the urn precipitated between proached as they pressed to descend, ice immediately from the mountains into a glance of his eye, and for a bowl of milk, which was must have cheerfully handed me by the minute, a woman of good appearance, who way lost her husband and her brothers by an untimely disorder, was left with two young children and an infant in the cradle. After hearing that I was a Genevois, and consequently a Protestant, she could not, she said, bring herself to believe, that all of my persuasion were to be consigned to eternal punishment in another world; that many Protestants were good people, and God was too just not to make a distinction between the good and bad of all sects.\* But we know nothing of these

\* It is interesting to observe how much the sentiments, and even the expressions of this poor Savoyarde, resemble those of Fenelon. Il ne pouvoit, disoit-il, se persuader que Dieu qu'il appelloit bon, et qu'on ne devoit jamais, disoit il, appeler autrement,

“however, continued she, for of the  
 departed, not one to my know-  
 ever returned! for my part, how  
 husband and my brothers?  
 them to impart to me  
 and what is their pre-  
 they existed at all;  
 state of wretched  
 worthy of such  
 ainted souls of those  
 of their presence, and a  
 must not aspire to.” Every

the valley of Chamouny will be made  
 the greatest obligations to M. de Saus-  
 he takes the trouble of looking into the  
 works of that distinguished traveller. He was the  
 third individual who was able to surmount the diffi-  
 culties and dangers, which attend the ascent of Mont  
 Blanc, and very skilfully availed himself of the few  
 hours which he passed there. Seated upon this noble  
 observatory, and provided with every necessary in-  
 strument, he proceeded without a moment's loss of  
 time to accomplish the objects of so perilous an un-  
 dertaking. The Barometer gave him, according  
 to the improved process of M. de Luc, within a  
 few feet of the same height, which had been attri-  
 buted to the mountain by the usual mode of trigo-  
 metrical measurement. The Hygrometer showed

rendit éternellement malheureux des milliers d'hommes pour avoir ignoré, soit par  
 le malheur des circonstances, soit par celui de leurs lumieres, des vérités que sa  
 sagesse impénétrable semble n'avoir voulu révéler qu'à une petite partie de la  
 Terre.

LETTER XXXIX.

between grass, grain, and vege-  
 and transfer the different  
 every six years. Their  
 of their wealth, for  
 is the only  
 what they  
 little

struction, which seemed ready for our reception ; but the sensation of fatigue gave way to that of admiration or surprize ; when on moving across the narrow space which terminated the ascent, we found ourselves on the brink of another valley, broader than that of Chamouny, and filled up to within a few hundred feet with ice which rose into a variety of forms and inequalities—this is the place described by travellers as the sea of ice, and which extending for several miles, and bordered by high, inaccessible, and naked rocks of granite, and opening from place to place into frightful chasms, seems the seat of eternal winter. If you can suppose for a moment the valley which leads through the S. W. mountains from immediately behind the house at Belvoir, filled up with snow blown from the neighbouring heights, and that snow compressed by its own weight, and connected into one mass by the water, which trickling through from the surface, becomes frozen as it descends, and the extremity of this mighty mass protruded into the old fields, and ending abruptly, and a rapid stream issuing from below it, you may form some idea of what a glacier is. Mr. Coxe gives a very good description of the scene which was now before us, availing himself of those who have gone before him, and particularly of Mr. de Saussure—so entirely, indeed, does he confine his narration to what was already written, that, had he not told us that he put cramp-irons to his shoes, and that he afterwards refreshed himself with cold victuals, his description might have been supposed the production of some laborious

compiler in a garret. We left some of our company at the top of the mountain, and descending with the others to the surface of the sea of ice, advanced upon it with great caution, as you may imagine, for about 150 yards. On all sides there was to be heard a rush of waters; and there were crevices, the very idea of approaching which was painful, and inequalities like the waves of a high sea. After surveying the scene about us for some time, and hearing the effects of the large fragments of rock, which our guides rolled into the crevices, we ascended again, and having registered our names in a sort of temple of fame, which the edifice generously erected by a Monsieur Desportes, for the protection of travellers, has been converted into, and on the same pannel with those of Mr. and Mrs. Derby, whom you must remember at K——. We commenced our return towards the valley, taking another road for that purpose, and descending towards the source of the Arveiron, which is at the lower extremity of the sea of ice, and 2782 perpendicular feet below the edifice on Montanvert. We were too late in the year to enjoy the sublime beauties of this view, as they are described by travellers. The immense arch of ice of 100 feet in height, and broad in proportion, had lately fallen in; but various tints of colour, from a pale white to a deep green, diversified the surface, which rose abruptly, and ended in pyramidical forms; while the Aiguille de Dru, one of the naked rocks of granite, which I mentioned as appearing to bound the valley of ice, was visible above all, rising like

an immense obelisk to the stupendous height of upwards of 9000 feet, from the spot we stood on. What added to the singularity of the scene before us, were the forest trees which cover the sides of the Montanvert, and of the opposite mountain, from the bosom of which the glacier descends. It was now late in the day, we returned to our inn along the meadows, and well cultivated fields of the valley. The whole of this country has undergone very great alterations, and by very violent means. The glaciers were evidently 1500 feet more elevated, at some distant period, than they are now; and the strata of several of the mountains we had passed on the road to Chamouny are not only vertical, but what is still more difficult to be accounted for, they may be almost said to form segments of circles. Perhaps upon the sudden withdrawing of the great mass of waters, in the depths of which these mountains were formed, by successive accumulations of some soft material; their foundations gave way as the earth became dry, and they thus assumed, by the extension of some parts, and the contraction of others, those singular appearances which we now behold. I have already mentioned, in a former letter, the evident marks to be met with, of the sea having covered the tops of very lofty mountains, and it is certain, that the extremity of the eminence immediately behind the little village of St. Martin, near Salenche, which rises to the height of upwards of 6,000 feet, is entirely composed of marine fossils. As to the former altitude of the glaciers, it is inferred by the immense detached rocks remaining

in different places, where no other power we know of but that of the glaciers can have conveyed them, and where they have been left on the slope of the valley, as the ebb tide leaves pebbles on the beach of the ocean.

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## LETTER XXXIX.

MY DEAR E——,

OUR third and last day in this happy valley, was chiefly employed in visiting the Glacier de Buisson, which is of very easy access. The road lay for a little way along the river side, amid small clusters of houses, each of which was generally provided with an oratory, in which the figure of the Virgin, with the holy infant in her arms, appears in a recess, behind a grating of wire, and at the top is a sacred promise made by the Bishop, that so many prayers said in that spot, will operate as a mitigation of so many days in Purgatory. We Protestants, it is true, are no more to be persuaded of the good Bishop's knowledge, or power upon the occasion, then we are of Dulcinea's disenchantment in virtue of Sancho's scourging himself; but to the sincere Catholick it is a very different affair, and though no one, not even a Bishop perhaps, notwithstanding what the Catholicks believe, can tell how far the promise may hold good with respect to purgatory; we may any of us venture to assert,



that a person who would devoutly pour out his soul in prayer, before an object connected in his mind with the idea of the Supreme Being, would be less likely than another to incur punishment hereafter. I have often lamented, that the improvement of the human mind could not have gone on, and left the ancient system of religion undisturbed.\* But to return to the glacier, we approached by a gentle slope, and halted for a moment in a wood, to admire the striking and beautiful contrast which is created by the cones of ice, as they rise up at a distance like the minarets of a Moorish town, and glitter through the trees. The ascent became afterwards more rapid, and the cones appeared in all their singular magnificence of height, and structure. There seemed to be many of them higher than the tallest trees, while the base of the solid ice they rested

\* See preface to Butler's Analogy on this subject—which has been very much misunderstood. "Whatever," says the author of the preface, "can in the smallest degree promote the interests of Religion, whether derived from the medium of the body, or the mind, ought to be deemed deserving of our most serious attention. If the appearance of a cross should revive in the beholder a due sense of the expiatory sacrifice, the consequences surely would be not less useful to the human mind, than if the same sentiments had been excited by a picture of the crucifixion, such as is commonly placed in many Protestant Churches." Every one must remember the answer of Mary Queen of Scots, upon the subject, to the brutal Earl of Kent. The Roman Catholics have been cruelly misrepresented by many dignitaries of the Church of England, and by none more than by Bishop Porteus. It is surely wrong to charge upon men the consequences of opinions which they expressly disown. The Council of Trent, which contains the Catholic rules of faith, expressly declared, that there was no divinity or virtue in images, and that they were not to be worshipped; and accordingly, in a Catholic catechism I have seen, and where the question is, If it is right to pray to images? the answer is, no, because they neither see, nor hear, nor can help us.

upon must be some hundred feet in thickness. As this part of the glacier is uninterruptedly connected with a great mass of ice and snow stretching towards the upper regions of Mont Blanc, for an extent of perhaps seven or eight miles, and as the valley it rests upon is in this place extremely rapid, the probability is that immense fragments moving down confusedly together, have been brought to assume their present appearance by the joint operation of the rain and of the sun. A little higher up, and where the ascent is for a short space much less steep, the glacier may be crossed with safety ; and we walked deliberately along, under the direction of our guides, upon the bed of ice. It was a warm day in August, and that circumstance added not a little to the novelty of every thing about us. We undertook no distant excursions either here or upon the sea of ice, or on Mont Blanc ; but you may form a very good idea of the accidents to which persons who make those perilous attempts are exposed, by reading M. de Saussure, or Mr. Coxe, who has followed him very exactly. That a hunter who has been from his infancy accustomed to the sight of precipices, should be instigated by the desire of providing for his family, by the love of a sort of glory, and by the animation of pursuit, to risk his life amid the frightful wilds "of covered pits unfathomably deep," does not surprise me, but I am, I confess, astonished that the desire of novelty, and that the objects even of Monsieur de Saussure's curiosity, should lead any one to incur the danger of putting an end

to his existence in this wilderness; the danger arises very much from what Thomson, who seems to have been inspired, calls "Those precipices huge, smoothed o'er with snow." It is not long since a person walking upon the surface of a neighbouring mountain, and on a part always covered with snow, suddenly disappeared, to the great horror of his companions. In as short a time as possible ropes were procured, and a resolute mountaineer was let down through the same orifice; at the depth of between two and three hundred feet were found the remains of the unhappy traveller; he had been precipitated between two walls of ice which approached as they descended, and had been compressed to death by the shock; still, however, the ice immediately before his mouth, had the appearance of having been slightly thawed, so that he must have survived his fall for at least three or four minutes. A monument by the road side on the way to Chamouny records his name and his misfortune, and gives a wholesome caution to travellers. On our way back to Chamouny, I observed several of the inhabitants gathering elm leaves, which were to be put up and used as fodder during the winter, the length of which induces them to neglect no means of providing for their cattle. It frequently happens, that the snow remains to the thickness of a foot in the month of April, but those who are desirous of sowing their grain as soon as possible, are careful to accelerate the thaw by scattering handfuls of dark earth over the surface of the snow. The custom of the valley is to make an equal di-

vision of their field between grass, grain, and vegetables of various kinds, and transfer the different sorts of labour and culture every six years. Their cows form the principle article of their wealth, for cheese, in addition to a little wheat, is the only thing they make for sale. In addition to what they possess in the valley, many individuals have little tracts of pasturage at a distance, and all have a common right to that of the mountain, where they send their cows under the care of a herdsman, and a maker of cheese, who is called the fruitier. And in order that a fair division of the produce may be made, the owners of the cows attend in person, eight days after the pasturage is open, and again on the 15th or 16th of August; the cows are milked, and the milk is weighed in their presence, and according to the produce of those two days, is their proportion of butter and cheese regulated. The people of the valley are universally civil to strangers; they are intelligent also and conversable; like those of their class in every part of Europe, they are superstitious, and the more so, perhaps, as sailors are, from the dangers to which they are frequently exposed. No voyage at sea can indeed exceed in danger or fatigue the excursions of a hunter; and the idea is that when a man loses his life amid the chasms of the ice, or the precipices of the mountain, his ghost is sure to appear at night to the person whom he loved best. They are attached to the observance of their religion, but appear to regret their former Seigneurs, the Benedictines, less than I expected.

that a person who would devoutly pour out his soul in prayer, before an object connected in his mind with the idea of the Supreme Being, would be less likely than another to incur punishment hereafter. I have often lamented, that the improvement of the human mind could not have gone on, and left the ancient system of religion undisturbed.\* But to return to the glacier, we approached by a gentle slope, and halted for a moment in a wood, to admire the striking and beautiful contrast which is created by the cones of ice, as they rise up at a distance like the minarets of a Moorish town, and glitter through the trees. The ascent became afterwards more rapid, and the cones appeared in all their singular magnificence of height, and structure. There seemed to be many of them higher than the tallest trees, while the base of the solid ice they rested

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however, continued she, for of the departed, not one to my knowledge returned! for my part, how could I leave my husband and my brothers?

them to impart to me

what is their present

ever existed at all;

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*Histoire des Membres de l'Académie F.*

LETTER XXXIX.  
between grass, grain, and vegetables, and transfer the different every six years. Their of their wealth, for what they little

to his existence in this wilderness; the danger arises very much from what Thomson, who seems to have been inspired, calls "Those precipices huge, smoothed o'er with snow." It is not long since a person walking upon the surface of a neighbouring mountain, and on a part always covered with snow, suddenly disappeared, to the great horror of his companions. In as short a time as possible ropes were procured, and a resolute mountaineer was let down through the same orifice; at the depth of between two and three hundred feet were found the remains of the unhappy traveller; he had been precipitated between two walls of ice which approached as they descended, and had been compressed to death by the shock; still, however, the ice immediately before his mouth, had the appearance of having been slightly thawed, so that he must have survived his fall for at least three or four minutes. A monument by the road side on the way to Chamouny records his name and his misfortune, and gives a wholesome caution to travellers. On our way back to Chamouny, I observed several of the inhabitants gathering elm leaves, which were to be put up and used as fodder during the winter, the length of which induces them to neglect no means of providing for their cattle. It frequently happens, that the snow remains to the thickness of a foot in the month of April, but those who are desirous of sowing their grain as soon as possible, are careful to accelerate the thaw by scattering handfuls of dark earth over the surface of the snow. The custom of the valley is to make an equal di-

things after all, however, continued she, for of the numbers who have departed, not one to my knowledge, at least, has ever returned ! for my part, how have I not lamented my husband and my brothers ? how have I not conjured them to impart to me where they are removed to, and what is their present situation ? Ah, surely if they existed at all, they would not leave me in this state of wretched uncertainty ; but perhaps, I am not worthy of such a favour, perhaps the pure untainted souls of those children enjoy the comfort of their presence, and a happiness which I must not aspire to." Every one who visits the valley of Chamouny will be made sensible of the greatest obligations to M. de Saussure, if he takes the trouble of looking into the works of that distinguished traveller. He was the third individual who was able to surmount the difficulties and dangers, which attend the ascent of Mont Blanc, and very skilfully availed himself of the few hours which he passed there. Seated upon this noble observatory, and provided with every necessary instrument, he proceeded without a moment's loss of time to accomplish the objects of so perilous an undertaking. The Barometer gave him, according to the improved process of M. de Luc, within a few feet of the same height, which had been attributed to the mountain by the usual mode of trigometrical measurement. The Hygrometer showed

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There is something generally odious, I presume, in Feudal tenures, and men are too apt to forget that these form frequently the only price given by their ancestors, for the land which they inhabit; some of these tenures were rather ludicrous than oppressive; the representative of the Seigniorly had a right, for instance, to place his leg with a boot on, in the bed of a new married lady, and to keep it there a certain time, but the exercise of the right was always bought off by a haunch of chamois, or a saddle of mutton. Monsieur de Saussure, whose name I have so often mentioned to you, thought very advantageously of the people of this valley, and has related several characteristick traits of their manners and conversation. "I went once, says he, as I descended weary from the mountains into a lonely hut, and asked for a bowl of milk, which was immediately and cheerfully handed me by the owner of it, a woman of good appearance, who having lost her husband and her brothers by an epidemical disorder, was left with two young children and an infant in the cradle. After hearing that I was a Genevois, and consequently a Protestant, she could not, she said, bring herself to believe, that all of my persuasion were to be consigned to eternal punishment in another world; that many Protestants were good people, and God was too just not to make a distinction between the good and bad of all sects.\* But we know nothing of these

\* It is interesting to observe how much the sentiments, and even the expressions of this poor Savoyarde, resemble those of Fenelon. Il ne pouvoit, disoit-il, se persuader que Dieu qu'il appelloit bon, et qu'on ne devoit jamais, disoit il, appeler autrement,

things after all, however, continued she, for of the numbers who have departed, not one to my knowledge, at least, has ever returned ! for my part, how have I not lamented my husband and my brothers ? how have I not conjured them to impart to me where they are removed to, and what is their present situation ? Ah, surely if they existed at all, they would not leave me in this state of wretched uncertainty ; but perhaps, I am not worthy of such a favour, perhaps the pure untainted souls of those children enjoy the comfort of their presence, and a happiness which I must not aspire to." Every one who visits the valley of Chamouny will be made sensible of the greatest obligations to M. de Sausure, if he takes the trouble of looking into the works of that distinguished traveller. He was the third individual who was able to surmount the difficulties and dangers, which attend the ascent of Mont Blanc, and very skilfully availed himself of the few hours which he passed there. Seated upon this noble observatory, and provided with every necessary instrument, he proceeded without a moment's loss of time to accomplish the objects of so perilous an undertaking. The Barometer gave him, according to the improved process of M. de Luc, within a few feet of the same height, which had been attributed to the mountain by the usual mode of trigometrical measurement. The Hygrometer showed

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struction, which seemed ready for our reception; but the sensation of fatigue gave way to that of admiration or surprize; when on moving across the narrow space which terminated the ascent, we found ourselves on the brink of another valley, broader than that of Chamouny, and filled up to within a few hundred feet with ice which rose into a variety of forms and inequalities—this is the place described by travellers as the sea of ice, and which extending for several miles, and bordered by high, inaccessible, and naked rocks of granite, and opening from place to place into frightful chasms, seems the seat of eternal winter. If you can suppose for a moment the valley which leads through the S. W. mountains from immediately behind the house at Belvoir, filled up with snow blown from the neighbouring heights, and that snow compressed by its own weight, and connected into one mass by the water, which trickling through from the surface, becomes frozen as it descends, and the extremity of this mighty mass protruded into the old fields, and ending abruptly, and a rapid stream issuing from below it, you may form some idea of what a glacier is. Mr. Coxe gives a very good description of the scene which was now before us, availing himself of those who have gone before him, and particularly of Mr. de Saussure—so entirely, indeed, does he confine his narration to what was already written, that, had he not told us that he put cramp-irons to his shoes, and that he afterwards refreshed himself with cold victuals, his description might have been supposed the production of some laborious

compiler in a garret. We left some of our company at the top of the mountain, and descending with the others to the surface of the sea of ice, advanced upon it with great caution, as you may imagine, for about 150 yards. On all sides there was to be heard a rush of waters ; and there were crevices, the very idea of approaching which was painful, and inequalities like the waves of a high sea. After surveying the scene about us for some time, and hearing the effects of the large fragments of rock, which our guides rolled into the crevices, we ascended again, and having registered our names in a sort of temple of fame, which the edifice generously erected by a Monsieur Desportes, for the protection of travellers, has been converted into, and on the same pannel with those of Mr. and Mrs. Derby, whom you must remember at K——. We commenced our return towards the valley, taking another road for that purpose, and descending towards the source of the Arveiron, which is at the lower extremity of the sea of ice, and 2782 perpendicular feet below the edifice on Montanvert. We were too late in the year to enjoy the sublime beauties of this view, as they are described by travellers. The immense arch of ice of 100 feet in height, and broad in proportion, had lately fallen in ; but various tints of colour, from a pale white to a deep green, diversified the surface, which rose abruptly, and ended in pyramidical forms ; while the Aiguille de Dru, one of the naked rocks of granite, which I mentioned as appearing to bound the valley of ice, was visible above all, rising like

an immense obelisk to the stupendous height of upwards of 9000 feet, from the spot we stood on. What added to the singularity of the scene before us, were the forest trees which cover the sides of the Montanvert, and of the opposite mountain, from the bosom of which the glacier descends. It was now late in the day, we returned to our inn along the meadows, and well cultivated fields of the valley. The whole of this country has undergone very great alterations, and by very violent means. The glaciers were evidently 1500 feet more elevated, at some distant period, than they are now; and the strata of several of the mountains we had passed on the road to Chamouny are not only vertical, but what is still more difficult to be accounted for, they may be almost said to form segments of circles. Perhaps upon the sudden withdrawing of the great mass of waters, in the depths of which these mountains were formed, by successive accumulations of some soft material; their foundations gave way as the earth became dry, and they thus assumed, by the extension of some parts, and the contraction of others, those singular appearances which we now behold. I have already mentioned, in a former letter, the evident marks to be met with, of the sea having covered the tops of very lofty mountains, and it is certain, that the extremity of the eminence immediately behind the little village of St. Martin, near Salenche, which rises to the height of upwards of 6,000 feet, is entirely composed of marine fossils. As to the former altitude of the glaciers, it is inferred by the immense detached rocks remaining

in different places, where no other power we know of but that of the glaciers can have conveyed them, and where they have been left on the slope of the valley, as the ebb tide leaves pebbles on the beach of the ocean.

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## LETTER XXXIX.

MY DEAR E——,

OUR third and last day in this happy valley, was chiefly employed in visiting the Glacier de Buisson, which is of very easy access. The road lay for a little way along the river side, amid small clusters of houses, each of which was generally provided with an oratory, in which the figure of the Virgin, with the holy infant in her arms, appears in a recess, behind a grating of wire, and at the top is a sacred promise made by the Bishop, that so many prayers said in that spot, will operate as a mitigation of so many days in Purgatory. We Protestants, it is true, are no more to be persuaded of the good Bishop's knowledge, or power upon the occasion, then we are of Dulcinea's disenchantment in virtue of Sancho's scourging himself; but to the sincere Catholick it is a very different affair, and though no one, not even a Bishop perhaps, notwithstanding what the Catholicks believe, can tell how far the promise may hold good with respect to purgatory; we may any of us venture to assert,

through the south of France. We had the addition of your uncle and brother, of your Genevan sister, and of the stout Swiss nurse, who has the charge of her, and who, wearing a gold cross, by way of ornament, was very much afraid of being taken for a Catholick, and a Savoyarde.

Of dangers on the road we experienced none, but we passed frequently where dangers had been; as over the beds of torrents, which bear every thing before them, when swelled with the melting of the snows, and under the brow of mountains, from which masses of rock had often fallen, to the great terrour of the neighbourhood. Savoy has had its portion of sufferings during the French revolution. The clergy was every where despoiled of their property, and every where the object of cruelty and oppression. The churches and chapels were converted to some profane use, and the poor parish priests were hunted out and pursued from one hiding-place to another. Yet did not these good men desert their flocks; for five years that religion was an object of persecution, they persevered in attempting to fulfil their duty, and had all the merit of the first Christians in the times of Nero or Dioclesian. I have lately seen two very fine pictures on this subject. The one represents the curate as performing divine service at the foot of a rock,\* in a

\* There are some beautiful lines in a little Poem entitled the Sabbath, which seem singularly applicable to these stolen devotions. They are descriptive indeed of a very similar period in the History of Scotland, for history consists but too much of a repetition of the same scenes;

———— Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,  
O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought

remote valley, during the persecution, and the other as returning to his parish, after the *concordat* between the French Government and the Pope.\* In this last he is represented as surrounded by the old and the young. "He for God only, they for God in him." As a well-beloved friend and parent, who returns, after a long absence, to the bosom of a family. A group of clowns are in the act of raising the cross, the mayor of the commune is explaining the blessed change which has taken place, and an old couple, who seem too weak with age, to stand up, and who may have been borne to the church door, and seated there by their children, have an expression on their countenance, which religion alone could give rise to; it seems as if a ray from heaven had come to gild the last moments of their existence. Surely, such subjects are far more worthy the talents of an artist than a market for cattle, or for hogs, or the drunken boors and alehouse joys of the Flemish school.

The gentry of Savoy have suffered almost as much as the clergy; they have been treated as

The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,  
Dispatch to different seas—

—in solitudes like these

Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foil'd,

A tyrant, and a bigot's bloody laws—

But times more gloomy followed, and no more

The assembled people dar'd to worship God

In face of day, or even at the dead

Of night, save, when the wintry storm rav'd fierce ;

—then dauntlessly

The scatter'd few would meet, in some deep dale,

By rocks o'er canopied, to hear the voice,

Their faithful Pastor's voice.

\* These pictures were painted by Topfer.



emigrants, for remaining attached to a cause, which they would have been despised for quitting, and have been ruined by fines and confiscations, while a new race of people, like the new race of noxious insects and reptiles, who are called into existence by the putridity of our rice-fields, when the water is withdrawn, has risen to opulence and to distinction, in their place. At Salenches, I was looking at the castle, and asked a person who came up, the name of the proprietor. It has been confiscated, he said, and sold for *assignats*, and now belongs to the barber, who used formerly to shave Monsieur le Baron. The moonlight view from Chamouny is extremely sublime. At a small distance, appears Mont Blanc, at the perpendicular height, above the valley, of upwards of 12,000 feet, and to the left is a range of lofty eminences, the lowest of which, would, in any other situation, command the admiration of travellers.

The next morning, at an early hour, we proceeded to ascend a mountain, which is on the opposite side of the valley to the Montanvert, each of us mounted on a mule, and each accompanied by a guide on foot. These guides are a race of active, intelligent, good-humoured people, who live by attending strangers on such occasions, and know the value of a good character. The ascent was everywhere rapid, and the road, in some places, was but a narrow shelf, hanging suspended over a frightful declivity; so perfectly sure-footed, however, are the mules, and so entirely do they assume the management upon these occasions, that no one seems afraid.

After a long ascent, we found ourselves on an eminence, which the calculations of geometers have fixed at 3000 feet above the Priory ; and here, upon turning round, we beheld Mont Blanc, in all its sublimity of height and of eternal snow. The other mountains and needles of granite, were like enormous giants upon guard around its base. It seemed as if the curtain of creation had been raised, as if we were arrived at some other world. It is hence that the efforts of those who have attained to the top of Mont Blanc may be conceived, and that the various glaciers may be traced from their origin, in the mountains, to the valley below. We remained here about half an hour, and then descended a little lower, to a spring, where, as Mr. Coxe expresses himself, we refreshed ourselves with some cold victuals we had brought with us. Plain truth needs indeed no flowers of speech, but such a dinner, in such a place, is deserving of a few words more. A rock, from which the water sprung, served us as a table, and towards the end of our dinner, we were joined by two young women of Chamouny, with baskets of berries, which they had collected from the rocks above us. They were attended by a goatherd, who with a hunting horn slung from his neck, and with a wild yet good-natured countenance, was the very emblem of rural simplicity. Neither he nor the young women would eat meat, as it was on a Friday, but the guides, who are the fine gentlemen of the valley, and have the advantages of travelling, without going from home, were burthened with no such scruples. We descended on foot,

and found your little sister waiting for us, in the arms of her nurse, at the entrance of the village.

The soil of the valley is fertile, and land is frequently sold at 80*l.* sterling an acre. The air is good, and every necessary of life in great perfection. The good Benedictines, who first settled here, about the time that William the Conqueror went to England, certainly thought themselves and their successors removed from all danger of being molested. They made grants of the land upon very easy terms, and remained in quiet possession of their tythes and other rights till the late revolution. The inhabitants are now relieved from those feudal duties, but they pay heavy taxes, and are plagued with the conscription. It is about 70 years since their valley was first visited by travellers, and as it has been fashionable, ever since, to do so, and for great numbers of young Englishmen, in particular, the sums of money accumulated by these frugal and sagacious people, as guides, as innkeepers, or as sellers of chrystal, and other curiosities from the mountains, must be considerable.

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### LETTER XXXVIII.

MY DEAR E——,

THE comfortable accommodation of a good inn, enabled us to undertake the ascent of the Montanvert, the next day ; but the mules which we set out upon, could only carry us half-way up, and it

was necessary to perform the rest of the expedition on foot. This our ladies prepared themselves for with courage, and each placing herself between two guides, who walked one before and the other behind her, and resting with either hand upon two poles, the extremities of which were held horizontally by the guides, moved slowly forwards, while the others of us walked singly. We ascended in this manner about three miles, from where the mules were left, stopping frequently to take breath, and admiring, at every pause, the beauty of the valley below us, in which the narrow fields of grain, of clover, and of potatoes, seemed spread along like ribbons. I took occasion to inform the guides that they were obliged to the country I and my fellow-travellers came from, for the introduction of potatoes, which has enabled them to economise their wheat, so as to export a certain quantity every year, instead of importing, as they used to do, an annual supply from Lombardy, and we excited their admiration by other particulars of the country we came from, by making them comprehend the extent of the ocean we had passed over on our way from Europe. We passed below many fragments of rock, which seemed to have been accidentally impeded on their descent towards the foot of the mountain, and over some steep gullies, where a person committing himself to his own weight, would have descended with frightful velocity. We approached at length to an open space: it was a small pasturage, and there was a hut and another small building of apparently elegant con-

struction, which seemed ready for our reception; but the sensation of fatigue gave way to that of admiration or surprize; when on moving across the narrow space which terminated the ascent, we found ourselves on the brink of another valley, broader than that of Chamouny, and filled up to within a few hundred feet with ice which rose into a variety of forms and inequalities—this is the place described by travellers as the sea of ice, and which extending for several miles, and bordered by high, inaccessible, and naked rocks of granite, and opening from place to place into frightful chasms, seems the seat of eternal winter. If you can suppose for a moment the valley which leads through the S. W. mountains from immediately behind the house at Belvoir, filled up with snow blown from the neighbouring heights, and that snow compressed by its own weight, and connected into one mass by the water, which trickling through from the surface, becomes frozen as it descends, and the extremity of this mighty mass protruded into the old fields, and ending abruptly, and a rapid stream issuing from below it, you may form some idea of what a glacier is. Mr. Coxe gives a very good description of the scene which was now before us, availing himself of those who have gone before him, and particularly of Mr. de Saussure—so entirely, indeed, does he confine his narration to what was already written, that, had he not told us that he put cramp-irons to his shoes, and that he afterwards refreshed himself with cold victuals, his description might have been supposed the production of some laborious

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## LETTER XXXIX.

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that a person who would devoutly pour out his soul in prayer, before an object connected in his mind with the idea of the Supreme Being, would be less likely than another to incur punishment hereafter. I have often lamented, that the improvement of the human mind could not have gone on, and left the ancient system of religion undisturbed.\* But to return to the glacier, we approached by a gentle slope, and halted for a moment in a wood, to admire the striking and beautiful contrast which is created by the cones of ice, as they rise up at a distance like the minarets of a Moorish town, and glitter through the trees. The ascent became afterwards more rapid, and the cones appeared in all their singular magnificence of height, and structure. There seemed to be many of them higher than the tallest trees, while the base of the solid ice they rested

\* See preface to Butler's Analogy on this subject—which has been very much misunderstood. “Whatever,” says the author of the preface, “can in the smallest degree promote the interests of Religion, whether derived from the medium of the body, or the mind, ought to be deemed deserving of our most serious attention. If the appearance of a cross should revive in the beholder a due sense of the expiatory sacrifice, the consequences surely would be not less useful to the human mind, than if the same sentiments had been excited by a picture of the crucifixion, such as is commonly placed in many Protestant Churches.” Every one must remember the answer of Mary Queen of Scots, upon the subject, to the brutal Earl of Kent. The Roman Catholics have been cruelly misrepresented by many dignitaries of the Church of England, and by none more than by Bishop Porteus. It is surely wrong to charge upon men the consequences of opinions which they expressly disown. The Council of Trent, which contains the Catholic rules of faith, expressly declared, that there was no divinity or virtue in images, and that they were not to be worshipped; and accordingly, in a Catholic catechism I have seen, and where the question is, If it is right to pray to images? the answer is, *no*, because they neither see, nor hear, nor can help us.

upon must be some hundred feet in thickness. As this part of the glacier is uninterruptedly connected with a great mass of ice and snow stretching towards the upper regions of Mont Blanc, for an extent of perhaps seven or eight miles, and as the valley it rests upon is in this place extremely rapid, the probability is that immense fragments moving down confusedly together, have been brought to assume their present appearance by the joint operation of the rain and of the sun. A little higher up, and where the ascent is for a short space much less steep, the glacier may be crossed with safety ; and we walked deliberately along, under the direction of our guides, upon the bed of ice. It was a warm day in August, and that circumstance added not a little to the novelty of every thing about us. We undertook no distant excursions either here or upon the sea of ice, or on Mont Blanc ; but you may form a very good idea of the accidents to which persons who make those perilous attempts are exposed, by reading M. de Saussure, or Mr. Coxe, who has followed him very exactly. That a hunter who has been from his infancy accustomed to the sight of precipices, should be instigated by the desire of providing for his family, by the love of a sort of glory, and by the animation of pursuit, to risk his life amid the frightful wilds "of covered pits unfathomably deep," does not surprise me, but I am, I confess, astonished that the desire of novelty, and that the objects even of Monsieur de Saussure's curiosity, should lead any one to incur the danger of putting an end

to his existence in this wilderness; the danger arises very much from what Thomson, who seems to have been inspired, calls "Those precipices huge, smoothed o'er with snow." It is not long since a person walking upon the surface of a neighbouring mountain, and on a part always covered with snow, suddenly disappeared, to the great horror of his companions. In as short a time as possible ropes were procured, and a resolute mountaineer was let down through the same orifice; at the depth of between two and three hundred feet were found the remains of the unhappy traveller; he had been precipitated between two walls of ice which approached as they descended, and had been compressed to death by the shock; still, however, the ice immediately before his mouth, had the appearance of having been slightly thawed, so that he must have survived his fall for at least three or four minutes. A monument by the road side on the way to Chamouny records his name and his misfortune, and gives a wholesome caution to travellers. On our way back to Chamouny, I observed several of the inhabitants gathering elm leaves, which were to be put up and used as fodder during the winter, the length of which induces them to neglect no means of providing for their cattle. It frequently happens, that the snow remains to the thickness of a foot in the month of April, but those who are desirous of sowing their grain as soon as possible, are careful to accelerate the thaw by scattering handfuls of dark earth over the surface of the snow. The custom of the valley is to make an equal di-

vision of their field between grass, grain, and vegetables of various kinds, and transfer the different sorts of labour and culture every six years. Their cows form the principle article of their wealth, for cheese, in addition to a little wheat, is the only thing they make for sale. In addition to what they possess in the valley, many individuals have little tracts of pasturage at a distance, and all have a common right to that of the mountain, where they send their cows under the care of a herdsman, and a maker of cheese, who is called the fruitier. And in order that a fair division of the produce may be made, the owners of the cows attend in person, eight days after the pasturage is open, and again on the 15th or 16th of August; the cows are milked, and the milk is weighed in their presence, and according to the produce of those two days, is their proportion of butter and cheese regulated. The people of the valley are universally civil to strangers; they are intelligent also and conversable; like those of their class in every part of Europe, they are superstitious, and the more so, perhaps, as sailors are, from the dangers to which they are frequently exposed. No voyage at sea can indeed exceed in danger or fatigue the excursions of a hunter; and the idea is that when a man loses his life amid the chasms of the ice, or the precipices of the mountain, his ghost is sure to appear at night to the person whom he loved best. They are attached to the observance of their religion, but appear to regret their former Seigneurs, the Benedictines, less than I expected.

There is something generally odious, I presume, in Feudal tenures, and men are too apt to forget that these form frequently the only price given by their ancestors, for the land which they inhabit; some of these tenures were rather ludicrous than oppressive; the representative of the Seigniority had a right, for instance, to place his leg with a boot on, in the bed of a new married lady, and to keep it there a certain time, but the exercise of the right was always bought off by a haunch of chamois, or a saddle of mutton. Monsieur de Saussure, whose name I have so often mentioned to you, thought very advantageously of the people of this valley, and has related several characteristick traits of their manners and conversation. "I went once, says he, as I descended weary from the mountains into a lonely hut, and asked for a bowl of milk, which was immediately and cheerfully handed me by the owner of it, a woman of good appearance, who having lost her husband and her brothers by an epidemical disorder, was left with two young children and an infant in the cradle. After hearing that I was a Genevois, and consequently a Protestant, she could not, she said, bring herself to believe, that all of my persuasion were to be consigned to eternal punishment in another world; that many Protestants were good people, and God was too just not to make a distinction between the good and bad of all sects.\* But we know nothing of these

\* It is interesting to observe how much the sentiments, and even the expressions of this poor Savoyarde, resemble those of Fenelon. Il ne pouvoit, disoit-il, se persuader que Dieu qu'il appelloit ben, et qu'on ne devoit jamais, disoit il, appeler autrement,

things after all, however, continued she, for of the numbers who have departed, not one to my knowledge, at least, has ever returned ! for my part, how have I not lamented my husband and my brothers ? how have I not conjured them to impart to me where they are removed to, and what is their present situation ? Ah, surely if they existed at all, they would not leave me in this state of wretched uncertainty ; but perhaps, I am not worthy of such a favour, perhaps the pure untainted souls of those children enjoy the comfort of their presence, and a happiness which I must not aspire to." Every one who visits the valley of Chamouny will be made sensible of the greatest obligations to M. de Saussure, if he takes the trouble of looking into the works of that distinguished traveller. He was the third individual who was able to surmount the difficulties and dangers, which attend the ascent of Mont Blanc, and very skilfully availed himself of the few hours which he passed there. Seated upon this noble observatory, and provided with every necessary instrument, he proceeded without a moment's loss of time to accomplish the objects of so perilous an undertaking. The Barometer gave him, according to the improved process of M. de Luc, within a few feet of the same height, which had been attributed to the mountain by the usual mode of trigometrical measurement. The Hygrometer showed

rendit éternellement malheureux des milliers d'hommes pour avoir ignoré, soit par le malheur des circonstances, soit par celui de leurs lumières, des vérités que sa rageuse impénétrable semble n'avoir voulu révéler qu'à une petite partie de la Terre.

the air to contain six times less humidity than the atmosphere of Geneva, which no doubt contributed with other causes to that continued thirst the guides and himself laboured under; and the temperature at which water boiled was found to contain scarcely a twelfth of the heat necessary to create ebullition in the regions below. This last experiment had been suggested by M. de Luc, and is very ingeniously and accurately applied to measurement of height, as I will explain to you hereafter. We may easily suppose, that no one would be tempted to remain long in these regions of eternal winter, even had not nature made it impossible to do so. The extreme rarity of the atmosphere renders an increased operation of the lungs necessary to respiration, this of course affects the circulation; a fever is brought on, and there succeeds a dislike to every sort of sustenance but water, which can only be procured by melting snow. Nothing, in short, but the most ardent curiosity, founded on a knowledge of all the various branches of Natural History, could have enabled M. de Saussure to remain four and a half hours on the summit of Mont Blanc. His constitution which was naturally robust, was thought to have suffered extremely by these annual excursions, and it was his misfortune to outlive for some time the faculties of his mind.

We now prepared to set off on our return to Geneva, the ladies with the nurse rode in the charabanc as when they came, but I had prepared a better conveyance for Caroline. A guide of Chamonny, who, without one atom of superfluous flesh,

was as big a man as your neighbour Mr. T——, and as surefooted as a mule, bore her in his arms over all the bad road, which lasted nearly twenty miles.\* The Charabanc, as you will perceive by the drawing near you, is a kind of rude sopha upon four low wheels, and with short axle trees; it is easily taken to pieces, and two men convey all the parts of it over a narrow bridge in four turns. The group by the water side will interest you, as taken from the life, and far on the left of the road you may figure to yourself the spot where the mower was at work; he called out to us, I remember, we could not hear what he said, but there was an expression of exultation in his voice. I have referred you to Coxe, for an account of the towns through which we passed; they are generally small and dirty, with narrow streets, and some mouldering remains of walls: none of them have an air of prosperity, but each has a history made up of the usual events, and going back to a period far beyond the time when Columbus began to reason on the form of the globe. The Savoyarde nation is well spoken of, but they appear deficient in energy. Those who inhabit and cultivate the little scattered and almost inaccessible spots of good land among the mountains, must be active and industrious; but the inhabitants of the more fertile vallies seem careless how they live, or how they clothe themselves, and are in general the least handsome race of people I ever beheld.

\* The sort of charabanc here described is used only in mountain roads, which are very narrow. There is another sort of charabanc for better roads, and this last seems to have been the model of what we call a Dearborn waggon.



## LETTER XL.

MY DEAR E——,

I AVAILED myself to the utmost, of the little time my brother staid with me. I carried him to the different places of the environs, whence he could form the best idea of this beautiful country ; to Ferney, where the shade of Voltaire seems still to hover, to the neighbouring mountain of Saleve, and afterwards to Meillerai ; and when the rain would not permit us to go out, we had old times to talk over, and new books to look into ; and we had the inexhaustible subjects of winter grass, English and Latin prosody, the properties of the Lever, and the law of Nations. Of those branches of the Alps, which shut in Geneva to the eastward, the most conspicuous is Saleve, which, though at the distance of nearly five miles, appears to one who enters the opposite side of the city, to be hanging over it. Its height is upwards of 3000 feet, and its original length must have amounted to five or six miles. I say original, for some powerful cause, acting in very remote times, has divided into two mountains what must have been, apparently, one. The general opinion is, that the instrument upon this occasion was the water of that great ocean, which once covered the face of this country, and which suddenly, and with irresistible violence was made to change its level. The confused accumulation of rocks at the foot of the hollow that separates the two mountains, renders the agency of water probable, and the

marine shells which are found by myriads either in beds, or separately, in various parts of both, and the sand now covered by a thin layer of vegetable soil on the top of the higher Saleve, show that water to have been salt. The interval between the two mountains is a fertile valley ; it looks like the bed of some river, which had been lately turned aside, and the appearance is the more singular, from the long ascent which leads to it by the only road that is practicable on horseback. About midway in the valley is the little Savoyard village of Moneti, and this is succeeded by well cultivated fields, that end abruptly by a precipice on the very edge of which stand the ruins of the Chateau de l'Hermitage. This castle must have been erected in very distant times, long before the use of artillery was known, and when the protection of a family from outrage, and security for the spoils of war were the objects principally attended to in choosing a situation. There cannot be a more beautiful and variegated view than is commanded from this spot, which though in a deep valley, as to the mountains on each side of it, is yet elevated to the height of several hundred feet above the plain below. The lake, the city of Geneva, the towns, villages, and cultivated hill sides, and the great basin, which for a while held in the diminished waters of the ocean, are spread out in all their magnificence of extent. It is probable that the vent of this inland sea, confined by Jura on the one side and Saleve on the other, was over the Sion mountain, till the burst took place at l'Ecluse, and to judge by the deep and horizontal though

somewhat inclining traces left on the face of the rock, the current of this Bosphorus of ancient days must have been very rapid, as rapid perhaps as the stream of Niagara, immediately above the rock over which the water now so tremendously descends; and which yielding in the lapse of ages to the slow but regular diminution of its mass, will one time or other probably let loose the waters of Ontario, and give to agriculture those thousands of acres which now lie buried in the abyss, as the Pays de Vaud once did. The citizen of Geneva, says Monsieur de Saussure, must above all men enjoy this view; he beholds his native city, he follows with his eyes the fortifications, the harbour, and the publick walks, and he traces the portions of subject territory which lie embosomed within the neighbouring States. He thanks heaven, which placed the seat of all his heart holds dear in a land of freedom, and admires with gratitude those coinciding causes, and that reunion of circumstances, which must forever secure the independence of Geneva. What the feelings of a Genevan are, who now looks down upon his native city from the Chateau de l'Hermitage, may be conceived without any great effort of the imagination. I declare to you, that when full of this passage of Monsieur de Saussure, I placed myself as he describes, my feelings, stranger as I am, and from a very distant country, were those of sorrow and indignation. Revolutions must, I know, take place in the political, as fermentations do in the natural world; and I have that reliance on the ways of Heaven, which makes me hope, that every thing will still be for the best. But

when we reflect upon the waste of human life, which has taken place, from one extremity of France to the other; when we recollect how genius and virtue have been baffled and insulted; when we behold the individuals, whom the triumph of vice and the caprice of fortune have elevated, and who are now decorated with those distinctions in society, which but a few years before constituted the only crime that hurried numbers to execution, or into exile. When we reflect upon the exertions that have been made, and the sacrifices that have been endured by a great, a gallant, and a generous nation, and consider what a death stroke has been given not only to the liberty of their defenceless neighbour, but to every thing like liberty among themselves; we cannot but presume to hope, that Providence has condescended to contract an enormous debt towards a great portion of mankind, which will be paid hereafter to their posterity.

The ride to Ferney occupied a morning very agreeably. You will see in the descriptions of various travellers a good account of the house and of the neighbouring town, which does infinite honour to the sagacity, to the taste, and to the humanity of Voltaire. The bed in which he lay, and the furniture of his chamber, remain as he left them, and there are several valuable pictures of distinguished persons hanging up in the room. The King of Prussia's put me in mind of our old friend Baron de Steuben, but the eyes, though blue, are very far from being such as bespeak a melting soul. They

are the eyes of a tiger in the act of leaping upon his prey. The memoirs of Thiebaud, which I lately read, relate entirely to the court of Berlin, and to the private life of this great King, who was a warrior in the field, and a wit in society, and who being deficient neither in resolution nor address, was careful that no scruple of conscience nor affectation of delicacy should make him deviate from his purposes, or fail of success. He could bear adversity too with firmness, and more than once rose superiour to defeats, that might, with a chief of another character, have proved fatal to a monarchy that had been so scraped together and an army so composed. Though penurious by nature, he could be liberal to men of science, and was fond of architecture, of musick, and of poetry. In the government of his kingdom he was extremely attentive to whatever could promote the general prosperity, and so far deviated in private life from the usual customs of sovereign princes, as to be fond of company and conversation. With twelve cooks, who had each a separate department in his kitchen, he is said never to have owned more than six shirts at a time, and could be unmoved for years together at the sight of the man, whom of all others he was nearer to loving as a friend, but just removed above poverty. These memoirs will no doubt have been translated into English, and I advise you by all means to procure them: they will bring you better acquainted with some singular individuals, whom you may have heard of, and will disclose to you a great many original views of human life; you will see with sa-

tisfaction, that the account which Baron de Trenck gives of himself, is by no means a romance, and that he was a person of more merit, and still less deserving of his hard fate, than appears even by his own memoirs ; you will be struck also with the extremes of superstition and incredulity in the celebrated author of the Jewish Letters ; he could ridicule those who said their prayers, and yet would not upon any account but have turned the head of his bedstead to the East, and could never be prevailed upon to begin a work or undertake a journey on a Friday. The conduct of the King towards him in his old age, puts the friendship of the great and powerful in a very striking point of view.

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## LETTER XLI.

MY DEAR E ———,

My next excursion with my brother was to Meillerai, along the Savoy side of the lake. The country is by no means as well inhabited or as well cultivated as the Pays de Vaud ; the soil indeed is not in general as good, nor the exposure as favourable for the cultivation of the vine ; and the government of the King of Sardinia, though not oppressive, was not such as gave encouragement to industry and to the arts. At present the inhabitants seem rather stunned, than roused, and not well awake from the death-like slumber of former times. The town of Thonon, which we passed through, is advantageously situated for trade either with the interior coun-

try, or with the opposite shore of Switzerland, but appears the seat of poverty and of uncleanness. At the northern extremity there is a terrace which commands a view of the whole extent of the lake from Chillon to the neighbourhood of Geneva, and along the fertile countries of La Vaux, and La Cote; it also commands a nearer view of the antique mansion of Ripaille, where Amadeus of Savoy spent his time so agreeably. The weather was not favourable to our going there, though we passed very near it, but my disappointment was allayed by knowing it to have been confiscated, a circumstance which has often thrown a repulsive gloom over places that I could have visited with pleasure, both in America and in Europe. A company of speculators from the Pays de Vaud, purchased in the time of assignats this ancient residence of princes and priests, with its venerable cloisters and its chapel, this noble domain of vineyards and meadows, with its spacious park and its extensive woods of old and lofty trees, for less money, than the tiles which cover the principal buildings would now sell for. There must surely come a time, when the government of France will revise these sales, and let the injustice of confiscation be in some measure expiated by the publick advantage derived from it. Near Evian is a mineral spring, which is frequented by great numbers of people every summer, and the town itself might be rendered a place of delightful residence. It stands on the slope of a fertile hill, which leads down to the lake in a beautiful and healthy country, and with a command of gushing waters like those of

Staunton ; but the streets are dark and dirty, the houses bespeak wretchedness and indolence, and the waters which might be made to answer so many delightful purposes, are sacrificed to the working of a few ill constructed mills. Immediately out of Evian the road descends to the brink of the lake, and follows it three or four miles, so as to remind us very much of Long-bay ; but instead of the misshapen heaps of sand on one side, there are vineyards, and shady woods, or green fields thickly interspersed with walnut trees. Nothing, however, not even the lake of Geneva, and its fertile banks, could efface from my mind the remembrance of the great ocean, which is perhaps of all objects the most sublime. In about an hour from Evian we reached the commencement of the new road, which is at first a stately causeway, and then a terrace cut in the rock, where it descends almost in a precipice to the side of the water. This, when finished, will be the common passage into Italy, and will no doubt be travelled by many a young man, who, with the whole scenery of the Nouvelle Heloise before his eyes, will conceit that he is passing under the very rock that St. Preux wrote from. Meillerai is a miserable village of fishermen and raisers of stone, who cannot be made to understand the advantage they are to derive from a road being carried through their country ; in a few years they will know better, and will think no longer of a little piece of garden ground, or of a favourite walnut-tree, which may have been sacrificed upon the occasion. We took a boat and rowed out upon the lake, and the little



narrow street of wretched houses we had just left, seemed now, as they presented themselves in a bay upon the margin of a smooth lake, and beneath impending woods, to be the very seat of blissful retirement. The part we now floated on is known by actual sounding to be upwards of 1000 feet in depth, so that the mountain behind the house at Belvoir would form a little island of a few acres, which is all that the lake requires to complete the beauty of its scenery. I should have said more to you at times of this great lake, but the account given of it by Coxe, contains every thing worth your notice. That sudden increase and decrease of the water upon the shore, which he mentions as taking place at times, is as inexplicable as ever. It is as if some superiour power amused itself with setting the waters of this great basin in motion, as children might those of a bucket; there is a periodical increase in the month of August, more easily accounted for, as it is evidently connected with the melting of the snow, and this fortunately is the case, when from the heat of the sun, and the dryness of the season, the exhalations from the shores of the lake might otherwise be dangerous.

We returned to Geneva the next day, and my brother being no longer able to prolong his stay, I determined to accompany him by Vincy as far as Giez; these are two villages in the Pays de Vaud, the one near Rolle, and the other but a mile from Granson on the lake of Yverdun. I will tell you in a future letter, why you should be particularly interested in these villages, and hope that you will here-

after look for them in every large map of Switzerland you meet with. It is now the 13th of November, and we are once more fixed in Geneva for the winter, with the prospect of setting out for Paris in the spring. Of publick news I have said nothing. Indeed we know no more of what the greater powers intend, than the spectators of the opera do of the machinery behind the scenes. The powers of Germany seem taken in by France as Atalanta was by Meleager, they are, besides, humility itself. Russia swells and threatens, but does nothing, and the King of Naples is as between Scylla and Charybdis, for Russia and France have each made demands, and he cannot comply with those of the one power, without embroiling himself with the other. Switzerland and the Seven United Provinces, now known by the name of the Batavian Republick, are, it seems, on the eve of some great change, under the pressure of that mighty hand which moulds them as it pleases. In short, of all Europe, the little republick of St. Marino seems the wisest and the happiest portion. They had the good sense some years ago to refuse an accession of territory, which was offered them by the Directory of France, and now reap the reward of it. I wish our government in America had been possessed of the same spirit of moderation. Our rulers were fearful of a dangerous neighbour in Louisiana, but the proximity of hostile powers acting like the pressure of water upon the component parts of a crazy vessel, might have kept the various States united much longer than I now see a prospect of. The crimes and the misfortunes of

Europe will not, however, I hope, have been exhibited to our view without some good consequences; the principles of revolt and of insurrection will not surely be confounded with the rights of man.

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## LETTER XLII.

MY DEAR E——,

At this time last year, I little imagined that I should pass another summer near Geneva, but a variety of circumstances have contributed to keep us here; there needed no great violence, as you may suppose, and I trust that we shall never have cause to regret it. We are now at Secheron, where we have a very good house on the borders of the lake; and the pleasure of going upon the water of a fine afternoon is thus added to the many other enjoyments of this fine country. Our great and principal object of education for a part of the family, is promoted by our stay; your new sister will be better able to bear the fatigue of travelling, and your brother will enjoy the advantage of a paternal home a little longer. He will follow us in less than two years, and finish his education in his own country. The persons who direct our seminaries or universities in America are, I presume, upon a footing with the teachers and heads of houses of other countries; but their plan of instruction commences so soon, and goes on so rapidly, that a young man is often left un-

employed at a very awkward moment of his life. I was once in hopes that we should have had a great national school and university in a central part of the United States, where young men from different parts of the Union might have become acquainted in early life, and have been in some degree united ever after. A very small part of the sums so uselessly and unwisely lavished in the purchase of Louisiana, might have collected men of science in every branch of instruction, and have provided all the various apparatus for lectures on chymistry, astronomy, and experimental philosophy. It would no longer have been necessary for strangers to bring us acquainted with the natural history and geology of our country, a taste for the fine arts might have been introduced, and some liberal employment provided in time, for that immense accumulation of money, which all seem to aim at, and so many succeed in procuring. But all such views have vanished before the spirit of economy. I say economy, though parsimony, which is so frequently destructive of the very end it means to promote, would have been a more proper one.\* Those advantages which might have resulted to the youth of the United States in general, from a national university, seem to have been long enjoyed by the Virginians, who certainly owe a part of their preponderance in pub-

\* One of the first measures of Mr. Jefferson's administration was to propose the absolute and entire abolition of all internal taxes, substituting in their place certain customs and duties, rather, we fear, from an ill judged hostility to commerce, joined to an intemperate desire of popularity, than from any principle of financial reformation.

*Ed. Rev.—O ! Si sic Omnia !*

lic affairs, to their being very generally educated under the same professors ; it enables them to add discipline to the force of numbers, and to act as it were in column against the loose array and scattered forces of their political antagonists.

I will now go back to my journal, which finishes in my last, with a promise to give you some account of an excursion my brother and I had made into the Pays de Vaud. Immediately behind Granson, which you will find on any map of Switzerland, is situated the little village of Giez, where our kinsman Sir James K— passed a retired and blameless life of many years. He was heir at law to a good estate in Scotland, but was driven by circumstances, which there was no controlling, it seems, to give up all such prospects, and to remain satisfied with a moderate allowance made him by his younger brother. I passed some time with him, when I was formerly in Switzerland, and well remember, how much I had occasion to admire the cheerfulness with which he bore his misfortunes. He had then so nearly forgotten his native language, as to prefer expressing himself in French even to me, and had yet retained so much of the Scotch accent, that it was sometimes difficult for his children to comprehend him.

There was something in the circumstance of us, Americans, passing a day with a number of relations, at the foot of Mount Jura, that was singular and almost romantick. They received and treated us with the greatest kindness and hospitality, in a house which bespoke a decent plenty, which is better than opulence ; they talked over, but without bitterness,

the injustice which the family had suffered in Scotland ; they showed us the good old gentleman's picture, done in his better days, with the family arms in one corner of it ; and pointed out the oak tree, under the shade of which it had been his desire to be buried. Between the village and the lake is the field where the Duke of Burgundy held his head quarters, and the stone is still distinguished, on which, tradition says, he was seated, when he treacherously gave orders for the execution of the garrison of Granson. It is called, to this day, the stone of evil council, and has remained a memorial of the Duke's wickedness and folly, for upwards of three hundred years. It was on this stone he was seated too, it is said, when hearing of the approach of the Swiss, he most unwisely ordered his forces to advance and meet them, quitting then the open space near the lake, where his cavalry and artillery might have acted with efficacy against an enemy, who had neither, and giving them the advantage of a field of battle best suited to their mode of warfare, and their means of defence. One cannot but rejoice, even at this distance of time, at the success of these brave peasants over an insolent foe, who having been offended at some very trivial and unintentional offence, would listen to no excuse, and admit of no apology. You will see, or probably have seen, a very exact account of this war, so fatal to the house of Burgundy, in Mr. Coxe's account of Switzerland ; but it is related in a far more interesting manner by Philip de Comines, who was then attached to the Duke's service ; and who, though he after-

wards became the secretary, and confidential servant of Louis XI. the most bitter enemy of his old master, seems always to have retained a degree of affection for him. The treachery and imprudence of the Duke were yet more severely punished at Morat, than in the first battle ; but the trophy of that glorious victory, the ossuary in which the bones of the Burgundians had whitened for so many years, was destroyed by the French when they entered Switzerland. I can very well conceive their considering it as an object of evil omen, and so it might have been, had the Swiss continued united in these latter days, as they were in the 15th century. Ancient as well as modern history renders the whole of this country interesting. Yverdun and Orbe, every town, and almost every village we passed through, are known to have been Roman stations, and the road we travelled on was the same which was used in the time of the Cæsars. Some of these towns carry their pretensions to antiquity very far back indeed ; and were of the twelve, it is said, which the Helvetians were desirous of destroying, when they were about to change, as they supposed, the rigours of their climate, for the fertile fields, the vineyards, and the milder air of the south of France.

The lake of Yverdun appears to have been of much greater extent in former times ; and the town, which is known to have been on a narrow Peninsula, now owns a valuable tract of the low grounds between its walls and the margin of the water. A traveller who had leisure, and sufficient knowledge to select the proper objects of curiosity, might pass

some months in this country with very great satisfaction ; he might trace, in many instances, the operations of nature in the marks of those great convulsions which have deformed the surface of our globe, and in that secret growth and gradual transformation, which takes place in the course of revolving centuries ; he would be pleased too with the manners of the people, which have been less affected than one would suppose possible, by the bitterness of civil war, and retain a great deal of their former simplicity. Nothing perhaps is more expressive of that ancient good nature and good sense of which there are such valuable remains in Switzerland, than the peaceable and friendly manner, in which the important question of religion was decided at the reformation. Having heard, as they supposed, all that was worth hearing upon the subject, the people of each village and neighbourhood, assembled on a day agreed on, and put it to the vote whether they should be Catholicks or 'Protestants, nor was there an instance of the minority making the least opposition to the decision. In some parts of Switzerland, from local causes, or accidental circumstances, the inhabitants remained Catholicks ; but in the Pays de Vaud, where the fertility of the soil had promoted that intercourse with the world, in the exchange of articles of mutual use, which is generally accompanied by improvement in the arts and sciences, the general tendency was in favor of Protestantism. There were some exceptions, however, and there are two or three little villages which have remained attached to the old religion. What is still more singu-



lar, there is one where the inhabitants, being equally divided could come to no decision. They wisely resolved, however, not to quarrel about it, and have now continued for two centuries and upwards in the same place of worship.

Having parted with my brother at Giez, I returned to Geneva by the way of Vincy, but stopt for an hour at Allamans, which you will find on the map to the north of Rolle. Upon a gentle eminence overlooking a little village, is an old family-house; there is a spacious garden annexed to it, with a stream of water running through; and an ancient wood and natural terrace of nearly a mile, with a river at the foot of it, which is seen to enter the lake; on the other side of the lake, the view, after reposing for a moment on the slope of the vineyard near Thonon, loses itself in the Alps. Such is Allamans, and, if to the circumstances I have mentioned you add, that it is in the midst of a high, healthy, and well cultivated country, you will think it singular that the proprietor of such a place, who is also a man of very large fortune, should prefer passing his summer in Geneva. But the revolution in the Pays de Vaud, which destroyed the remains of the feudal system, has produced a bitterness of animosity between the former seigneurs and their vassals, which must render the residence of a castle unpleasant.

The event has not, however, been as injurious to the former as I once imagined, the government of the Pays de Vaud proceeding with a degree of liberality, which is to be admired in revolutionary times, granted the seigneurs twenty years purchase

of their allodial rights, reserving however, the tithes for themselves, and confounding very unjustly some cases of mortgages given at distant periods, with feudal tenures. As these indemnifications were made in what we should have called treasury indents in America ; and as there prevailed the same want of confidence in the government, as originally with us, they have been very generally parted with, and at a very great discount.

Vincy is the seat of a gentleman who married a grand-daughter of Sir James, and I felt myself here, as well as at Giez, in the house of a relation. It is in the finest part of La Côte, and situated in a manner to remind me very much of Belvoir. The mountain behind the house rises to about the same height, and they look down upon the lake, as you do on the tops of pine trees ; but after a space for a terrace before the door, and the garden ground, with a small portion of the mountain which furnishes firewood, the whole as far as the eye can reach, and down to the lake, is in a state of the highest cultivation and principally in vineyards.

Mr. de Vincy who served many years in Corsica, knew the late First Consul, and used to lend him books, as to a promising young man, that is, he used to permit him to come and read them at his quarters. It seems strange that I should use the expression of the *late* first consul, but it has pleased the great man who is at the head of the French nation after suffering his intentions to be previously surmised for some weeks, so as to sound the publick opinion, or rather to be further convinced of their passive

resignation to whatever he might choose, and amusing the world with the farce of a publick election, to declare himself Emperour, and it is expected that the Pope will be cajoled or compelled to attend at his coronation. The strangely brilliant fortune of this wonderful man has excited a great deal of curiosity and inquiry as to his earlier life, and I ought in justice to inform you, that he is generally represented, as having preserved a grave, and rather dignified demeanour ; and of having practised the virtues of obedience as an inferior, before he began to command. He is expected here in the course of next month, and it may be in my power to learn something interesting of his private life which I may communicate to you without indiscretion. To judge of him by what I as yet know, he appears to be a man of singular talents and of great attainments, and yet deficient in that sort of plain, I might almost call it vulgar good sense, which makes no splendid figure in life, but which is so useful in the arrangement of our private concerns. He has had opportunities of acting either as Monk did in England, as Timoleon did in Syracuse, or as Washington did in America. Perhaps the nation he served was capable of no situation in which such conduct would have placed it ; but some semblance of liberty might have been left, some consolation for the horrors of the revolution might have been afforded to those, who have been the sufferers in the contest. Recollecting the instability of fortune, he might have remained satisfied with being as great as Lewis XIV. in all his splendour ; he might have raised not humbled Spain, have

left Holland the advantages of neutrality during the present war, respected the independence of Switzerland, and not trampled upon the powers of Germany. He might still have pursued the glorious policy of uniting Italy under one sovereign, without aggrandizing himself and his relations; and feeling superiour to the angry passions of the moment, he might have refrained from an act, which all men condemn, and which will lie heavy on his conscience to the end of his life; unless, which you will say is very possible, I may have been misled in my opinion by publick report.

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## LETTER XLIII.

MY DEAR E——,

I AM not very certain but that you will think I have already said too much of Geneva; but you are yet to wade through a particular account of their plan of education; and I will endeavour to make you acquainted with the state of science in its various branches here, as far as my opportunities and my knowledge will enable me to do so. The little too, which I have said of their political differences, would admit of my adding considerably to that article, nor would it be difficult to attract your attention by some interesting descriptions: why, for instance, should we be made to admire the firmness of the Roman Senators, remaining in their places as

the Gauls entered the city, and know nothing of the affecting sight which the magistrates of Geneva afforded, when seated in their robes of office across the streets, they stopt the march of a column of mutinous citizens? You must trample upon our bodies, they said, before you can approach your fellow citizens with any hostile views. The sad scenes also which distinguish the times of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus in Plutarch, have been acted over and over again in Geneva, and the last moments of many of the victims of those frightful periods, have been such, as Plutarch would not have thought unworthy of being transmitted to posterity.

I will return to this subject hereafter, perhaps, but will in the mean time give you some idea of a short tour which your brother and I are just returned from. Our object was to fill up the interval of a vacation at school in the most agreeable manner, and the result of the family council held upon the occasion was, that we should cross the Alps and go by Turin as far as Milan. Your brother was delighted at the prospect of seeing another nation, of hearing another language, of pursuing the road of Hannibal, and of breathing the air of Italy, which had produced so many great men; and I was to attend him as the Sybil does *Æneas*, in order to explain some things, and to give him a distinct idea of others, which he will better comprehend hereafter. The little village of St. Julien put me in mind of the sisters of St. Claire, who experienced a hospitable and affectionate reception there, when they were compelled to quit their convent in Geneva; and our

first halt was at Frangy, which you will easily find, if you can prevail on yourself to spread a map of Savoy upon the table.

The inn was a castle in former days, and it still, even in its present degraded situation, retains somewhat of a castle-like appearance. I remembered stopping at the same house about seven and twenty years ago, with two English gentlemen, one of whom is distinguished by Dr. Moore in this tour, by the letter H, which was the initial letter of his name; he was then, when we dined together at Frangy, a sprightly, good humoured, handsome young man, of large fortune, and still greater expectations; unfortunately for himself and for mankind, to whom he would have proved an ornament, he was desirous of distinction, but totally mistook the proper road which led to it; he lost his money at cards, although he hated gaming; and drank to excess without any passion for liquor. He so managed, in short, that his fortune and his constitution expired together, at the early age of five or six and twenty.

*" 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool."*

The little town of Frangy lies at the bottom of a circle of hills, surrounding it like a funnel; these slopes have long been distinguished for the wine they produce, and which Rousseau says, contributed as much as the arguments of the curate, to make him abandon the Protestant faith. The whole surface of the country resembles that of the ocean in a storm of an immense scale; we found ourselves at one moment upwards of a thousand feet above the level of the lake of Geneva, and then the mo-

ment after nearly two hundred feet below it. We stopt at Rumilly for the night, after ascertaining the spot as we entered the town over a bridge, where two young people travelling in a chaise, were some years ago exposed to a frightful fall. The postillion perceiving that the impulse of the carriage would prevent his turning in time to reach the bridge, had left them to their fate on the brink of a precipice of upwards of sixty feet, down which they were precipitated, so as to fall on the edge of the river; the horses were killed, and the chaise crushed, but it had fallen on the top where there was an imperial filled with clothes, the shock had been by that means diminished, and the young people escaped unhurt.

As we arrived early in the evening, we had time to walk about the town, and found a guide for that purpose in a well looking woman, who had formerly, she told us, been a nun, and who carried us to the ruins of her convent; the church had been converted into a store-house, and a detachment of gendarmerie was in possession of what remained of the cells; this was a sight which our guide had not been yet rendered callous to, and I observed a sort of satisfaction in her eyes, when she told us of a fatal accident which had happened to one of the principal purchasers of the convent. She had known more sorrow during six years in the world she told me, than during fourteen in her former recluse life.

In continuing our route towards Aix, we were soon, as you will perceive by the map, between two small lakes, that of Bourget, which we now and then got a glimpse of, and that of Annecy at a greater

distance on our left. There is something extremely picturesque in the appearance of a lake surrounded by lofty mountains, that of Annecy in particular, the borders of which, though rising abruptly, are in the highest state of cultivation, and have excited the admiration of all travellers. That of Bourget extended most probably, in former times, as far as Chambéri, it is now about nine miles long, but forms a source of variety and amusement to the valetudinarians, who take the water of Aix. We arrived at this little watering place before the service of the church had commenced; it was Sunday, and we were diverted at the arts of a religious mountebank. He was selling crosses of pewter, which had been blessed by the Pope, and finding the crowd of peasants rather slow in purchasing, although he spoke with wonderful volubility; he took out a fiddle from under his cloak, and proposed to the assembly, that they should join him in a hymn. Orpheus himself could hardly have been more powerful; they now began to buy after the first two or three stanzas, and the whole stock of crosses was disposed of at the rate of six sous a piece, before the hymn was finished.

Aix seems to have been a place of favourite residence in the time of the Roman empire, and to have been inhabited by opulent people. There are several remains of antiquity, and a set of vapour baths which might be restored to use at no great expense. Many of the vats into which the water was received, and which were cased with marble, are still entire, as well as the tubes which conveyed the vapour; nothing struck me more than the size



of the bricks made use of in this subterraneous edifice; they were in general of the dimensions of six by twelve inches, and seemed to have been materials worthy of those who built for posterity. Chambéri, so long the capital of Savoy, is a town of about ten thousand inhabitants, situated in a pleasant valley of well cultivated fields, without any great marks of opulence either within or around it. Rousseau has given a very interesting picture of the inhabitants in his time, and one naturally looks out for the Charmettes in descending by a noble road, from the upper part of which there is a prospect of the whole country. You know the life he led there with Madame de Warrens, for whom I cannot feel as Arthur Young pretends he did. Her good nature was folly itself, and the most sacred of all names seems have been applied in a very unworthy manner.

From Chambéri, where we remained but an hour or two, we passed on to Montmelian, and thence to Aiguebelle, where we stopped for the night. Not far from this little town is the mountain of St. George, which abounds with copper ore, and where the possibility of getting rich in a short time entices a great many of the neighbouring peasantry to quit the far more certain pursuits of agriculture. It is a sort of lottery, which they cannot resist the fascination of. The dealers in copper ore, who attend, are always ready to purchase, at a low price indeed, but for ready money, whatever the labourers are so fortunate as to find, or to advance them small sums; and these poor people, who are miserably clothed

and fed, after many years of a most laborious occupation, are generally seen to die in extreme want. We went down into the smelting room, says the author which I have before me, and found one of the artificers preparing his dinner. He was a man advanced in years, whose gray hairs and venerable beard assumed somewhat of a paler hue from the dim light of the burning dross of the furnace; over these he had placed a small iron pot, in which he was dipping from time to time the bird that he meant to make a meal of, as soon as he could get the feathers off; it was a crow, and such wretched fare seemed but too well suited to the squalidness of his appearance; we pitied him for both.\* There have been several fatal instances in this country of parts of mountains which have suddenly given way and overwhelmed a portion of the plain. A league of country at a little distance from Chambéri still exhibits the effects of such a catastrophe, though it took place in the thirteenth century. Several villages were destroyed, and more would have shared their fate, had it not been for the interposition of our Lady of Mians,

\* Mr. Maw in his account of Brazils, observes "that a passion for mining is generally fatal to the lower orders of the people wherever it prevails; it deludes them with a prospect of becoming suddenly rich, and creating a disgust for labour, entails want and wretchedness upon them. I observed even in this district, says he, that those who devoted themselves wholly to mining are in general badly clothed, and worse fed, whilst those who attended to agriculture alone, were well provided with every necessary of life."

All these advantages, speaking of one of the finest parts of the Brazils, are lost to the present occupiers, who consider them too cheap to be valuable, and are always hankering after the precious minerals, and seem to think, that the only standard for estimating the works of nature is the difficulty of acquiring them.

whose miraculous image may be still seen at a neighbouring church. Such at least was the publick opinion, and in a picture which relates to this event, the very devils who are supposed to have been the authors of the mischief, are made to bear testimony in confirmation of the miracle. Why, do you not push on, says one of the devils, who was busy scattering fragments of the mountain, it is only a step from here to Chimay? Why, you blockhead, says the other, do you not see our Lady of Mians, who is ready to drive us back again?

The Castle of Montmelian exhibits a poor appearance of ruined works and dismantled towers, and as the road winds up the hill on the opposite side of the river, it is very easy to understand the grounds of Sully's confidence as to the facility of taking it. We thought of Sully again at Aiguebelle, but there are no traces upon the neighbouring mountain of the fort which he so gallantly made himself master of.

We now entered the narrow vallies of the Alps, the sides of which were cultivated and chiefly in vines, wherever a little interval of soil amid barren rocks, would admit of it, while the river Arck rolled along at the bottom, bidding defiance to every species of navigation, and frequently rising from its natural limits to lay waste the narrow strip of low grounds which sometimes borders it. The great road which the French government is carrying on for the passage of the Alps begins hereabouts, and follows the course of the river. It will afford a safe and easy conveyance for troops and artillery, and the traveller in future times will hardly believe the ac-

counts of those who have preceded him. But what are we to think of Hannibal, who made his way through this country with all the incumbrances of a large army, and in opposition to the continued efforts of a fierce and warlike people?

I know there are various opinions as to the direction he took, but it added too much to the interesting nature of our journey, the believing ourselves passing over the same ground, and in view of the same rocks and precipices, which the Carthagenians did, not to agree with those, who are convinced that he crossed mount Cenis. The common tradition of the country is in favour of it, and even points out the places where the Carthagenians were attacked. The village of Solliers, which you will find on the map, is supposed to be about the place where the mountaineers made a desperate assault upon them, and where the great Hannibal must have passed a wretched night.

We now ascended almost continually through a savage country, fit only for wolves and bears to roam at large in, and overgrown with mountain pine, the appearance of scattered cultivation had ceased, and the rushing of torrents precipitating themselves from rock to rock, was heard on all sides. Lanslebourg is a large village, altogether inhabited by muleteers and chairmen, who are at the service of those who wish to cross the mountain, and the traveller is saved both from their importunity and their imposition, by a system of police, which is strictly carried into execution.

## LETTER XLIV.

MY DEAR E——,

WE could not bear that there should be but a few miles between us and a prospect of Italy, and determined to ascend the mountain on the evening of our arrival at Lanslebourg. We had figured to ourselves some projecting rock from which Hannibal might be supposed to have pointed out the fertile plains below to the impatient curiosity of his soldiers; but no such rock appeared; we found ourselves on a plain when we ascended, and this terminated by a gentle slope in a very pretty lake of between three and four miles in circuit. There was still some snow on the plain, but in small masses, and there was the commencement of a most luxuriant vegetation.

I have mentioned to you before, that the lake of Geneva is twelve hundred and forty feet above the sea. Lanslebourg is three thousand three hundred and eighty two feet above the lake of Geneva, and the plain of mount Cenis is about two thousand two hundred feet above Lanslebourg, so that the little Inn where your brother and I found a bed for the night, is nearly seven thousand feet higher than the level of the sea.

We began to descend at a very early hour the next day, and found time to admire the great efforts which the labourers upon the new road were making under the direction of a skilful engineer. Our guide pointed out to us also a sharp rock of prodigious height far upon our left, on the pinnacle of which,

is a Chapel dedicated to Notre dame de la Neige, whose image has been long renowned for many miraculous cures; this holy image is still visited and adored by great numbers, in the month of August particularly, notwithstanding the fatal accidents which so dangerous a pilgrimage has given rise to; two thousand persons have been seen there at a time, and as there is only room on the point of the rock for the Chapel, and within the Chapel for the priest who officiates, the congregation is in clusters, as they can best place themselves, like pigeons, on a house top. The priest, whose mode of life may be supposed to have rendered him less expert in climbing, is generally assisted in the ascent and descent by a rope about his body; but it frequently happens, that some one, whom devotion has ceased to inspire, either falls asleep during the service, or makes a false step, or remains too late to find the way home, and is precipitated into the abyss. With a view of saving these pious people from danger, the government had the holy image removed to Sura, a few years before the revolution, but it was missing the next morning from the Sanctuary, where it had been deposited with all due reverence, and was found precisely in the niche it had formerly occupied. So at least are all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood persuaded, nor can they of course have the smallest doubt of the divine interposition on the occasion. I saw another Chapel similarly situated on the Savoy side of the Alps, to which it was customary, I was informed, to convey such infants as die without baptism, and whom the tenderness of their parents very na-

turally endeavoured to rescue from the penalties which the Roman church denounces in such cases. The child, after some time past in prayer by the attendants, and after the proper gifts have been placed on the altar, is always seen to give some sign of life, and this however small, is always such as justifies the immediate administration of baptism. It is interesting to observe how the human mind takes refuge in one absurdity from the consequences of another. You will find in the celebrated letters of Doctor Middleton from Rome, an account of these two Chapels, and some observations on the tendency which men in all ages have manifested to acts of worship on high places:\* but it is to be regretted, I think, that the degree of enthusiasm, which the mind so generally experiences in the pure air of lofty mountains, should be perverted to the purposes of superstition. We are now in Italy; to the bleak rocks and snowy extremities which surrounded the plain of mount Cenis, succeeded the verdant fields and vineyards of the neighbourhood of La Novaleze, and a softness and sweetness in the air not unlike the refreshing breezes of the sea after a hot day. You will find an

\* Sentiments of devotion I have always found the first to take possession of the mind on ascending lofty places, says a philosophical traveller\* of our nation, who was not perhaps aware how much this idea belongs to a system of superstition which he can certainly have no reverence for. The nearer that mortals approached to divinity, the more distinctly was it supposed that their prayers would be heard, and that he dwelt exclusively in the regions above, seemed to be the general opinion. I have always thought that the custom which our clergymen have of turning up the eyes in prayer, a relic of this ancient superstition.

\* Adams on Silesia.

account of Piedmont in any history of modern Europe, and will learn how the Dukes of Savoy were first entitled to a portion of that fertile country, and how they had been able to add one province to another. Nor would it have been difficult to have brought all Italy by degrees under their subjection. Had they more generally possessed the talents of Victor Amadeus, (the first of the Dukes of Savoy, who added a regal title to the hereditary honours of their house,) by using, as he observed the precaution of a person who, in eating an artichoke, is satisfied to take one leaf after another. The history of this great prince, who acted so conspicuous a part in the wars and politicks of the earlier part of the last century, is a very interesting one, and the termination of it such as to excite our compassion even at this distance of time. Tired of state affairs and embarrassed with contradictory engagements, and hoping for tranquillity in retirement, and in the society of a lady whom he was very much attached to, he, in an evil hour, expressed a wish to resign the crown to his son Charles Emanuel; it was eagerly caught at, and, with almost as good a grace as Charles V., he in a few weeks carried his design into execution, but the demon Ennui awaited him, and love and devotion could not sufficiently occupy a mind, which had for fifty years ridden in the whirlwind of politicks, and frequently directed it. He began by degrees to betray symptoms of regret, and next expressed a wish to remount the throne. But the son would listen to no proposal of the sort, and pretending to believe, that his father was making such preparations to reinstate



himself by force, he had the old man seized in his bed at midnight, separated him from the lady he was known to be married to, and consigned him to a solitary castle for life, has consigned himself to the execration of mankind.

The Alps terminate by a much more rapid descent on the side of Piedmont than of Savoy, after which the traveller finds himself in a plain, which is by no means the case on the other side, where the surface of the earth for a considerable distance might be compared to the enormous waves to some great ocean in a storm. On both sides, the effects of an immense body of water in rapid motion at some distant period of time, are very apparent from circumstances which my former descriptions, if you have not forgotten them, will suggest to you. As soon as the charm of breathing the air of Italy had a little subsided, I began to be struck with the knavery and imposition of the few people we had any thing to do with, with the number of beggars in the small towns, and with the apparent poverty and wretchedness of the inhabitants, in what appeared one of the most fertile countries I had seen, where agriculture and the science of irrigation (and I think it deserves the name of science) seemed so well understood; and we observed that the windows and frequently the doors of houses were fortified by iron bars.

The Piedmontese countenance is very generally an animated one, but it too generally seems connected with that sort of imagination which would make a man an active member of a troop of banditti; hundreds might sit for the picture of Gil Blas's Captain Rolando. Those I saw at work in the fields

were generally ragged and had a hungry look ; one poor man was ploughing, with a miserable horse and a little half-starved cow fastened to the same yoke. The drivers of carts and waggons were generally fast asleep on their loads. We now began to study the language, as Dean Swift somewhere mentions his studying poetry on sign posts ; and though the Piedmontese be but a sort of half Italian, it was impossible not to remark its superiour melody over the French of the other side of the Alps. We passed through Suze, once distinguished for its Citadel ; but this famous Brunetta, this key of the Alps, has been laid in ruins during the late war, and exhibits a most dreary appearance. We next passed through St. Antonin and stopped for a night at St. Ambrosio, where the church, though small, appeared to your brother and myself the very perfection of architecture. There were some good pictures too over the several altars, and we were now, we felt ourselves, in a country, where the arts had long been cultivated. The valley which had gradually widened, was here about a mile and a half across, and the two projecting branches of the Alps were seen to terminate abrupt'y.

M. De Saussure, to whom I am indebted for every thing that approaches an appearance of science in my descriptions, has described both these eminences with his usual accuracy. On Mount Musinet, which is to the left of the traveller who leaves the Alps, he found a great many pieces of a sort of stone, which, though perfectly opaque to appearance, is rendered transparent by being dipt in water. Doc-

ter Johnson would have called it hydrophanous, and he would have found some other epithet to express its being also rendered transparent when exposed to the action of fire. It would in either case afford a very happy emblem of a drunken or an angry man, who discloses all he has upon his mind. On the opposite mountain, which is called mount Picheriano, stand the very respectable remains of the Abbey of St. Michael, the monks of which having refused to submit to some new regulations towards the end of the sixteenth century, and change their mode of living, which was thought too worldly and luxurious, were removed to other convents, and their Abbey deserted. I have seen nothing in Europe more calculated to impress the mind with awe, than this ancient religious house, seated on a pinnacle, which rises full sixteen hundred feet perpendicularly above the streets of St. Ambrosio. The church is in very good repair, and a great part of the Abbey habitable; from about the centre of it there descends a stair case between a double row of tombs into a spacious vault below, and there, placed on a projection from the wall, are seen the dead of former times in the habit of their order; they are such probably as were removed from the tombs where they were first placed, in order to make room for others of their brethren, and the bones which are scattered about the immense floor, show that the removal was frequently destructive to what remained of the human frame in these wretched objects. A venerable Benedictine has chosen this place for his residence, and stays here

through the year with another individual who rings the bell of the church at certain hours and assists the good man in celebrating mass. He is said to be in comfortable circumstances, and to receive with great hospitality such as choose to visit him. What a fine scene would this Abbey have afforded Mrs. Radcliffe ! She might have described a traveller as taking shelter there in a stormy night, and as wandering down the great stair-case with one solitary taper ; a gust of wind might have extinguished this taper, and in the midst of a noise of desolation overhead, from the repeated peals of thunder, and the howling of the storm ; the succeeding flashes of lightening might have disclosed this scene of horror to his astonished eyes. It is not unworthy of remark, that M. de Saussure found several pebbles of various sorts of stone upon this eminence, and that they all appeared to have been rolled along in some current of water.

The approach to Turin is by a level road which was formerly shaded by a double row of trees, but the greater part of them have been sacrificed at different times to the wants of the French or Russians, who were quartered in the neighbourhood during the war. Turin, which is interesting from its great antiquity, which was besieged and taken by Hannibal, and relieved by Prince Eugene so many centuries after, and which the princes of Savoy had adorned with many stately buildings, and all the appendages of a court, has long been distinguished as the residence of several eminent artists. It is a very handsome place of seventy or eighty thousand

souls. The greater part of the streets cross each other at right angles, and as the houses of the one by which we entered, were set off by tapestry let down from the windows in honour of the Fête Dieu, we thought it by far the most superb city we had seen in Europe. We joined the crowd at mass in the great church, and stood behind the soldiers who were drawn up as it passed. Such pomp of exterior worship, such paganism, and so little devotion, quite put me out of conceit with the Roman Catholick system ; and the coarse jokes of the soldiers, who were kept from their dinner, expressed how little they felt themselves concerned in what was going on, or respected the occasion of their being under arms.

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## LETTER XLV.

MY DEAR E——,

You cannot expect that I should attempt to describe a place which I staid but two days at ; I must refer you, therefore, as I did in the south of France, to some printed account, which you may easily procure, and will only say a word or two of the Superga. This is an elegant church built on a high hill, in the neighbourhood of Turin, it is much admired for the architecture, for the handsome pillars which support the dome, and for the pictures and statues which it contains. In the vault below, which on any other occasion might pass for a handsome place

of worship, are the tombs of several of the Kings of Sardinia. That of Victor Amadeus attracted our attention above all, both from admiration of that great Prince, who contributed so much to enlarge the possessions of which his posterity has been despoiled, and for the admirable sculpture which adorns it. Your brother was particularly struck with the beauty and perfection of a female figure, which is meant to represent Religion. It has indeed all the noble simplicity which best adorns that daughter of heaven ; but he did not like that the emblems, which are held out as characteristick of divinity, should be a wafer and a cup.

From the cupola or top of the dome, the view is carried over an extensive country, either of plains or of moderate hills, and is bounded on two sides by the Alps, where the various passages by which different armies have entered Italy, from the time of Hannibal to that of Buonaparte, may be traced. A variety of towns and villages are also spread out under the observer, or appear to bound the horizon. He easily distinguishes the eminence in the neighbourhood of Turin, where the French head-quarters were, when Prince Eugene attacked them ; and the attendant will point out to him the palaces which were once the pride of the royal house of Savoy, but which are now the residence of persons whom fortune seems to be amusing herself with, as the Sultan does with the hospitable Hasan, in the Arabian Night's Entertainments.

Though the government of this country was acknowledged even at the time of its existence, to be

mild and paternal, there must have been some defects in the administration, or surely the inhabitants would not have submitted after so short a defence ; a degree of republicanism had perhaps sprung up amid the mercantile opulence of Turin ; and it is certain, that the officers of the royal army had rendered themselves odious, by treating all other professions with contempt. They were exclusively of the nobility, and their privileges as such, independently of the pride of profession, must have occasioned at times very unpleasant sensations to those at whose expense they were exercised. As a quiet unambitious citizen, I might have been satisfied under the restriction of not appearing at court, of not serving in the army, and of not taking my place at the theatre in certain parts of the house ; but I could with difficulty have submitted to the intrusion of every passing nobleman who might have a fancy to enter my house, and who might claim a right of doing so, if he heard the sound of a violin proceed from it, or had reason to suppose that I meant to give a ball to my acquaintance. It would seem as if the sovereigns of Europe had been satisfied with having guarded against all danger to their authority from the power of the nobility, and were indifferent to the vexations which *they* exercised over the inferior orders. It was so at least in France before the revolution, and so in almost every other country but England, where the nobility is wisely made to serve as a barrier against the equally dangerous encroachments of the crown and of the people, whilst their privileges, without being in any instance of an

odious nature, are yet so limited, that the far greater part of each noble family belongs to the order of the commons, or, as the French would say the *tiers état*. A circumstance which promises duration to their constitution (and long may it last) as much as any I am acquainted with. But to return to Turin, the causes I have alluded to, added to the love of change so natural to the human mind, were materials, which the poison of French principles, inculcated with all the energy of successful warfare, was well calculated to work upon. The sovereign himself was a good man, but weak and bigoted to excess, and the politics of his ally, the Emperour of Germany, were those of a cold-hearted, selfish individual. What would you think of a master of a vessel, who, before he relieved another in distress, were to stipulate for a third or a half of the cargo?

We went to the play at night, it happened to be the *Glorieux of Destouches*, which was miserably misunderstood and ill represented, and I was shocked, as I am at every French play, with the multiplied absurdities that arose from the author's determination to preserve the unity of place.

From Turin, we made a short day's journey to Cigliano, and entering the new Italian kingdom near Vercelli, proceeded through Novarra and Buffalona to Milan. There is no part of Europe, perhaps, where the rivers are more destructive in their inundations than in Italy, and yet none where the inhabitants know so well how to avail themselves of water in the cultivation of their lands; where a stream descends from neighbouring mountains, it is



generally with great rapidity, and it is easy if the means and knowledge is possessed, to give such a direction to a portion of it, as with less fall, will carry it gently along to any part of the country where it may be wanted. The canals which have been constructed for this purpose in Italy, serve also in many instances, as a mode of conveyance for merchandise, and for the produce of the soil. In rising from the low grounds of the Sesia, we passed three of them at the distance of some hundred yards from each other ; they were like artificial rivers more than canals, and must in the course of their return to the parent stream, communicate the benefits of irrigation to a prodigious extent ; they afford also a great facility to the establishment of various sorts of mills. One advantage which the Italians derive from the diffusion of water, is the facility of cultivating rice. Their mode of culture is a very different one from that practised in Carolina, the grain being sown at broad cast, and the land kept continually flowed. To this subject, however, and to the other sorts of culture which I could judge of myself, or obtain any information about, I mean, hereafter, to devote a letter or perhaps two, and will only observe at present, that the neighbourhood of rice fields seems as unfavorable to health in Italy, as it is in Carolina.

The labouring people, both in Piedmont and in the Milanese, make a more miserable appearance than our negroes ; they are as badly clothed, and scarcely eat meat from one year's end to another. Their misery does not, I presume arise from their

not being owners of the soil they till, but from the circumstance of their not holding their farms directly of the proprietor ; a middle man steps in between, and he, as you may suppose, has his fortune to make, and the expense of some luxury to defray. Great possessions or large farms may and do contribute to many improvements in canals, in machinery, and in the breed of cattle, but there is a sort of oppression arising out of them, which the law might, I should think, prevent, and they are fatal to the increase of the better sort of peasantry, who might in a time of publick danger form a nation's best barrier against an invading enemy. To the mere day labourer, the mere hireling, it can be of very little importance to whom the country belongs. You will see this subject, which I confess I understand but very imperfectly, well treated by Arthur Young.

If you trace us on the map, you will perceive that our road on the confines of Piedmont and the Milanese, led through a country of many rivers. These are generally crossed on bridges of boats, and are extremely rapid ; the Tesino is particularly so, and the neighbouring low grounds have all the appearance of being frequently overflowed. It was upon the banks of this river that the first action took place in Italy between the Carthagenians and the Romans ; the astonishment of Scipio in hearing that his opponent had crossed the Alps, must have been still greater than that of the Austrian General in 1801, and nothing could be more precipitate than his conduct. The Austrian General on the

contrary appears to have reposed in fatal security, and had already lost some of his artillery of reserve, and his principal hospitals, before he seems to have believed that he should be attacked. After all, the battle of Marengo is still an inexplicable event, the French were certainly defeated during the greater part of the day, nor is it possible to account for the despair and consternation of the Austrians the day after. A great many stories are told, which remind me of those that circulated in America, after the defeat of Count de Grasse; and this battle of Marengo, will, in all probability, be as great a mystery to posterity, as it is to us.\* Providence which intends, and which always in the end establishes what is best, proceeds by means best known to itself, and by ways, which to our feeble comprehension, are all mystery and contradiction. Not far from the field of battle of Scipio and of Hannibal, and probably near the village of Ro, which we passed through a few days afterwards, on the road from Milan to Sesto, was the scene of Marius's great victory over the Cimbri. You may read the particulars in Plutarch, and can easily suppose how much a reference to such events in history renders a journey more interesting.

It has been the hard fate of the people of the Milanese, that their country has been for ages an

\* It is a circumstance not creditable to the French nation, that they always account for a defeat by land or by sea, by asserting that the commanding officer was bribed. I believe, however, that there is in this more of that presumption, which unwillingly allows of any sort of inferiority whatsoever, than of any great tendency to corruption.

~~object of contest~~, to the greater powers of Europe, while they have possessed hardly any more means, or expressed any more inclination of taking part upon the occasion, than a parcel of frogs do, when two bulls are fighting in the neighbouring meadow. It is certain at least, that they have patiently submitted to be trampled upon by both parties.

The neighbourhood of the Tesino was frequently in former times the scene of robbery and assassination, for the river being the boundary of two States, it was easy for a robber or an assassin to elude the pursuit of the officers of justice. And even of late, all that the French police had left of those wretches in Piedmont and the Milanese, were supposed to be collected chiefly in this quarter, where there are deep and almost impassible swamps and islands of very difficult access. No danger was now to be apprehended, we were told, but that could not be entirely the case, for we frequently met parties of Gendarmerie conducting prisoners to a place of trial. Some of these wretches had such abominable countenances, that they haunted our imagination for several days afterwards, and particularly when we were later than usual in arriving at our inn. Our driver showed us a place not far from the Tesino, where the Diligence had been fired on two years ago; the coachman, a postilion, and the guard, with three inside passengers were killed, but the horses taking fright, ran away with the carriage to the next post-house, and thus saved a considerable sum of money, which had been the object of the villains who fired. The inns as I said, are tolerable, they are generally very large buildings with long corridors, which give privacy to the

rooms, and a balcony in front, and as to the living, it did for hungry travellers, who piqued themselves upon not being very delicate. The dishes generally contained what appeared like scraps, and I do not believe that a joint of meat, in any shape whatsoever, was a thing ever heard of out of the butchers's shop.

As I was walking along the balcony of one of these inns, I met with a French General of division, who seemed a well behaved and well informed man. We spoke of the revolution, which he had served in from the beginning. La Fayette, he said, was unfit for the part he undertook ; but *this man* had a strong head and a transcendant genius. Two crowns, in so short a time, was what the world had never witnessed before, and all Italy was at his disposal. I asked what was the political liberty so solemnly promised to the Italians at the late coronation? What it consisted in, and how it was secured? They were words of course, he said, to which the people themselves attach no meaning. He spoke a little English; and talked of Thomson and Pope, like a man who had read these authors, but he astonished me by asking, whether the Americans were really an independent sovereign people or not. He supposed us, I could perceive, as always under the controul of one or other of the great European powers, and but in the infancy of government. I should be grieved to think this stranger in the right, but he was, I fear, not altogether wrong. We are too apt to over rate our importance, as the fly does in one of Æsop's Fables, and are not perhaps so superiour, as in our insolence of youth, we are led to suppose, to what we are pleased to call the decrepi-

tude of Europe. Fauchet gave a sad picture of us, and so does Volney. But the time will come, I trust, when the ardent spirit of money-making will be more under the controul of integrity, when every sort of intellect will have its occupation, and meet with its reward, when we shall have Poets and Historians of our own, when the belles letters of foreign languages will be more diffused, and when we shall blush, that it should have proposed in Congress to declare ourselves the most enlightened nation on the globe.

We now approached the ancient city of Milan, over a well cultivated plain ; but I saw no country seats, and met with no travellers. There were some loaded carts and waggons, the drivers of which, or rather they who ought to have been the drivers, were fast asleep, and a few people at work in the fields who looked wretchedly. The sound of the French language was no longer heard, and we were struck with the soft terminations and melodious flow of the Italian, whenever we passed a village, and heard persons conversing. A beggar asking charity made use of words which seemed to command it, and even the accents of a coachman talking to his horses were delightful ; they were such as a lover might be satisfied to make use of in pouring out his heart to his mistress. I began, by degrees, to recollect the little I had formerly learnt of Italian, and we made out better than you would imagine.\*

\* Piedmont and Savoy have returned since the first abdication of Buonaparte to the ancient Royal Family, who had taken shelter in Sardinia during the storm of the French Revolution. It is to be hoped, they will have so far profited by their misfortunes as to amend those errors, which rendered the allegiance of their subjects so little to be depended on.

## LETTER XLVI.

MY DEAR E——,

MILLOT'S Elements of History may have told you all that was necessary to know of the Milanese and of its capital. I will only observe, therefore, that Milan appears to have been a place of importance at a very early period of the Roman republic, to have been afterwards the residence of an Emperour, and to have had its full share of those calamities, which assailed the declining ages of the Empire. It was for sometime a free imperial city, but becoming a prey to the dissensions and jealousy of several powerful citizens, one of these of the house Visconti was at length acknowledged and admitted as their sovereign in the twelfth century. It was in virtue of his near connexion with this family, that Louis the XIIth of France made so many efforts to get possession of the Milanese. He was succeeded in his pretensions by Francis the first, but the battle of Pavia put an end to all such views, and the Milanese remained annexed to the crown of Spain from 1525 to 1706. It has since been divided between the King of Sardinia and the house of Austria, and now forms a separate monarchy, the chief of which has assumed the proud title of King of Italy.

Milan is a large and well built city, containing upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; they appeared to me to be a handsome race of luxurious people, and I saw a great many splendid

equipages in the streets, and many marks of opulence. We arrived early in the morning of Sunday, and having a valet de place as a guide, went immediately after to the Cathedral, which nearly fills up one side of a large square. It is an immense building and covered as far as it is finished with marble. It looks more like a mountain than a church; it was with difficulty we made our way through a crowd in the square. They were collected in groups, and were some of them listening to three ballad singers on a temporary stage, while others were diverted by a puppet show, and others again were attentive to some experiments which a travelling natural philosopher was making with an electrical apparatus. Nothing could be more remote from England and America than such an audience so amused on such a day. There is something too in the Italian countenance, in the Italian expression of any feeling, that is far beyond the modes of speech and actions of other nations. It needed not all the pomp and dignity of the Catholic worship, to impress the mind with religious awe on entering the Cathedral, which is four hundred and eighty-six feet in length, and broad in proportion. A dome is suspended over head in the centre, at the height of two hundred and fifty-seven feet, and fifty-six columns of ninety feet in length and twenty-six round, seem but of a proportionate size to the mighty mass which they support; four of these columns are of oriental granite, and of a single piece. I am convinced that there are certain ideas which the mind readily admits, and perhaps with a



degree of admiration, but of which mere description is very inadequate to convey a proper sense. If the length and breath of this great Cathedral could be accurately laid down on the lawn before the door, and you could represent to yourself a church like that of St. Michael in Charleston, placed on the pavement, and reaching only to within one hundred feet of what we should call the ceiling in a building of another sort, your imagination would much more easily attain to the idea of greatness I mean to convey ; and do but trace a circle of twenty six feet upon the grass, if you wish to conceive an idea of the size of the columns. There are a number of altars to different Saints along the sides of the Cathedral, at which different individuals may be seen offering up their devotions, according, no doubt, to the opinion of the Saint's credit in heaven, or the particular case in human affairs, or the particular disorder in the human body, to which he has most frequently extended his influence in a miraculous manner. You will find in twenty different books, but particularly I believe in Robertson's Charles the Fifth, the origin of this worship of Saints ; than which nothing, not even the worship of Jupiter and Apollo, appears to be more absurd. If all Saints indeed had the merit of the Hermit in Switzerland, who brought two hostile parties of his fellow countrymen to listen to reason, when on the point of shedding each other's blood ; or of St. Charles Borromeo, who is in a particular manner venerated at Milan, we might smile at it inwardly, but we should respect the exaggerated gratitude of mankind.

The life of this distinguished individual, St. Charles, was but of short duration; but all that could be done by a man for the promotion of good morals, for the discipline of the church, for the encouragement of learning, and for the comfort and protection of the poor and the sick, was effected by his active and truly religious zeal and humanity. His shrine, which is at the upper end of the Cathedral, is held in the highest veneration. You will find a description in any book of travels through Italy of the ornaments which adorn it, and which I could not approach near enough to examine, on account of a crowd, who seemed in earnest devotion; while a priest was saying mass at a little altar near it. Having wandered about the Cathedral for some time, we ascended the steeple, and surveyed the city, now fortunately relieved of its famous citadel, which is in ruins. The highly cultivated neighbourhood, the various canals, and a long extent of the Alps, and the commencement of the Apennines; Marignan, where Francis the first taught the Swiss that they were not invincible, seemed at our feet, and Pavia, where all was lost except his honour, was visible at a distance, and Rebeck was pointed out to us; Rebeck, where Bayard supported to the last, the superiority of a soldier, who dies fighting for his country, over him who bears arms even successfully against it. A little attention to a book, and to a map I had in my hand, might have enabled me from this elevated situation of four hundred and ten feet above the plain, to trace out also the scene of other distinguished actions, which had taken place during the

war of the revolution, but I recede involuntarily from such inquiries, as I do from the death of Charles the 1st; and Louis XVIth in history, and as I remember receding, when a school-boy, from that of Hector in the Iliad. The Hospital which we next visited is upon a very great and liberal scale. In a long room, the doors of which are thrown open at a certain hour every day, we saw a double row of very clean beds, where the sick appeared to be many of them waited upon by their own children. In the late war, there have been fifteen hundred wounded men here at a time, and here many of these poor victims of ambition breathed their last. They were of all the various nations who were concerned in the contest; they lived, as long as they did live, in great harmony together, and were treated with equal humanity and attention.

I have mentioned to you, what is said of the apparent indifference of the Milanese, to what might be the event of the war, but this seemed at any moment to cease, as soon as fortune had declared herself. To them, the vanquished were always in the wrong,\* and they submitted, with cheerfulness almost, to the demands of the conqueror. Three hundred pounds (of 12 oz.) of plate were taken from this very hospital, when the French first entered Milan, as were all articles of gold and silver not necessary to the celebration of mass, from all the churches. The convents too were made to contribute very largely, and what had appeared at first

\* *Sequitur fortunam ut semper, et odit damnatos.*—JUVENAL.

but a ferocious rabble of half naked banditti, was converted into a well clothed, well equipped, and well paid army. I was glad to find that although several convents had been suppressed, there were still some left, and that those were now safe with their property under the protection of the law. "It may be improper that any young people should be allowed to take the vows, but to a man advanced in life, who has no family, or to a woman who has failed of a settlement in the married state, a convent affords very frequently the best retreat from inutility and want."—*Hume*.

We saw some good sculpture, and a great many good pictures; but I regretted that the talents of such distinguished artists should have been employed upon imaginary miracles and martyrdoms. At night we went to the great opera, for which we had in some measure prepared ourselves by reading the piece that was to be performed, but we by no means expected such a theatre. There were six rows of boxes, of thirty-six in each, besides an extensive pit, and an orchestra where there seemed at least fifty performers. I was delighted to see your brother so well pleased; he has had in some measure you know, a musical education, and yet confessed, that he had never heard musick before, or had conceived a possibility of such a union of harmony and melody; such sweet voices and such an accompaniment. The scene changed still more frequently, I observed, than upon the English stage, and the tendency of the audience, with all their taste and sensibility, was rather to encourage buffoonery

in the actors, than any other talent. The only actor very much applauded and encored, was one, who, describing in a song the pleasures of a country life, contrived to roar like a bull, to whistle like a bird, and to bleat like a sheep, besides dancing from time to time like a shepherd at a wedding.

The boxes are private property, and only lighted as it may suit the conveniency of those who occupy them, except that which was destined for the royal family, of which none of the illustrious individuals were present upon this occasion; but the box attracted universal admiration, and gave me an idea of that recess in a Chinese palace, where, on particular days, the divine spirit of the emperor is supposed to be present, though his person be at the distance of several leagues. There was a ballet, and a great deal of dancing in the Italian style, which Arthur Young has very happily described. It was quite a tempest of agility, and not a great way removed from tumbling; the principal man struck his forehead repeatedly with his feet, and the principal woman seemed to take a pleasure and a pride in showing more of her form than I care for describing. The dancing at Bordeaux was decency in comparison. The Italians excel in pantomime, and with their fine eyes, expressive countenances, and extreme agility, are able to convey any meaning in dumb show as if they spoke; but I will venture to assert, that their taste in dancing is false and licentious.

The division of Italy into a number of independent States, though unfavourable to their political

importance, and destructive of that national spirit, which might have formed the best defence of their common interests, was yet favourable to the progress of the arts and sciences. The houses of Gonzagae, of d'Este, of Medici, and of Farnesi afforded a constant patronage to literature, and have left such specimens of their taste in Architecture as will always command the admiration of travellers. At Parma, where the Farnesi held their court, the dimensions of the Opera house are stupendous. It has twelve rows of seats rising one above the other crowned by a double row of galleries above, and accommodates 12,000 persons with ease. The stage is so spacious as to afford room for the evolutions of cavalry, and can occasionally be filled with water. It then becomes a pool of no mean dimensions, and has frequently gratified the spectators with the representation of a naval action in imitation of the Naumachia of the Romans. But the wonder was that in so large a theatre not a word was lost to any part of the audience.

There is a great deal of literature, I am told, both in Milan and in Turin, and men of distinguished talents, who keep pace with the rest of Europe in the improvement of every art, and the progress of the sciences. Of this, however, we were by no means able to judge. I should have liked, had I remained a few days longer in Milan, to have found out the count Castiglione, who travelled through America about seventeen years ago, and has since published two volumes of his travels. His account of the northern states is, I believe, accurate, and did

he not exaggerate the horrors of slavery in Carolina, there would not be much to find fault with in that part of his book, as far as regards the sea-coast ; but the people of our upper country would be hardly satisfied with his account of them ; he confounds them with the people of our extreme western frontiers, and speaks in the strongest terms of their ignorance, their ferocity, and their fondness for spirituous liquors. Unfortunately for Virginia too, for a state which assumed so proud a station in the Union, the Count was not able to visit it ; his good opinion therefore was not won, nor his affections engaged by the kindness and hospitality he would certainly have experienced ; he believes every idle story about their gouging and biting, and their drunken revels at court-houses, and takes his description of their more tranquil scenes of life from Smyth, who represents the Virginians, if in good circumstances, as passing the day with hardly any other exertion than a walk to the stable after breakfast, and as stretched upon a matrass, with something to drink within his reach, during the sultry hours of summer, while one negro servant rubs the soles of his feet, and another keeps the flies off. If this should not appear a very exact description, and perhaps it is not of those immediately about you, let it at least have the effect of putting you upon your guard against every printed account to the prejudice of other countries, and do not let an English traveller persuade you, that because an Italian lady is always attended by a Cicesbeo, she is therefore lost to every idea of virtue and propriety. The mo-

vals of Milan are said to be better than those of other parts of Italy, and the hospitality of the great nobility is very much applauded by those who have been in a situation to judge of it.

Your brother and I crept along unknowing and unknown, and could judge only of what we saw ; but we passed our time delightfully.

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## LETTER XLVII.

MY DEAR E——,

WE passed an hour at the library, which appears well supplied with the best authors in all languages, and very well regulated. There is a long table, at which as many as choose to read, are furnished with any book they desire, and with the means of making extracts, and the most profound silence is observed. We had no time, as you may suppose, either to read or make extracts, but got into a carriage, which was waiting for us, and proceeded to Lodi. You will see in Young, a very just account of the road we passed along, and a very lively description of the effects of good pastures and well understood irrigation. No people, indeed, I am told, understand the management and use of water better than the Italians, and it is to this knowledge that the city of Milan, and a great extent of country in its neighbourhood, is indebted for all the advantages of fertility and commerce. One canal, as you may observe by



the map, joins the waters of the Tessin, and another those of the Adda, to the city ; and a third is prepared to receive the superabundance, which may at any time be occasioned by sudden rains, and conduct it, so as to render it of service.

Our object in going to Lodi, was to visit the bridge, which gives name to an action, that took place there between the French and the Austrians in 1797, and which decided the fate of the campaign. Notwithstanding the success of the French on several occasions, and the pusillanimity of the smaller powers of Italy, who were beginning to offer up to their invader, those resources, which might have afforded them the means of honourable defence. The Piedmontese were still numerous, and a well appointed army of the Austrians holding the left of the Adda, rendered the possession of Milan insecure to the French. It was an object with Bonaparte, therefore, to force the bridge of Lodi, which crosses the Adda at a place where the river is about two hundred yards broad, and the breadth of the bridge is about ten. A battery of cannon commanded the whole length of it by a raking fire, while other batteries above and below, threatened destruction to any force that should attempt to cross. It would have been wiser, however, in the Austrian general to have cut the bridge, or to have placed a fire ship under it. Without losing a moment, though it was late in the evening when he arrived at Lodi, Bonaparte thinking, as Cæsar would have thought, that nothing was done, while any thing remained to be effected; ordered the passage to be attempted, and

a column of the French, headed by the principal general officers of their army, persevering, after a moment's hesitation, under a deadly fire,—this most singular instance of military enthusiasm and audacity was crowned with complete success. The Austrians were driven from their batteries, the Piedmontese army lost all spirit of resistance, and the people of Italy, as if awaking from a dream of many ages at the cry of liberty, aided the arms of France in overturning the government of their different Sovereigns. We now know what that promised liberty ended in; that all the powers of Italy, except the Neapolitan dominion, and a part of the Venetian territory, are become, though under various names, but mere appendages to France, and that this interesting country, after having been ravaged by contending armies, having been deprived of thousands of its youth, and despoiled of its treasures, and of those precious remains of antiquity, which had escaped the rapacity of former conquerors, is as remote from liberty as in the days of Augustus. If liberty alone were all that the neighbourhood of Rome had been deprived of in a lapse of ages, there might be no great cause of regret. Liberty cannot exist without laws; it is like a sword in unskilful hands, which is upon many occasions more dangerous than useful to the holder. But the wretched inhabitants of Campania are the prey of hunger and disease, and that coast which was once covered with shady groves and beautiful gardens, and the country houses of opulent citizens, is now a naked and frightful solitude. This melancholy change arises,

no doubt, in some measure, from the defects of the Papal government, which has not been roused, it seems, to a proper sense of its interests, even by the losses and sufferings of the late war. There is still the same impunity of assassination, and a defect of regulation in supplying the wants of the city, and in providing for the real poor. The farmer is still obliged to sell his grain at a stipulated price, and a numerous race of active beggars are still suffered to defraud the helpless of that charity, which might alleviate their distress. But the principal cause of the present miserable and abandoned appearance of ancient Latium, is to be traced to the noxious qualities of the atmosphere, now no longer purified by the growth of lofty trees, or corrected by smoke. The Campanian fever, which the Roman writers speak of, must have existed in a much less degree, and been infinitely less fatal than that of modern times, as the most industrious peasants, and the hardiest warriors of the infant republick were from Campania. It is now a desert. A very small portion, at most, of the land is planted, and even the grain, which that produces, would remain unharvested, were it not for labourers, who come from a distance to offer their services.

In the days of Roman greatness, Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, was a city of eighty thousand souls, where valetudinarians repaired in numbers for the advantages of bathing and sea air. The banks of the river on the way to Rome, were covered with villas; and on the neighbouring island, which was formed by the branches of the Tiber

where it falls into the sea, and which was known by the venerable appellation of the Sacred Island, was the temple of Apollo, in whose honour there were games celebrated every five years. These games consisted of races on foot, in chariots, on horses, and in barges on the river, and we may well imagine, that nothing which taste could design, or a profusion of wealth could execute, was wanting to render them attractive and magnificent. The traveller on his way to Ostia, now enters into a perfect desert at a short distance from Rome, and finds no house but a single miserable inn, during the whole of the remaining twenty, or twenty-two miles. He then beholds an enclosure of ancient and lofty walls, where four or five houses, with two towers in ruins, form a square, with a church in the middle, and that, he is told, is Ostia, the inhabitants of which are the keepers of two or three drinking-houses, and the wretched soldiers who guard the still more wretched galley-slaves ; to complete this scene of wretchedness, the author, from whom I derive the account I now give you, and whom I have the advantage to be acquainted with, says, that the town and the neighbourhood were infested when he was there, by mad dogs, and that the people could not be persuaded to shoot such as had been bit ; one had nothing to do, they said, but to make an incision upon a dog's head in the form of a cross, as soon as he began to sicken, and there was not the least danger of his going mad. What think you of such a residence as Ostia, amid the clanking of chains, joined to pestilence and famine, and mad dogs and

superstition ? The change of appearance on the Sacred Island is little better than what has taken place at Ostia ; a solitary house protects the herdsmen, who have the care of the cattle that graze upon it, and one of the vaults of the ruined temple of Apollo serves as a dairy. In an extent of a hundred leagues square, there are hardly so many inhabitants, nor as many families in the whole extent of ancient Latium, as there were formerly different tribes, and you will be grieved to think, that these poor remains of the human race, have no other subsistence than bread, which is brought from Rome, and raw herbs ; a young man of eighteen, who acted as guide to M. de Boustetten, whose work has furnished me with the details I have given you, being invited to partake of the dinner that was carried in a basket, said that he knew that what he was helped to, was meat, for he had eaten some once before. Having with Virgil in his hand,\* examined the entrance of the Tyber, and ascertained the position, which the poet assigns the Trojans immediately after their debarkation, and the site of the besieging army, and the outlet, which Nisus and Euryalus availed themselves of, M. de Boustetten continued his walk along the coast, and soon discovered, what he had every reason to suppose, the ruins of the villa

\* I can easily conceive, that the six last books of Virgil, which are generally thought inferior to the six first, must, to his cotemporaries, and for some ages after, have proved the most interesting. They must have given a charm to every short excursion out of Rome, by adding to every stream and to every hill, somewhat of that interest, which a traveller in Scotland must now receive from the poems of Walter Scott.

of Hortensius, and presently after, those of the villa of Pliny. You may see in Melmoth's translation of Pliny's letters, how beautifully the whole coast was diversified in those days, with contiguous or detached villas, and with towns and villages. On one side, the orator commanded a view of the town of Laurentium, and on the other, there was the noble city of Ostia, whilst the sea seemed covered at times, with vessels from different countries, freighted with their produce, and with the means of that luxury, in the enjoyment of which, the great men of Rome were satisfied to lose every idea of former days. A few isolated heaps of ruined buildings, among which the cattle are seen grazing, now indicate the places where towns and villages once stood, or magnificent villas were erected, whilst a fishing boat or two out at sea, or now and then a passing merchant vessel, break the uniform expanse of water. All is silence and desolation. Another author, whose works I shall mention to you more particularly hereafter, (Chateaubriand,) has given a description of the neighbourhood of Rome, which I despair of doing justice to in a translation. It is contained in a letter to a friend, and composed in a style, which religion and the spirit of poetry seemed to have inspired and adorned. "A growth of withered grass, which the eye of the traveller easily mistakes for the promises of a plentiful harvest, very frequently conceals the traces of some ancient road, but no modern path bespeaks the haunt of men; no labourers are seen at work, no flocks and herds are wandering at large, hardly a tree gives variety to the scene,

which is made up of ruined aqueducts and tombs, with here and there a miserable house, either deserted altogether, or guarded by some poor wretch, a prey to poverty and fever. One might suppose, that no nation had dared to occupy the fields which had been cultivated by the masters of the world, or that the denunciations of the prophet Isaiah against Babylon and Tyre, were here exemplified against the Campania of Rome. It is in the midst of this sad scene, this extent of dreary and inhospitable wilds, that the immortal city presents itself, a city which has twice, and for a lapse of ages, governed mankind, which has survived so many vicissitudes, and which now, in its decline, gives rise to recollections that elevate the mind of the beholder, and warm his heart to pity."

It was unpleasant, now that we were in Italy, to turn our backs upon Rome and Naples, but circumstances did not admit of our being much longer from Geneva, and it was your brother's consolation as it was mine, that it would probably be in his power to visit these interesting places hereafter. An attachment to Rome is one of the earliest passions of a schoolboy's mind ; (I speak after a lapse of many years, it is true, but from a strong recollection,) and the history of that renowned city excites all his sensibility. He admires Clœlia, he pities Lucretia, he is fired at the idea of Cocles opposed singly to a host of foes ; he learns from the example of Fabricius to put a proper value upon riches, when opposed to the duty we owe our country, and going back in imagination to the time when the republick had fal-

len into the hands of a few leading men, he takes part as warmly with the one or with the other, as if he had been in the circle of their friends. He exults at the victory of Sylla at the gates of Rome, or feels with Marius, when seated on the ruins of Carthage, all the bitterness of capricious fortune. The events, which take place at Pharsalia, at Philippi, and at Actium, as they rise in importance, so they engage his attention still more forcibly, and he is unthinkingly beguiled into knowledge ; but when the first eagerness of curiosity is satisfied, and his sensibility impaired, or perhaps I should say improved, he reads with other eyes ; he admires the talents for war, and the genius for legislation, which distinguished the chief, who first sought an asylum on the Capitoline hill : he sees the freedom of democracy, the wisdom of aristocracy, and the energy of monarchy, rudely but powerfully combined, and the infant republick forming itself to conquest in a bloody struggle for villages, which were afterwards the retreats of its wealthy citizens. The early sagacity of the Romans, in discerning and adopting the arms and usages of others, is soon obvious ; whilst the policy of the senate, the emulation of the consuls, and the martial enthusiasm and religious patriotism of the people, prepare the mind for their success in war. To these splendid events succeeds a long continuation of others of a very different nature, but conveying the most useful information to the citizen and the statesman ; and the history of Rome, even when the last triumph had been solemnized, the altar of victory overturned, and the imperial



city had sunk into a provincial town, is still highly interesting. A new order of things now arises, a new sort of dominion is established, and the sovereign of Rome, without fleets or armies, and frequently oppressed, and sometimes imprisoned, by those immediately about him, is seen to exercise an influence over mankind, which far exceeds what the power of the senate, or of the succeeding emperours, had ever attained to. In the course of events which next ensued, in the conflict between the imperial and papal jurisdictions, in the history of those Italian republicks, which sunk under the effects of their own intemperate liberty, we still trace with melancholy satisfaction, the fate of the immortal city. Nor has Italy, nor has Rome, as we all know, been without its full share of calamity in these latter times; but in addition to scenes so disgraceful to France, so fatal to the property and to the tranquillity of an ingenious, unoffending people, which have occurred in this ill fated country, there were circumstances so singular in themselves, and so little known, that I must digress a little longer, in order to bring you acquainted with them.\*

\* Extract of a letter from the Author to the Editors: "Forsyth, in his View of Italy, strangely represents Acton, the Neapolitan minister, as a wandering Barber. He was a gentleman of ancient family, (see Gibbon's posthumous works,) bred to the sea, who distinguished himself by saving the remnant of the Spanish army, after their unfortunate attempt upon Algiers, about the commencement of our revolutionary war.

"He commanded two small frigates in the service of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and boldly running them close to the shore, kept off the Moorish cavalry with his cannon. I was at Geneva at the time, and remember the applause it gained him; he afterwards became

While Bonaparte was amusing himself with preparing and publishing edicts, which were to form the minds, and to soften the manners of the Egyptians, Suwaroff had overrun Italy in a single campaign. The different posts, which the French had occupied in the Roman and Neapolitan states, either surrendered to a motley army of British marines and Russian and Turkish soldiers, or capitulated with the British commodore, who commanded on the coast ; a Turkish fleet sailed up the Adriatick for the protection of the inhabitants, and the Pope was guarded by a regiment of British light-horse. The Neapolitan court, meanwhile, which had retired to Palermo, was doing its utmost to overset the Parthenopeian republick, where the inhabitants of the capital were known to be sick of French fraternity, while those of the country had been pillaged and tormented in order to supply the wants of the French army. As the people of Calabria had never been brought to admit the French into their country, it was among them that the Cardinal Ruffo first showed himself. He was the agent of the court, was invested with full powers for that purpose, and availed himself of the ignorance, the enthusiasm, and courage of the Calabrians like a man of genius. Five persons were dressed and tutored for the purpose of representing the princes of the royal family, and as they were liberal in their promises of future promotion in the state and army, while the Cardinal and the priests who joined him, undertook

prime minister to the King of Naples, and did what could be done, in what was, perhaps, the worst of all governments."

for the next world, it was no difficult matter to collect an army. In addition to the nobility and gentry who offered their services on the occasion, were persons of every possible description ; every assassin, who had his peace to make with heaven and the king, was a good recruit, and a celebrated robber, an apostate priest,\* known throughout the country by the name of *Fratre Diavolo*, presented himself, with five hundred of his followers, before his eminence, and was considered as a very acceptable accession. The royal cause now bore down every thing before it ; Naples was taken, the royal government re-established, and numbers of those unfortunate persons, who had been any way connected with the temporary republick, were made to pay the penalty of their rashness. There are circumstances in this part of the narration I have before me, not honouable to Lord Nelson ; but the tragedy ended in a farce, which is worth relating. On the list of the proscribed there was placed, (you will be astonished to hear it,) the name of St. Januarius himself, the great patron saint of Naples, whom you must have become acquainted with in Moore's travels, if you have never heard of him before ; he was accused of having been passive, at least, in the late revolution, and of having permitted the usual liquefaction of his blood, while the rebels were in possession of the king's palace. As no one appeared to make any defence for this holy person-

\* He was unfortunately taken by the French and hanged ; but the King of Naples has erected a very handsome monument to his memory.

age, though a reasonable time was allowed for the purpose, he was declared convicted ; his property, that is to say, the ornaments of the cathedral and of the great altar, were declared forfeited to the crown ; he was deposed from his station of Patron Saint of Naples, his blood to remain congealed forever, no miracles of his to be admitted of, and it was announced that the vows of the nation collectively, were hereafter to be addressed to St. Antony of Padua. I know a lady who was present, and saw St. Antony take possession of his new dignity. Around the Saint's body, and under his feet, were placed a number of those ropes, which it was said the republicans had prepared to bind the royalists with, had it not been for his powerful intercession with heaven ; and at every house by which the procession passed, the inhabitants were careful how they neglected to have an offering of flowers, and of some piece of plate ready to lay at the Saint's feet.

You will find somewhat similar to the fate of St. Januarius, in Hume's History of England ; where he describes the vengeance of Henry the eighth, as exercised against the Papal power, in the person of St. Thomas of Canterbury. This Saint, who owed his canonization to the zealous defence he made of the Apostolick See against Henry the second, had kindled by his repeated miracles, such a flame of devotion at Canterbury, as to efface the adoration of the virgin, and even of the Deity. He was now, however, cited to appear in court as if he had been a common person, was tried and condemned as a traitor, his name was struck off the

list of Saints, his shrine was ransacked, his remains which had been held sacred for near four hundred years, were burnt, and his ashes were scattered in the air. One could hardly have expected that a scene so similar would be repeated in the eighteenth century.

The events which took place at Rome were neither so absurd nor so tragical, but it would have grieved the most bigoted Presbyterian to have seen the venerable head of the Roman church, at the age of eighty-two, carried a prisoner from place to place, till the hour of his death ; and the more so, as amid the general degradation of Princes, and crowned heads upon the Continent ; Pius VI. had conducted himself with a spirit and magnanimity, not unworthy of ancient Rome. The inhabitants of the Roman state will long remember with gratitude the efforts of this benevolent sovereign to ameliorate their condition ; by a wise and liberal application of time and money, he had converted Ancona and Civita Vecchia into two safe and commodious harbours, and in draining the Pontine marshes, in restoring thousands of acres to cultivation, he had been able to accomplish a work which had defied all the power, and all the enormous means of the Roman Emperours. And what are we to think of the part which his successor has been made to act ? The Papal power, however, though shorn of its beams, has been re-established, and all those prophecies about the fall of the great Babylon, which were thought to be accomplished, are put off to another century.

The ultimate success of the French in Italy has been great and decisive. It has arisen from their superiour numbers, from the great improvements which have been made in the conveyance and management of artillery, from the discovery of the Telegraph, and from the perfection to which the science of practical Geography has been carried. Large bodies of men stretched across an extent of many leagues, have been brought to bear with wonderful precision upon any one point, and the great mass has been animated by one soul, under the direction of a very superiour genius. How far the arts of peaceful life have been promoted, or how the happiness of individuals have been affected, I cannot pretend to say. In making himself Emperor of France and King of Italy, Bonaparte has divested the executive authority of one most powerful instrument, which he and his predecessors in command had wielded with great effect. The charm of imaginary liberty is at an end, the spell is broken, he will have numbers, and courage, and military knowledge at his command, but he will never have again the advantage of that enthusiasm which has done such wonders in Italy, and which at the commencement of the revolution, when worked upon by the more than mortal sounds of the Marseilloise hymn, could alone render a French army invincible.

If any part of Italy has been benefited by the revolutionary war, it is the republick of Genoa, which has at length been annexed to the French empire. It must be mortifying, no doubt, to lose

that political existence which had lasted for so many centuries, and frequently with all the splendour of successful war, and foreign conquests; but dragged into every dispute of France with England, exposed to the depredations of the powers of Barbary, and cut off from the means of internal trade by a line of French custom-house officers, the change for the better, in the situation of this miserable republick, is evident to every one.\* Marseilles is said to be no gainer at the establishment of a powerful rival so near, but the complaints of a single town, or indeed of a department, are of little importance in the contemplation of him, who regulates all things by the opinion, and sometimes by the caprice of the moment. The fate of the Neapolitan kingdom will probably and ere long resemble that of Venice, and of Genoa, and if we are to believe those who pretend to be well informed, no change, which may happen in the situation of that country, can well be for the worse. Furnished by nature with a fertile soil, a fine climate, forests of valuable timber, an extensive sea coast, spacious harbours, and seas singularly productive of fish, furnished, in short, with every requisite which might secure domestick plenty, and foreign commerce; the far greater part of the Neapolitan nation, whose well organized minds require not encouragement, but permission only to cultivate every art and science, is sunk in ignorance and

\* Genoa has been since assigned by the Congress of Vienna to the King of Sardinia.

poverty. The great, *it is said*, have neither attachment to the laws and constitutions of their country, nor loyalty to their sovereign, nor morals, nor knowledge; and the Lazzaroni, or mob of the capital, have but contrived to unite somewhat of the ferocity of freedom, to the mean submission of a slave. In Sicily too, the French have a right to promise themselves the greatest facility, in operating a revolution. That fine Island, which seems at every period of history to have suffered either from tyrants, monsters, or burning mountains, but which the Romans could convert into a granary for all Italy, and into a store-house for materials to supply those fleets, that gave them the dominion of the Mediterranean, and Adriatick seas, now groans under the most deplorable of all governments. They have a Parliament indeed, but it is so composed as to enable the Barons to exempt themselves and their lands from the burthen of taxes. No article whatsoever can be exported but by a *special permit*, which must be paid for, and all that is required for the common purposes of life, is to be purchased from those, who may have bought the right to sell. The assize of grain is fixed, as the assize of bread is in our cities, and as there is no internal commerce in that article allowed (from one district to another I mean) it very frequently happens, that numbers are distressed for the want of that, which is rotting in their neighbourhood. Their courts of law, it would be a profanation of the word to call them courts of justice, are swayed by ignorance and venality. The Barons are said



to have but little more education than mere reading and writing ; the clergy, with many exceptions, no doubt, are reported to be illiterate, and frequently immoral ; and the most fertile of all soils yields but a bare subsistence to the miserable cultivator. These surely are not materials which can ever compose a successful opposition to the numbers, the tactics, and the bribery of France. I must confess, however, that my information is derived from an account written, perhaps, with no very good intention, and from the conversation of a Neapolitan gentleman, with whom I lived in habits of some intimacy at Geneva, and in listening to whose representations I am aware, that it was necessary he should excuse himself for having taken part with the French against his sovereign. For him he had lost all respect, and there gleamed a repressed fury in his eyes, as he spoke of the Queen, which, if it be in common, with what many others feel, threatens that Princess with a fate, should she fall into the power of her rebellious subjects, not less calamitous than that of her unfortunate sister.

*Notes.*—See Swinburne's travels for a more particular account of the oppression which the Neapolitans laboured under; the productions of their forests and of their mountains, were to them sources of misery ; and the government is said to have expended more in compelling the farmers to furnish wheat, and the waggons to convey it to Naples, in a time of scarcity, at a stated, but enormous price for the property of the one, and the labour of the other, than would have been necessary if given in bounties for the same purposes.

## LETTER XLVIII.

MY DEAR E——,

I SAW nothing of the Court of Milan.\* The Empress was indisposed, or fatigued, and never came abroad. She is generally spoken well of for her mild and affable manners, for her beneficence, and for a good humoured and sensible recollection of former circumstances, while she does not seem, either by her conversation or appearance, to be any way unfit for those of the present time. She was observed to smile once as a person was presented to her in Paris, and as he expressed his high sense of the honour conferred on him, in being allowed to fill some place of Chamberlain or gentleman usher about her person ; observing, after he had retired, that she remembered having made interest to be invited to a concert at that gentleman's house, and of having been rather uncivilly repulsed. Her son, the Viceroy of Italy, is said to be a good-natured, brave, and well informed young man, who does the best he can to procure in private such amusements, as may console him for the tiresome trappings of greatness which encumber him in publick. The fate of the family is a singular one, and if ever they fall from their present elevated station, I wish it may be with as little mortification as possible.

\* We every day met a courier from Milan, and were past by one from Paris, so regularly was the communication kept up between the two places. This single article cost one hundred Louis d'or a day.

The Emperour was absent ; he was gone to receive the adorations, I can call them by no other name, of his new subjects, and to determine what he should do with such powers as offered themselves to his government. If he reads Tacitus, he must often have in mind, the sentence which Tiberius was heard to quote, as he quitted the Senate house.\* It is to be lamented, that a genius so fitted by the arts of peace and war for an elevated station, should have no constitutional restraints opposed to his momentary opinions in the government of a great country ; that one so gifted, and yet so deficient on subjects he would never condescend to become acquainted with, should have the uncontrolled direction of the talents, the finances, and the moral and physical powers of so many thousands. It is more than human nature can bear, and more than it should be exposed to. He is not likely either, to be opposed by the talents of any contemporary Prince. That portion of the Bourbons, which has been able to keep possession of the throne of Naples and of Spain, is not very advantageously spoken of ; no genius springs up in Germany, and the King of Sweden excites no other notice than now and then a sarcastick paragraph in the *Moniteur*. Russia is too far off, and England is powerful only by sea.

But it is time to return to our travels, and to inform you that we quitted Milan on the evening of the fourth day after our arrival, and took the road

\* *O homines ad Servitutem paratos !—TACITUS.*

to Sesto, which you will find on any map of Lombardy. It is situated at the spot where the Tesino, after having principally contributed to form the Lac Maggiore, reassumes its course again towards the sea, as the Rhone does at Geneva. I was surprised to find a tract of uncultivated country near Gallarate, which the government was willing to make grants of, I was told, to any one who presented himself. It was the first time I had seen in Europe, what we, in America, call vacant land, and to complete my astonishment, the soil was good, and the climate delightful, but there was no command of water for irrigation; it had been formerly cultivated, but was abandoned, owing, it is said, to a burdensome imposition of taxes, and was likely to remain for years in its present situation. La Lande, who travelled thirty years ago, in the Milanese, says, that land had sold as high as 2,263 livres the arpent or acre, but that the price varied in general, according to the quality and convenience for irrigation from 158 livres to 57. Rice land could then be hired at 15 livres the arpent or acre, and the average profit arising from agriculture was 3 1-2 per cent. on the capital. It was not in my power to learn if any difference had taken place since, but I believe it to be inconsiderable, if any. Sesto is a small place, which had nothing to detain us, and we embarked in a boat navigated by four stout men, all of whom rowed standing erect with their faces to the prow, and two had an oar in either hand. We went with great velocity, and had soon got out of the current, which is perceivable at the extremity of the lake, to

where it was spread out in a smooth expanse, and diversified here and there by a sail and by the towns and villages which crown its banks. Two of these little towns in particular, attracted our attention, these were Angera and Arona in face of each other. They reminded me of Dover and Calais, and the resemblance, though in miniature, must have been striking, when two different and frequently hostile powers possessed the opposite shores. The steep hill sides were chiefly in vineyards, and the houses which were scattered over their surface appeared more like places of retreat in the summer, to the opulent gentry of Milan, than dwelling places of farmers. We landed at Arona and found a small and rather a gloomy town, with a harbour in which a merchant ship might barely turn round, but which is sufficiently spacious for the barks which navigate the lake. Merchandise of considerable value passes here in the intercourse between Germany and Italy in time of peace, but the war has been fatal to trade in every part of the continent. The inhabitants value themselves on the antiquity of their city, and are persuaded, it seems, that the Aronaim alluded to by the Prophet Isaiah, see chap. 15, verse —, is no other but their identical city of Arona, and I believe really it would be difficult to prove the contrary. The boat-men, who seemed afraid of our thinking too well of Arona, told us, that there was a continued and miraculous interference of heaven near Angera, which was also worth our attention; an immense rock seems suspended almost on the brink of a declivity which overhangs

the convent, and is kept from yielding to the natural tendency of all heavy bodies, by the intercession and influence of a female Saint, whose name I forget. I think if the Pope, who is at the head of this enormous system of absurdity, which has so unaccountably sprung up from the principles of truth and piety, were wise, he would act as an able general with a small garrison has frequently been known to do ; he would abandon fortifications which are too extensive for his means of defence, and would retire into the citadel.

We found a number of labourers working with great spirit upon the new road near Arona, and ascended a neighbouring hill in order to see the statue of St. Charles Borromeo. This gigantick statue is sixty-six feet in height upon a pedestal of forty-six feet, and was erected in the year 1697, at the joint expense of the neighbouring country and of the Borromeo family. The head and arms are of bronze cast, and the remainder of beaten copper. The Saint is placed with great propriety in front of a college, which owes its foundation to his liberality, and love of learning ; and his right hand stretched forth, in the act of blessing the waters of the lake, must be a comfortable sight to these fair weather sailors, when they are caught out a few miles from shore, by a gale of wind. The lake to them is an ocean, they measure the breadth of it with an eye of terroure, and their fears convert every squall into a tempest. I have already brought you acquainted with St. Charles, who so well deserved canonization if ever man did, and in whose enormous features

there is an air of paternal benignity. There were some workmen repairing the corner of the pedestal, who showed us a skirt of his garment, under which a person must insinuate himself, who is desirous of mounting upon the Saint's head. They told us with a degree of ludicrous precision of the proportions of this monstrous head, how many men might sit in it around a table, how much at ease F—— and I might be in the two nostrils, and that a person standing upon one of the eye brows could barely reach the top of the Saint's cap. We were satisfied however with an external view, and embarked again at the foot of the hill, and a breeze springing up, we spread our sail, and leaving the length of the lake to the extent of about fifty miles upon our right, stood for the gulf at the western extremity, in which are situated the Borromean Islands. These are four in number. One of them is unimproved; another called Isola Pescatoria is covered by a little fishing town, and two, known by the name of Isola Madre, and Isola Bella, have for many years attracted the admiration of travellers.

It was the pride and pleasure of a Count Borromeo, who lived towards the end of the sixteenth century, to convert two naked rocky Islands of a few acres, into what the imagination of every beholder has been embarrassed to find terms capable of expressing his admiration of. We landed first at Isola Bella, and having viewed the palace, proceeded through groves of evergreens, many of which I perceived to be of American origin, to the other extremity of the Island; this is covered by a con-

struction of masonry on vaults, which support a succession of terraces receding as they rise one above the other to the aggregate height of upwards of one hundred feet, where the whole is crowned by a platform and surrounded by a balustrade and adorned with statues. The annexed drawing will give you an idea of what I mean to describe, and your imagination may supply the walls of the various terraces, which are ten in number, with all the beautiful varieties of the orange tribe in Espaliers; of these, some were in full bearing and others in blossom, and the whole, as I looked down upon it from the platform, had more the appearance of Fairy land, than any thing I ever beheld. At a little distance on one side we saw the Isola Madre, where there are also terraces, with lemons and oranges, shady groves and a lawn that leads down to the brink of the water from a handsome house, and the Isola Pescatoria on the other. The little town that covers this last, is said to contain five hundred souls; the men gain their living by fishing, and the women employ themselves in making and mending nets. The possession of an acre or two on the main land crowns the hopes of a long life among these simple and industrious people. There are several towns also spread along the banks of the lake, and the view after having been gratified with the wonders of art and nature united in so small a compass, after having reposed upon the clear unruffled expanse of a beautiful sheet of water in every direc-



tion, loses itself in the dark valleys and amid the snowy eminences of the neighbouring Alps.

The palace of the Count might serve for the residence of a royal family; gilding and marble, the costliest furniture and the finest mirrors are to be admired in every room, and there are several pictures done by eminent masters. The lower suite of rooms is in a style particularly adapted to a hot climate, the walls, the pillars that support the ceiling, and the ceiling itself, as well as the floor, are of the variously coloured pebbles of the lake, which are wedged closely to each other without cement, and with a great deal of taste. The fancy of a poet could not devise a residence more suited to the genius of the place. The Count, who is lord paramount of the whole lake, very seldom resides here, and makes the most liberal use of his extensive rights, and his vassals, who are perhaps five hundred in number, are ready at a word to man his Gondolas, or to render any service he requires of them. They are sure to wait upon him also, with the best of what they get, either in the lake or at the chase. The generality of travellers who visit these fortunate Islands, prefer the happy imitation of nature in the Isola Madre, to all the splendour of the Isola Bella. They are amused also with the number of pheasants that are reared there, and who live at large, except that food is provided for them. Five men were every day employed, the gardener told me, in collecting ant hills upon the main, these are thrown together into a large box, where the poor ants make out as well as they can in a state of horrible confusion until they

are given out to the young pheasants, who devour thousands at a meal, both of the animal itself and of what is improperly called their eggs. We took a last look at these Islands with a degree of regret.

I can well conceive that the means of a wealthy nobleman, might, in these days of taste and refinement, be made to produce a far more pleasing appearance of ornamented nature, and that the various fruits of the West Indies might have formed an agreeable variety in this wilderness of oranges and lemons. But the terraces of Isola Bella are a noble creation, the vicinity of savage mountains, renders the exhibition of so much art the more admirable; and when it is remembered that the purse of the Borromei has been open to every demand of science, charity or religion, that hospitals and schools have been built and endowed by the successive chiefs of the family, they seem, in the thousands which have been lavished here with so much magnificence, to have made but a liberal use of their superfluous wealth. The ardent imagination of Rousseau had once led him, it is said, to think of fixing the scene of his *Nouvelle Heloise* amid these islands. But they were upon too small a scale, and except in the family of the Count himself, with whom an author could hardly have taken so great a liberty, it would have been impossible to have found models for this heroine, and for the society she lived in. Those of the inhabitants of Isola Bella, whom I saw, and, who were not in the service of the Count, appeared a poor and dirty race of mortals; I should rather take them, if I were disposed to be poetick, for the sad objects on

which some treacherous divinity, the mistress of this fair island, had exercised her wrath, as Calypso did upon the companions of Ulysses.

We now proceeded to the extremity of the lake, and entering a canal which has been dug within these few years, soon found ourselves in the lake of Margozzo, which is of very inferiour dimensions to the one we had quitted. The little town that gives name to the lake presented itself at the upper end before us, and with the number of fishing boats which were drawn up on the strand, it had to our imagination the appearance of a sea port in miniature. On the back ground were the lofty mountains, among which we knew that our road was to wind, and we endeavoured to prepare ourselves for the fatigues of the next day, by enjoying the comforts of a tolerable inn.

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## LETTER XLIX.

MY DEAR E——,

It is impossible either to travel with advantage or to read the narration of travellers to any useful purpose, unless one is furnished with good maps ; I request of you therefore to lay the map of upper Italy upon the table before you, and to place yourself in imagination at Margozzo. The road which is now carried on by the orders of Bonaparte, as Emperour and King, passes from Arona along the lake, leaves Margozzo upon the right, and follows the course of the Tosa, making almost a right angle at Vogogna,

and another near Masera by Trasquera and Gondo, to the Vallaisian village of Simpleberg or Simpledorf, which the Italians have softened into Sempione, and the French perverted into Simplon, from thence it descends into the valley of the Rhone, joining the old high road till beyond Martigny, it then inclines to the south and reaches the lake of Geneva near Meillerie, which I have described to you in a former letter. I admire, and believe I have expressed it before, the sublime simplicity of being guided by nature as far as it is compatible with art. A beautiful terrace, (I can call it by no other name,) bounded by a parapet wall, for the safety of travellers, now runs along the Tosa, preserving nearly the same distance from the level of the water the whole way. The degree of fall, which converts a stream into a roaring torrent, is but a gentle descent to the traveller, and he moves along with safety and with comfort, where a boat would be dashed to pieces in a moment. It seems to be the difference between the maturity of reason, and those headlong passions, which often hurry man to destruction. The bridges upon this road are handsome; subterranean passages carry off the waters that might injure it, and where the declivity is perpendicular, a tunnel is cut, through which the road passes. Nearly fifty miles of this part of the work, including the tunnels, is through the wildest and, to appearance, most inaccessible portion of the Alps, and could only be effected by mining, and so well has the level been originally taken and attended to, that there is but one slope of ascent on either side, although the road rises to nearly 7000

feet above the southern point of departure, a degree of accuracy and perfection which I did not suppose within the means of Practical Geometry.\* It will be interesting in a few years to observe the effects that a great facility of communication, and the passage of strangers and all the circumstances of trade, will have had upon the manners and morals of the people of the neighbouring Alps. The accounts given by M. de Saussure will in time require perhaps all the weight, which they will ever derive from his name, to render them credible.

Placing yourself at Margozzo, a line due north carries you in twenty or twenty-five miles to the passage of M. de Saussure on his way from the sources of the Rhone in the Vallais into the Val Maggia or Rheintal, the people of these countries are now free, and forming part of a Canton, are annexed to Switzerland and the Helvetic Union, the inhabitants of which, by the strangest of all political absurdities, were the subjects of the democratic cantons of Switzerland. They had been given to them by Francis the first, in payment of arrears which he could not otherwise discharge, during one of his moments of temporary success in the Milanese. The governour appointed by Schwitz and Underwalden was generally a pea-

\* I have since been informed by the principal engineer, that the rise and the fall on the whole of the road is upon an average four and a half inches in six feet. The bridges are from seventy to ninety feet above the surface of the torrents they cross. The estimate, now founded upon experience, of the expense of the whole undertaking from the lake of Geneva to near Sesto, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles, is ten millions of livres; the undertakers, it is thought, will clear about one hundred thousand.

sant, who longed for some opportunity of exercising his power even at the expense of his subjects; and he was attended by a servant allowed him by the state, who was not unfrequently his brother or some other near relation, with whom it was very possible that in a year or two he might change conditions, and whose fortune he had to take care of. M. de Saussure passed from Bosco, where for three months in the winter the sun is never seen, to Cerentino, where the inhabitants have the sun for three hours while their neighbours are in darkness, and to Cevio, which you will find by following the stream that runs down the Val Maggia towards the lake, leaving Locarno a little on the left. As this was the residence of the governor or bailiff, says M. de Saussure, "I was not afraid of exciting any troublesome curiosity by the experiments I might make, and was observing the elevation of the village by the barometer, near the bailiff's residence, when he approached and invited me in. I could not well refuse, and was in hopes that I might learn something of what was going on in the world below, with which I had kept up but a very imperfect communication for sometime past. On my asking him if he had seen any late papers, he answered in the negative, but assured me, that he could answer to any question I might choose to make by a mode peculiar to himself. So saying he drew out a seal of black crystal, and explained the oracular use of it to me with the air of a man, who spoke from a thorough conviction, that what he uttered was strictly true. His mode was to suspend the seal by a thread in a tumbler of water, and as a tremulous

motion of the hand invariably communicated a degree of vibration to the seal, he received an answer by the number of times it struck against the sides of the tumbler, to any question that passed through his mind ; he had never been mistaken, he said, in his desire to know the secrets of his own household, or the particulars of an election in his native Canton. He showed me what the Almanack says of the age of the world, and agreed with me when I told him my observations had led me to suppose the term rather too short ; for I tried the question with my seal the other day, said he, and it makes the world full four years older than the ignorant people pretend. My agreement of opinion with him opened the good man's heart, and he presented me with half a loaf of fresh bread, which was a present not to be thought slightly of. I had seen no bread for some time past, which had not been baked six months at least, and was to be cut with a hatchet."

The landlord at Margozzo had been invested by the government with a right to make travellers show their passports and give an account of themselves ; he thought my name the strangest he had ever met with, and as unutterable, as we do some in Gulliver's travels ; and yet one might have supposed that his near neighbourhood to the Vallais, would have familiarised him to the names of mountains, places and persons, unrivalled even by those of the Houyhnhnms. You would be struck with the superiority of the Italian language, in point of sound, over the German, at the mere inspection of a traveller's itinerary. We had come, for instance, from Sesto to Margozzo, and

were to pass by Domo d'Ossola and Gondo to Sempione, and were then to descend into the Wallais through Brig, Wisp, and Turtig, and Tortiman and Sider.

Wilkes pretended that any man would presume John Dryden to be a better poet than Elkanah Settle, if he judged by their names only ; and you, I am certain, would look for better accommodations at Castellanza or Arona, than at Bister or Gliss ; it is possible, however, that you might be mistaken. The conscience of our landlord at Margozzo was not so delicate as his ear, and he made us pay enormously for two horses and a guide, with a little mule to carry our baggage.

After a few miles along an obscure path, we joined the new road upon the side of the Tosa, and proceeded West as far as Anzasca. We then turned due north and were before one o'clock at Duoma d'Ossola ; a continuation of our first direction would have carried us to Macaguaga, which I mentioned to you in a former letter. The towns and villages we passed on the road, were of a better appearance than I had expected, and the sides of the mountains, though steep, were cultivated with the utmost care, wherever the soil would admit of it. The favourite culture appeared to be the vine, and there were numbers of walnut trees, which here as well as in Savoy and Italy, are much prized for the oil which the nuts afford ; it supplies the place of olive oil, is more agreeable to the taste, but less digestible. Duoma d'Ossola is a small but very ancient town, with walls and a Castle in ruins ; in former times, which we



too often speak of as better than the present, the inhabitants were exposed to the incursions of the Val-lazans, and a great many dismal accounts are to be found in history of the injuries which these ignorant and ferocious people mutually inflicted. A century or two, however, of tranquillity has ensued under the government of the Emperour of Germany, and then of the King of Sardinia, in whose portion of the Milanese this district was included. It is now annexed to the Italian monarchy.

The road which passes these ancient and obscure places, is by no means an agreeable circumstance to the generality of the inhabitants; it exposes their antique manners to the observation of mankind, and has already introduced the luxury of eating meat and of baking their bread more than once a year. They begin to feel too, how troublesome it is to have soldiers billeted upon them, and regret the good old time when there was no restraint to smuggling. Their complaints on this subject, put me in mind of those of the landlord in the first chapter of *Peregrine Pickle*. It would formerly have been rash indeed in any custom-house officer to have stopped these mountaineers, in making their way through a country, where the passage in many places was, literally speaking, but a long shelf suspended over a frightful precipice, and without any sort of railing. As we frequently found the new road unfinished, or rendered dangerous by the blowing up of rocks, we necessarily followed the old one, and scarcely ever, I answer for myself at least, without sentiments of inward dread. Your brother, whose apprehensions were not as great

as mine, took a pleasure oftener than I could have wished, in gazing upon the abyss below, and in precipitating the fragments of rocks which lay near the edge.

The opinion of those, who are best acquainted with exploring a road amid precipices, and those horrid chasms to be met with on the frozen vallies of the Glaciers, is, that the traveller should begin by examining minutely with the eye, the nature of what he is to encounter, before he exposes himself to it; he must know the worst before hand, they say, and make up his mind accordingly; should the agitation of doubt or ignorance come across him in a moment of danger, he is lost, unless some guide is at hand to save him. It is a question among moralists, how far the same principle is applicable to the government of human life, and whether young persons should be made acquainted with the nature, as well as consequences of those allurements we would have them resist, as leading to dangers we would have them avoid. Rousseau's opinion is in the affirmative, and in a qualified sense, he may be right; but there is a great deal of purity in ignorance.\*

The road turned to the west shortly after we left Duomo d'Ossola, and we now found ourselves in a narrow valley, the naked sides of which bid defiance to every species of industry; it seemed as if a mass of rock had been cleft by some superiour power. We stopped a moment at Gondo, which consists but

\* Lady M. W. Montague seems to have been of this opinion. One of the greatest happinesses of youth, she says, is the ignorance of evil, though it is often the ground of great indiscretion.

of two or three houses, and is in the wildest part of the valley ; the only way into the room of the inn was through the stable, and when we got up stairs, the figures whom we saw playing at cards around a table, were such as the imagination might easily have converted into robbers and assassins. They were miners, who had been at work all the day upon the road, and were as black as smoke and gunpowder could make them. I saw here not the smallest appearance of cultivation, the mountains were bleak and barren, and that, which arose immediately behind the house, exhibited a precipice of at least three thousand feet.

We were now to take our leave of the beautiful Italian language. Gondo is on the confines of the Milanese. We soon began to hear German spoken, and at Sempione or Simpelendorff, which is in the Vallaisan territory, it was difficult to find a person, who spoke any other language. I am sure it took us at least five minutes to make the servant of the house comprehend that we wanted a light. This difference of language taking place so abruptly, has always excited my astonishment ; a line might be traced through Switzerland between the French and German languages ; it would sometimes lead between the opposite banks of a river, or the extremities of a bridge, and in one instance through the midst of a town. The variety in the modes of dress of the women is still greater, and though not as important, to the full as unaccountable. Those of Margozzo and in the Milanese in general, had their hair rolled up, and confined on the back of the head

with a double headed skewer, with smaller skewers or bodkins passing through the centre to a rim, which gave the whole the appearance of a small carriage wheel ; but at a little distance to the west of Tosa, we found the women in their shift sleeves, and their hair in a wreath on the top of their head, with little knots of ribbon pendant, and shortly after they had the appearance of Creoles, with their heads tied up in coloured handkerchiefs. At Simpelendorff, their heads were again uncovered, and the hair confined with an ornament not unlike the Milanese fashion ; and so constant are they to their local customs, that as a modern author very well observes, a female head becomes a kind of geographical index. Both sexes in these upper regions, were in general likely and active, without the smallest appearance of goitres, and without a single instance of those disgusting objects you will see described in books of travels under the name of Cretins. That disagreeable swelling of the throat, which, when excessive, is frequently attended by the loss of reason, is attributed not to the water, of which the inhabitants of the upper and the lower regions drink the same, and these last perhaps in a state of greater purity, as water is said to be more wholesome in proportion as it is agitated and combined with atmospherick air ; but to the confined and vitiated air of the deeper vallies. Simpelendorff is about four thousand feet above the lake of Geneva ; it is a small village surrounded by fine pastures, and between lofty eminences, where the snow resists the heat of the longest and hottest summer. There were some remains of avalanches on

several parts of the road as we came along, and the probability is, these falling masses will render it unsafe, during, by far, the greater part of the year. The Vallaisans say, and probably with a degree of satisfaction, that it will not be possible to travel this way during more than three months out of the twelve.

We discharged our horses at Simpelendorff, and proceeded the next morning on foot to cross the mountain, which the French call the Simplon. Its utmost elevation, on the road I mean, is about one thousand feet above the village. The view is rather savage than sublime. The mountain sides are of bare rocks, and the extremities of several small glaciers are seen connected with their snowy extremities. One would suppose that such a place would have been safe from the ravages of war; but the French found their way here in eighteen hundred and one, ill used such of the inhabitants as they surprised, and carried off from the village of Simpelendorff all that was worth taking. You may conceive what a name they have been thought deserving of.

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## LETTER L.

MY DEAR E——,

OUR conductor was a good-natured, hard-featured mountaineer; he had placed our baggage upon his mule, and the gentle animal sometimes preceding, and sometimes following us, after stopping to take a mouthful of grass, chose a road for itself, with all

the appearance of great natural sagacity, cultivated by long experience. The master told us that this mule supported his family, and that he hoped in time to buy another, for which purpose he was laying up all he could. His views were not likely to be crossed by extravagance, for in telling me how his family lived, I could perceive that he considered cheese as a luxury ; he modestly at first refused it, when I offered him some. It put me in mind of the pinch of snuff, which Sterne says, was thought an object of importance in a circle of beggars. He spoke Italian very fluently, and I was beginning to make myself understood with some facility in that language.

At a mile or two from the village, we passed a solitary house, which now serves as a *hospice*, I know no word for such a place in English. It was formerly the temporary residence of a Vallaisan gentleman, who having made a large fortune in trade, was suddenly stript of a greater part of it in an insurrection of the people. They had always been in the custom of exercising a rude sort of Ostracism, which you will see described in Coxe ; but it would surely have been wiser to have had good sumptuary laws, than to have recourse to such barbarous expedients. A new hospice is to be erected, as soon as the passage shall have been completely opened ; and every traveller will be entitled to a pound of bread and a cup of wine, and to such other assistance as he may stand in need of.

The fragment of a map, which accompanies this, will show you the place where, at the points of separation of the waters, which run into the lake

of Geneva, from those which take their course towards the Lac Majeur, we quitted the road altogether. The engineer, who conducts the road, and whom I had known in former times, has marked the course of it for me in black ink ; the old road is marked in red. Circumstances had here obliged him to abandon the faithful guide that offered itself, and to quit the direction of the torrent which descends towards Brieg. We stopt for an hour at a solitary little inn, at a place called the Tavernette, about half way between Brieg and Simpelendorff, and F—, who had now walked nine miles, declared to me that he had never eaten any thing so good since he had been in Europe, as the bread and cheese which the hostess put before us. She was a pretty little Valaisanne, without the least appearance of a goitre ; and spoke French very well. Her husband and herself, she told me, remained there all the year, annoyed by the fall of rocks in the summer, and of avalanches in winter, but satisfied to gain a living by keeping accommodations for travellers, even in that dismal place. We now descended very rapidly, through a continued forest of pines, amid a number of clear and rapid streams, which rushing along to join the torrent that roared below, contributed to animate and diversify the scene. At length, at the distance of between two and three miles from Brieg, we began to perceive signs of cultivation ; meadows and fruit trees, and now and then a cottage succeeded, and then the valley of the Rhone became open to our view.

I had seen the same river a great many miles below, where it flowed along in a broad and deep, though gentle stream, through a highly cultivated plain, and beneath ancient walls ; but here, it seemed a torrent discoloured by the soil, and by rocky substances, which it hurried along, and as injurious by the marshes it occasioned, as by the fields which it overflowed. There was all the difference, which one conceives between the rudeness of the middle ages, and the polished gentleness of modern courts ; between Count Borromeo, diffusing happiness on all around from his paradise of Isola Bella, and an ancient baron, sallying forth from his castle to despoil the traveller who passed within his view.

The hill sides of the valley were well cultivated and thickly inhabited, and the little town of Brieg would have appeared to advantage, had it not been for the monstrous ornament of tin, in the shape of a pear, which encumbered the steeple of the church, and the roofs of all the principal houses ; it seemed as if the taste of the inhabitants had been corrupted by the daily sight of goitres. On our way to the town, we passed through what had been two flourishing villages, of which, however, nothing now remained but the walls of ruined houses ; the inhabitants had distinguished themselves by their adherence to the cause of their country in 1801 ; they had assisted in the defence of the intrenchments at Leuck, which cost their invaders so many lives. Such of them as remained alive, had been hunted down like wild beasts, their houses had been burnt, and their families scattered, to look for shelter



in the mountains. I could not but be deeply affected at the cruel oppression which had been inflicted on those who had so bravely done their duty, and felt a degree of respect, which rose even to veneration, for the poor man who served us as a guide, when I found upon inquiry, that he also had been of that sacred band.

I have mentioned to you in a former letter, that these poor Vallaisans had been compelled by France, to renounce their alliance with Switzerland, so as to deprive themselves of the effects of that sympathy and fellow feeling, which their sufferings must occasion. They are now like Gulliver in the hands of the Brobdignag page, or rather like some little active but helpless animal, which the cruel sagacity of a naturalist has enabled him to seize, and induced him to try experiments upon at his leisure. A road is carried on through the whole extent of their country, from the lake of Geneva to the borders of Milanese, without their being consulted upon the subject, or their interests or conveniency in any degree attended to. Soldiers of the French or Italian army, who pass, are billeted upon the inhabitants, and their baggage is transported in carts or cars, which are put in requisition for that purpose. A payment in money is provided by the French government in return for these services, but it is extremely moderate, and generally in arrears, and is, after all, but a poor compensation for the continued insult offered to the independence of a brave people. While they did resist, their resistance was very obstinate, but their spirit seems now almost broken, and they begin to

speak of a union with France, as likely to better their situation. They put me in mind of a Saint I have read of, who, having suffered sometime upon a grid-iron, begged with great humility of his tormentors, that they would be so good as to turn him upon his other side.

We found at our arrival at Brieg, that it was impossible to remain there ; a detachment of the Emperour's guards was returning into France, and every publick house was full ; it was necessary, therefore, to go on, though in the rain ; and the road having been rendered impracticable to carriages by the alterations which the French engineers were making, in order to accommodate it to their plan, we were forced to proceed on foot ; we must have waited for riding horses 'till near night.

At Visp or Vieshback, we procured a car, which is a small open waggon, drawn by one horse ; in the middle was a coarse seat, suspended by ropes to the sides, and the driver sat in front upon a bundle of hay. There was nothing very ostentatious in this mode of conveyance, and you will think, perhaps, that it was hardly creditable, but it was the best we could find, and it had even charms for us, who had walked four and twenty miles.

I have already, upon a former occasion, given you a description of the Vallais, trusting, I confess, rather to the accounts of others, than to my own experience, and should now have been able to verify them, had not the extreme badness and even coldness of the weather, though it was in July, induced us to hurry homewards. No caprice of a magician, such as we see exemplified in a Harlequin farce, could

produce greater contrasts than the mountains and vallies of this country exhibit. From a well cultivated hill side the view descends into a narrow plain, where all the evils of marsh miasmata and stagnant air are combined to degrade the race of man, or rises to the bleak and fantastick ridges of the Alps; and the short space of two hours would be sufficient to convey the traveller from the shade of fig trees and pomegranates to the regions of eternal winter.

In addition to the changes which have taken place in the government, and which I have mentioned to you before, I have only to observe, that, of the seven districts or states of the upper Vallais, one alone, which was that of Sion, was aristocratical, and there the prince bishop, who was chosen by the deputies of all the states assembled in Congress, and who had an apparent share in the general government, not unlike that of our President before the federal constitution was established, resided, and held his court. The political aristocracy no longer exists, and the bishop is restrained to his episcopal functions. The change which has taken place in the lower Vallais has gratified the inhabitants, without reconciling them, I fear, to their countrymen. It was certainly a wise measure in the American government to mark so precisely, the extent of that power, which may be exercised by Congress over such of the portions of our country as are not represented, and to designate the circumstances, which convey a full participation of every political right.

*Note.*—It may be interesting to the reader to learn the fate of this much oppressed and obscure republick. Shortly after the time when

## LETTER LI.

MY DEAR E——,

Our driver had served for some years in a Swiss regiment in the British service. He liked us for the language we spoke, though we told him we were not Englishmen, and did all in his power to oblige and to entertain us. There was no possibility of being accommodated at any of the little towns with barbarous names we stopt at, for the same reason which had compelled us to quit Brieg; and we travelled on towards Sider, where we did not arrive till twelve at night. Our driver was a strong, active, well-looking man, of about thirty-five, he wore a round hat, a blue great coat, and the most monstrous pair of shoes in point of size, which I ever

these letters were published in the Port Folio, the union alluded to heretofore, took place, if that can be called a union, which placed the one power altogether at the mercy of the other. But the effects of the counter revolution in France extended even to the Vallais, which now, by the determination of the Congress of Vienna, forms a republic, without any distinction of right between the upper and the lower Vallais, (see letter xix.) divided into thirteen districts, each of which has a municipal council for the regulation of its peculiar concerns, and inferior tribunals, like our district courts, and sends four representatives to the General Council, which is the Legislative Body, and from which an Executive Council is elected. The Bishop sends four representatives, or attends in person, with the right of four votes, I am not certain which. The inhabitants are said to have shewn very little mercy to the French who fell into their power when they were enabled to reassume their rights. I should have mentioned, also, that the Vallais is now a member of the Helvetic union, not as an ally, which was its situation previously to the French revolution, but as one of the twenty cantons.

beheld. He was fair, with light coloured hair and blue eyes, and might have acted one or other of the two Amphytrions to admiration, with a friend of ours, whom you have seen at K——. There is something very unaccountable in the strong likeness that is sometimes perceived between persons who cannot possibly be in any degree related. You remember, no doubt, the answer of a young man to Augustus Caesar upon that subject ; it is one of the best examples I know, of what the French call *naiveté*, and which we have no name for.

Our course was nearly west in the direction of the Rhone, and though the night came upon us, while we had still several miles to go, our conductor and his horse, who were perfectly well acquainted with the road, went as rapidly down hill, as if it had been mid-day. We now and then approached the river, which seemed to rush along with a degree of frightful velocity, and crossed the beds of several torrents. Of the country we could see nothing, but we frequently passed ever places where some action had taken place during the war, and which our conductor, who had shared in all the struggles of his fellow countrymen, pointed out to us. It was here, he said, as we were finding our way through a wood, that the French surprised our main guard, but we took ample vengeance upon them the day after ; and we should have driven them before us, he continued, if we had been as well supplied with artillery as they were. There was a glow of patriotism in this poor man's conversation, that animated all he said, but as the night grew darker, and the roads worse, we

thought the length of the way but ill beguiled by the stories of robbery and assassination which he next deviated into.

One of the greatest calamities of war arises from the number of marauders who hang upon the skirts of an army, and precede or follow it. A band of them had once infested, and for some time, the neighbourhood we were passing through, and our driver pointed out to us a large rock, under which there extended a cavern, where these wretches had made a custom of concealing their booty, and from which they used to sally out unperceived. At length we crossed the Rhone, and arrived at Sider, where the house was so full, that all the accommodation we could procure, was a mattress spread upon the floor of a room, where there were already three beds with each two people in it, besides a large dog, who lay at the feet of one of the persons asleep. It would require the talents of Scarron to paint some of the adventures of such a night. Once I was awakened by a watchman chanting the hour in barbarous sounds under the window, and another time by a battle between the dog and a person who came into the room, in order to find a place to lay himself down. We got to Sion early the next morning through a well cultivated country: the valley was become broader, some attempts had been made to resist the devastations of the Rhone, and the vineyards and corn fields extended as high as cultivation could effect any thing, up the opposite mountains. The view was diversified too by several little conical hills,

which rise from between forty and fifty to two hundred feet above the surface of the valley ; some circumstance of situation has enabled them to resist the violence of the river, but as they consist altogether, it seems, of pebbles from all the various sorts of rocks, which are to be found in the neighbouring mountains, they originally must have been deposited here by the water at some very distant period. The Bailiff of Cevio was certainly in the right ; the world is much older than people make it. Sion is a small but well built town ; it was taken by storm in 1801, and suffered all that towns generally do upon such occasions.

I remember our thinking war a very dreadful calamity in America, but there is no more comparison between our revolutionary war, and the wars of Europe, that of the Vallais, and of Switzerland in particular, than between the sports of children and the fight of devils. A humane Lady,\* whom I know, came into this country after the campaign of 1801, with various articles, and with money, which she had collected in addition to what she herself liberally supplied. Many villages had been burnt, and the inhabitants had disappeared ; in others, where the devastation had not been so general, she found some old people, some sick of both sexes, several wounded men, and numbers of children who knew nothing of their parents, and were in a state of the most deplorable want. All of them must have perished, the old, the sick, the wounded, and the children, had she not brought them food and

\* Madame Casanova.

clothes. I say nothing to you of indignities worse than death, which had been inflicted, they surpass all description. The people of the Pays de Vaud, whose impatience under the government of Berne first afforded the directory an excuse for interfering in the concerns of Switzerland ; who had been even fatidiously jealous of the rights of man, took an active part upon this occasion, and signalized the arms of their new republick in this diabolical warfare ; but you need not be solicitous about their being punished for such conduct, and for the evils which they had drawn down upon what was once the happiest country on earth ; they are moving rapidly towards that gulf, which swallows up so many neighbouring states, and will have leisure to repent hereafter. I should have derived a great deal of information at Sion, even from the sort of people I met with accidentally, had it not been for the insurmountable difficulty of another language. At the large inn we stopt at, there was a waiter who spoke French, but on my asking for a barber and hair-dresser, there came in one of the stoutest women I ever beheld, in order, as we understood, to make a tender of her services, but in sounds the most remote from Italian that I had yet heard.

We procured another car at Sion, and soon arrived at the little town of St. Pierre, where, as if by magick, every body spoke French, and the mistress of the house declared to me that she had not the least idea of German. This difference of language has been the source of great unhappiness in Switzerland, and the neighbouring countries, and parti-



cularly where it excited, as in the Vallais, between those who held the sovereign power and their subjects. We now went for the first time, into a Val-laisan church, and it was melancholy to see the rudely carved images set off with a little frippery and tinsel, which bore the names of some of the most respectable of the celestial Hierarchy. Great pains have been taken to point out the resemblance of many usages of the Roman church, with those of Paganism; and I can conceive how good policy required, that as many of the ancient ceremonies should be retained, as were not inconsistent with Christianity;\* but the transmission of honour and admiration which has taken place is, in some cases, ludicrous. St. Philip and St. James have assumed the places of Ceres and Flora, our sacred festival of Christmas represents the feasts of Bacchus and of

\* The first Christian Missionaries among the Pagans of Italy and Greece, (says Swinburn) found themselves obliged to admit many tenets and forms of Paganism, in order to reconcile their proselytes to the idea of exchanging Jupiter for Jehovah, and their Lares and Penates for Saints and Guardian Angels. These expedients, to which many strange devotions and local superstitions, still prevalent in Roman Catholic countries, are to be ascribed, ought not to be confounded with the doctrines of that church. Every truly pious, and sensible Roman Catholic rejects, abhors, and laments such depravation; and were it possible to reason rude minds out of hereditary prejudices, they would long since have been abolished. Swinburn's travels, see letter 38. note.

See, also, Clarke's travels, for remains of Pagan practices, not in Brittany merely, or in the Highlands of Scotland, but at Cambridge, (in England,) the seat of science.

There once stood a temple of Diana on the spot where the church of St. Paul's now stands in London, and it was customary as low down as the reign of Henry the VIII, on a certain day of every year to place a Stag's head upon the altar.

**Saturn.** Moses, as Pope observes, has usurped the ensigns of Pan, and the Virgin has succeeded to the places of Diana, of Juno Lucina, and even of Venus, all graceless as she was. It is to the Virgin that seamen offer up their prayers in a storm, it is to her that those who have been saved from shipwreck offer up their thanks, and mothers with their infant children in their arms, prostrate themselves before her altar, in silent and grateful adoration. If it should appear singular that the holy Virgin should thus be made to exercise some of the prerogatives of the Pagan Venus, it is no less so, that they should have descended to this last personage from the mother of the God Fo in Hindoo Mythology.—“The Queen of Heaven, who stills the waves of the sea and allays storms.” Whilst we admire the inventive genius of man in the improvement of the arts of life; we cannot but be struck with his having condescended to borrow from one generation to another, the trifling embellishments of superstition. The Jesuits are said to have lost all patience, when first they saw the Priests of Fo counting their beads, and beheld the holy Mother in a recess at the back of the altar, covered with a silken veil to hide her from common observation, with a child at her bosom, and rays of glory around her head. The devil, they said, must have inspired these Pagans with such ideas on purpose to mortify them. It did not require all their usual ingenuity, one might suppose, to have given a very different solution. Whatever, however, may have been the origin of the above, and many other observances of the Roman Catholick worship,

it ought to be observed, that they make a part of the discipline only of the church, and are no farther inculcated and respected, than as they are found conducive to the interests of religion. Our primary duties can never vary, but the means which man differently situated thinks proper to adopt, in order to keep alive the sense of their importance, admit of infinite variety, and Protestant divines are perhaps wrong, in wishing to submit the articles of faith and the principles of the Christian doctrine, so much to the test of reason. It would be better, surely, to call in the charms of a chastened imagination, the sensibility of a tender heart, and the powers of eloquence to the aid of that religion, which all divine as it is, must be practised by human creatures. Why deprive the poor wretch who is on the brink of eternity, of the consoling idea, that the Priest by his bedside, stands like a powerful interceder between God and him? and that the second Baptism conveying in its materials an emblem of incorruptibility, is about to release his soul from all mortal ties? Why prevent superstition, if we are to call it by that name, from converting the agonies of death into a sweet and gentle sleep? You will one day or other read what Chateaubriand, who is open upon the table before me, says upon this subject. The loss of friends in the revolution, of a mother, a sister, a father and a brother, and many years of poverty and of exile, have perhaps affected his imagination, and such a guide, in matters of religion, is not to be altogether trusted; in vindicating the claim of

Christianity to every species of inferiour merit, as well as to the highest, to an originality of worship and to a union with the finer arts; he deviates at times into something very like paganism, nor does it require less than all the pomp of language to preserve the dignity of his narration. I admire his attempt, however, and agree with him, that something more than reason is wanting to fill up the capacity of the human heart. As I may not again have occasion to mention this author, I will inform you now, of what does him infinite honour, and puts the seal of sincerity, at least, upon his assertions. The political events which had deprived him of his friends, had also robbed him of his fortune, and his principal dependence was on the emoluments of an employment which he held under the consular government; this he without a moment's hesitation gave up, upon a certain event, which seems to have united the sympathy of all France, and to have been lamented with curses, which as Shakspeare says, were not loud, but deep; retiring into obscurity, and exposing himself to the chance of want, rather than to remain under obligations to those whose conduct he thought so highly reprehensible.

To return to the little church I was speaking of, there were several ex-votos before the altar, one of which, was a picture representing two persons as borne across a rapid stream upon the back of the same horse. They were stretching out their arms in the act of making a vow, and a number of little angels were seen coming down to assist them, as the newly born sea-nymphs did the ship of Æneas.

I was speaking of what I had seen to the landlady of our inn, when she showed me a picture, founded, as she said, upon a fact, that happened in her family. A Priest in the habit of his order was seen exorcising a person, out of whose mouth there proceeded a little devil, about the size of a frog.

You will think it strange, that such a representation should convey conviction to the minds even of the most ignorant people, in an obscure village of the Vallais; but what are we to think of Boswell, the Biographer of Samuel Johnson, who had some wit, and who was the cause of a great deal of wit in others, when he plumes himself upon having been the first to suggest, that epileptick fits were in all probability occasioned by the residence of evil spirits in the persons affected!

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## LETTER LII.

MY DEAR E——,

WE stopped for an hour or two at Martigny, the Octadurum mentioned by Caesar, where one of his legions under Galba, had nearly been overpowered by the people of the country. The ravages of the Drance and of the Rhone must have altered the face of the country very considerably, and yet there are persons who pretend to point out the place where Galba's camp was. I remember a General Melville, disputing with a young man of Martigny upon that

subject many years ago at a table d'hôte at Lausanne ; the General, with Caesar's Commentaries in his hand, wondered at the Vallaisan's presumption in differing from him, and in pretending to be better acquainted with the country than Caesar was.

Two roads descend into the valley of the Rhone near Martigny. The one is from Chamouny, over the Col de Balme, and the other over the great St. Bernard. This last was the one made use of by Bonaparte for the passage of his army, in 1801 ; an undertaking in which a bold originality of enterprize was aided by the powers of an intelligent and vigorous execution ; 600, 800, and 1000 livres had been previously offered for the transportation across the mountain of pieces of artillery, according to their calibre, and the whole peasantry of the neighbourhood were set in motion ; trees hollowed into troughs received the guns, the peasants harnessed themselves, the soldiers volunteered their services, and the astonishing spectacle was afforded, of an army marching by large detachments with all the cumbrous apparatus of war along the winding narrow path of a mountain, and where it rises to the height of 7500 feet above its base. In the narrow plain, at that height, is a hospice ; it has existed for many centuries, and the good fathers,\* who reside in this, the loftiest of

\* Upon inquiry immediately after my arrival at Geneva, I was informed that no agent from St. Bernard had ever been commissioned to collect contributions in America, and that the persons who went, with so much success, under that pretence, from one end of the United States to the other, were impostors, who had imposed on the credulity of the Secretary of State at Washington. The success of these first impostors, some of whom are now living comfortably in Kentucky, it

all human habitations, have been ever distinguished for their active zeal in behalf of the unfortunate, and for their kindness and hospitality to persons of all nations and of all religions. The fall of an avalanche, which has obstructed the road, or a snow storm of uncommon violence, is a call upon their humanity. They sally forth, from their convent, and, aided by the sagacity of their dogs, very frequently discover a way-worn traveller, either buried beneath a heap of drifted snow, or seated in all the bitterness of despair on the brink of some frightful precipice. "Figure to yourself" says Chateaubriand, "the sensations of him, who uncertain what course to pursue, amid the snows of the mountain, hears the cheerful sound of the convent bell at a distance, or sees a person approach, in whose countenance, zeal,

is said, on their ill-gotten wealth, encouraged others to make a similar attempt; but these last who also collected largely, were overtaken by the judgment of Providence, and drowned on their passage from Savannah to St. Augustine. The probability is, that we shall not be long without a third set of impostors; and it may be as well for the publick to know, that Mr. Delessert, a Swiss gentleman of New-York, has a certificate given by the fathers of St. Bernard, and dated in 1815, which confirms the fact above mentioned, of no person having been authorised by them to make collections for the Convent in the United States. A late popular and unfortunate Poet, who owes perhaps a part of his popularity to the misery, which like Rousseau, he seems to have condemned himself to, has thought proper to speak of these good Fathers, as the miserable drones of an execrable superstition. Should chance carry his Lordship across the Alps in the direction of St. Bernard, "where religion and hospitality seem to rise before the traveller, to soften the savage features of the scene, and to inspire hopes of protection and refreshment," and should he require, which he probably would, the assistance of these good Fathers, the world might expect some eloquent Palinody, as where he surveys the grave of his brave kinsman at Waterloo.

courage, and humanity, are blended with piety." Notwithstanding the active zeal of these good fathers, some traveller is frequently the victim of an avalanche or of the drifted snow, and numbers suffer in their limbs from the cold of these upper regions, where it freezes in August. The consumption of fire wood is, I am told, very great, and the expense of procuring it must be considerable, as it is brought on mules from a distance of at least twelve miles, and along a road, which is practicable for six weeks only during the whole year. The good sense of the first Consul had pointed out to him the propriety of protecting these respectable men, at the same time that he rendered them useful to his army; they were furnished with money, that they might provide every thing in time, which the soldiers could properly have occasion for, and a frugal, but plentiful, repast, was always ready for each detachment, as it arrived. It must have been an interesting sight to have beheld some thousands of men, seated in circles upon this little plain, amid scenes of eternal winter, and waited upon by the fathers of the convent. The whole of the passage was effected in three days, and without the loss of a man. The citadel, which commanded the descent into the plain, was too scantily supplied with ammunition, to oppose any serious obstacle.

Providence, which meant, we are to presume, that the Emperour's power in Italy should be destroyed, and the hopes of the King of Sardinia forever crushed, seems, as the proverb expresses it, to have previously deprived their ministers and generals of all



which invited the neighbouring barbarians to prayers, at certain hours, amused and softened their minds with the pomp of worship, blended with the charms of musick, and raised them to a sense of their moral duties. Even the miracle plays, or mysteries, or moralities, as those entertainments were sometimes called, which the Monks exhibited in their Convents, were not without utility; they served to call off the attention of the neighbouring gentry and their followers from sports, in which mere brutal strength and corporeal agility were exerted, to a sort of intellectual entertainment, and instructed them, for few of any order of men but the clergy could read in those days, in the great outlines of Christianity. A pious man in such an audience, was no more shocked at seeing the Devil upon the stage, than we are at seeing Richard the III., and these studied religion, as we might study history at a play of Shakspeare. Society was indebted to the Priesthood also and to the Monks for the useful institution of the Truce of God, by which all hostilities were suspended within a certain distance of every religious house, during those particular days of every week, which had been consecrated by the mysteries of the death of Christ; and if, as Hume (no prejudiced man in favour of revealed religion) observes, if some respite to the miseries

of the land, and the most commodious habitations; but we do not advert, that religious houses were frequently erected on waste grounds, afterwards improved by the art and industry of the clergy; who alone had art and industry.—*Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland.*

See also *Playfair's Dissertation on the Progress of Mathematical and Physical Knowledge*, part 1st. p. 8. Boston Edition.

upwards of 100 head of cattle, and several flocks of sheep and goats. The traveller, who now wanders over this scene of devastation, sees a misshapen mass of horrid rocks, descending, like the lava of Vesuvius, to the edge of the most fertile spots in a beautiful valley, and beholds the cottager, either at work, or surrounded by his family at home, with an appearance of perfect security, though the neighbouring eminences project, many of them, in a way which renders the renewal of the same calamity every moment probable. A similar accident and to a much more dreadful extent, has lately taken place, it seems, in the canton of Schwitz. One of the layers or beds of the mountain of Ruffiberg gave way for a considerable extent, as if it had been squeezed out, and rolled like a torrent into the valley below. It was fatal to nearly 800 persons, some of whom having been covered up in their houses by the soft earth, which was driven forward by the descending columns of rolled pebbles, may have lingered for some time. The layer of rolled pebbles which was so fatal on this occasion had been deposited by a deluge of ancient days, at the height of 4800 feet above the plain, and this deluge must have been followed by other and still greater convulsions of nature, for enormous fragments of granite lie scattered along the descent to the height of 1200 feet, and the summit is composed of coal, the materials of which can only have been deposited there from the surface of some great body of stagnant water. Its vegetable origin may still be traced.

The goitre or swelling of the throat is another evil, which the inhabitants of this country are exposed to, as I have already observed to you in a former letter, arising, I am more and more persuaded, from the causes there assigned, and every traveller who has spoken of the Vallais, has told us of the miserable race called Cretins, and of the more than ordinary commiseration they excite in the minds of their relatives. Objects of compassion they must be to all, but still more of horror, for nothing surely is better calculated to humble the pride of man, than the view of a fellow-creature divested of all reason, and with a degree of instinct far inferior to that of the greater part of brutes. In passing through Villeneuve, which is not far from the city of Aost, says M. de Saussure, I wished to ask some questions; but could find no one to answer me. Such of the inhabitants as were capable of any exertion, were at work in the fields, and the few wretched objects I saw in the streets were Cretins, in the various stages of imbecility. A gloomy silence, or a few inarticulate sounds, attended by a stupid unmeaning stare, explained to me at once, that all of them were idiots. It seemed as if some evil genius, such as we read of in fairy tales, had passed before me, and converted the objects of its malevolence into brutes, leaving them only somewhat of their original form, that it might be seen they once belonged to the human race.

I will say nothing to you of St. Maurice or of Bex, or of the neighbouring salt mines, but refer

you to books, which you possess, and in which you will find very exact descriptions.

It was almost dark when we passed through St. Maurice, and I felt like one who has made a long day's journey, after a sleepless night. I could not, however, but recognize the spot, where I had arrived, about thirty years ago, in a joyous company of young Englishmen, or but remember how struck we all were with the charms of a Vallaisanne, in the costume of the country. You will judge of this, and of the other dresses of the Alps and of Switzerland, by a small collection I send you.\*

Our journey from Bex to Morge, through the finest part of the Pays de Vaud, was on a Sunday, and in good weather, after two or three days of rain; the roads were filled with people; a number were dancing in a meadow, by the lake side; it was a picture of happiness, and I endeavoured, as I looked on, to divert my attention from all but the scene before me; but if ever a blindness to the future was kindly given to any people, I believe it to have been given to these, whose fate is at this moment, perhaps, in agitation. The all-devouring ambition of their great neighbour is at work. They cannot look for assistance, or even sympathy, to any

\* Penetrated as I have expressed myself on more than one occasion with the improper conduct of the people of Vaud towards Berne in the hour of distress, and towards the Vallais, whose inhabitants they assisted the French in subduing, I am yet glad, that my prophecy has not been fulfilled: their independence was respected by the Congress of Vienna, and Vaud, with a representative government headed by two Landammans, who assume the presidency by turns, for one year each, is one of the twenty-two cantons.

quarter, and will end by swelling the list of his subjects.\*

We arrived, early the next day, at Secheron, having rapidly completed a very agreeable tour, and found every body well. Of Secheron, and of our situation there, I will give you an account hereafter.

### LETTER LIII.

MY DEAR E——,

I PROMISED you in one of my letters, to say something more of the agriculture of Piedmont; and I do so with the more pleasure, as the observations of others, such as I was able, in some measure, to verify, have rendered the task a very easy one, and as it resembles, so nearly, that of S. Carolina. Their labourers live almost exclusively as our negroes do, on Indian corn or Meliga, and a great deal of labour and attention is bestowed on this useful plant, and the more so, as the Piedmontese planter has discovered the happy art of interesting his hired servants in the culture of it. Each of them undertakes a certain number of acres,

*\* Note added by an inhabitant of the Pays de Vaud.*

The people of the Pays de Vaud may have been wrong on some occasions, but that policy cannot be bad, which has led to so advantageous a change in their situation. All titles, and feudal services have been redeemed. The people, who were once subjects, are now citizens; and justice is brought to their own doors, and administered by magistrates of their own choice, and agreeably to laws of their own making.

which he cultivates when he can be spared from his master's work ; his wife and children assist him, and sometimes a passing wanderer, who can handle a hoe, or any of the neighbouring poor who are disposed to work, may be had upon easy terms. Of the produce of the land, so cultivated, he gets a third, which forms a comfortable addition to his wages. The land intended for Indian corn, is always well manured, and the plant receives at least three hand hoeings besides being earthed up ; it is even watered in dry seasons, where water can be commanded, by flowing the interval between the beds. The leaves, or as we call them in America, the blades, are never stript, or the tops cut, but when the grain has been harvested, the whole plant is pulled up, and bundles are made of it, to be reserved for the use of the cattle in the winter. An emine or about twenty-one quarts of Indian corn is sown to the journal, which is somewhat less than the English acre (being as 39,108 are to 43,560) and the average produce is from 30 to 54 emines, or from 20 to between 30 and 40 bushels to the acre. A crop of rye, sown at broad cast, frequently succeeds the Meliga, and a change of crop, for the succeeding season, is sometimes made by vetches, or by beans of the sort we plant among our corn in America ; of these it is not unusual to make thirty emines to the journal. To rye, sometimes succeeds the quarantaine or rare-ripe corn, as I have heard it called in America, the field is then well ploughed and manured, and wheat is sown at the rate of two and a half bushels to the

acre. Both wheat and rye are for the most part harvested by contract, at ten per cent. in kind; the proprietor furnishing carts, and the contractor taking off little more than the ear of the plant. The stubble is afterwards mowed. The grain when reaped is generally separated from the straw, by threshing with light flails on a clay floor. I say generally, for it is sometimes trodden out by horses. Both methods indeed are frequently had recourse to, and in either case the work is sometimes performed by night, in order to avoid the heat of the day. Thirteen men with twenty-four horses in six days have cut, transported to the barn yard, threshed, winnowed, and measured the produce of 18 acres. An equal number of negroes with all the assistance of boats, which the planter in Carolina can give them, would have been barely able to *harvest* only the same quantity of rice, in the same time. No idea of the Scotch threshing machine seems to have reached Piedmont, and judging by the much greater distance which separates S. Carolina from that country; it is but too probable, that ages will roll away before Piedmont can derive any advantage from the wonderful improvements of our neighbour Mr. H——, who with as many mules at his command as Archimedes had, is confident, that he would have performed still greater wonders than Archimedes himself did. To wheat there frequently succeeds clover, though it is an article in no great estimation, for the command of water enables the farmer to have as much meadow as he pleases, and with very little trouble. Hemp, though

it grows very well in Piedmont, is never planted as an article of sale, but in the way cotton is in the upper part of Virginia, in the neighbourhood of some house, and for domestick purposes. Great quantities of rape-seed are made, and with hardly any attention, but what is sufficient to protect it from the cattle. The produce of an acre, in rape-seed, is generally worth between six and seven pounds sterling. It would be more generally attended to, were it not for the quantity of walnuts, which furnish an oil, that is sold for between six and eight French sous a pint, and this, when made, without having been heated, is not unwholesome, and is always far more agreeable to the taste than rape oil, which last is frequently, however, used in cookery, and almost always for the lamp. The marc or residue, which remains, after the rape oil has been expressed, forms a cake, which serves to fatten cattle. But the article of all others, which is cultivated with the most attention in Piedmont, and which, as you may easily imagine, I was most desirous to learn the management of, is rice. The farmer, who has a proper command of running water, which he can almost any where purchase, and who destines a tract of land for rice, begins by dividing it into as many portions as are necessary, in order to preserve an exact level in each; and this he does with the assistance of persons who make a profession of levelling. These portions are separated by banks about eighteen inches high, and each division is well broken up and harrowed. The water is afterwards let in, and kept on until



the surface, to the depth of several inches. is converted into a state of mud ; it is then drawn off, the rice, having been previously steeped, is immediately sown at broad cast, and the water is brought on again. The only attention afterwards requisite, is to see that every division be kept flowed to the depth of eight or nine inches, and that the water be very slowly, but constantly, in motion, from the upper division, into which it is received at first to the lower, from which it is discharged ; the communication being kept up by breaches of a proper size prepared in each bank for that purpose, in the nature of a waste-way to a mill-dam. Should a growth of weeds appear likely to injure the crop, there are labourers to be hired, who go into the water, and pull them up by the roots, and this is all the culture which the rice requires or receives. The water is withdrawn six or eight days before harvest, the rice is cut with a sickle, it is threshed, either with a flail or by horses, and, having been winnowed, it is pounded, but without having been previously passed through a pair of mill-stones, as with us. The pounding machine is of a very rude construction, such as was in use about thirty years ago, in Carolina, and such as bespeaks the very infancy of art. The mortars are small, the pestles light, and they are placed much further from the shaft than there is occasion for.

The rice, when pounded, is sifted by hand, for no Dillet has appeared among them, as yet, to introduce the inestimable advantage of the rolling skreen, or the other improvements which we owe to

his ingenuity, and to the ingenuity of his friend Oliver Evans.\*

The most, I was told, ever performed by their most powerful machine, was ten barrels of six hundred weight, in twenty-four hours. I had been informed that 1580 lbs. at the average of \$2,50 the hundred weight, of merchantable rice, was frequently made to the acre, but have reason to believe, and from the best authority, that the average crop does not much exceed half that quantity. The small rice, the flour, and the straw, go a great way towards the expense of a rice plantation in Pied-

\* It will be a painful recollection hereafter, when the hospitable and liberal minded gentlemen of Carolina come to reflect on the manner in which the exertions of these ingenious mechanicks having been requitted. Dillet was denied the payment of his patent right, because a rolling skreen had been heard of in Georgia, and something like it seen in North Carolina, and because an individual gentleman had given orders for such a thing, without, however, having been able to prevail upon his mill-wright, who was at the head of the business, to make trial of it; and Evans lost the benefit of his invention: The elevators, after all, were nothing more, it was urged, than the Persian wheel of former times, applied to the purposes of transporting grain; and yet a person unacquainted with the process of manufacturing rice, would accuse me of exaggeration, if I were to enumerate the advantages, which have been derived from these two inventions. The value of our exports has been increased considerably; a great deal of labour has been saved; a great deal of theft has been prevented; and our negroes have been rescued from the most odious and degrading inquisition.

It was not thus that Arkwright was rewarded for the invention of an engine to spin cotton; from being an itinerant barber he rose to great opulence, and was knighted; and it is deserving of notice, that when a person, of the name of Hayes, endeavoured, as in the case of Dillet, to set aside Arkwright's patent, by proving that he had previously invented an engine of the same kind, the objection was overruled, on his not being able to prove, that he had brought it to perfection, and made trial of it.

mont. These, one might suppose, from the mode pursued, would not be very considerable ; but the wages of the persons employed in harvesting, are three and four times, not unfrequently, greater, than a labourer would receive on any other occasion. He here ventures his health, if not his life, and must be paid accordingly. And then the profits of gleaning, to which the poor of Piedmont consider themselves as entitled, by the authority of Scripture, are so considerable, that a poor man has been known to refuse any thing less than three French livres a day, if he gave up the chance of gleaning.

The rizier too, or overseer, whose employment it is to see that the different divisions are supplied with the proper quantity of water, and with a regular change of it, is well paid for his time and trouble ; he receives five per cent. of the gross produce. This mode of payment is very common, and it is not unusual for the proprietor to agree with some one, who, for a stipulated price, undertakes the whole business of harvesting, threshing, and pounding. On these occasions, he furnishes his carts, to assist in transporting the rice to the threshing-floor, and provides a pounding machine, and commonly pays one sixth or about sixteen per cent. of the produce, to the contractor, who having provided a numerous and active gang, works day and night until the business is finished. The straw, after it has been threshed, is carefully put up in stacks and used as fodder ; but the poor of the neighbourhood generally solicit permission to thresh it over again more than once. For the first time, they get :

third of the grain that is produced ; for the second time a half, and for the third time two-thirds. To those who have lived on a rice plantation, in Carolina, and who remember the appearance in the spring, of any place, over which rice-straw has been scattered, during the winter, it will not appear surprising, that the poor of Piedmont should be able to bestow their labour advantageously, and so repeatedly, on the same sheaves.

The law of Piedmont prevents any one from cultivating rice, within three miles of a town ; a caution, which, in their mode of culture, one would think superfluous. The difference of effect upon the atmosphere between the effluvia, arising from land fit for rice, and from water, which is slowly, but continually in motion, cannot be very important. The great advantage of the Piedmontese over the Carolina planter, is, that he can always procure labourers, and for a limited time, and that he is certain of precisely the quantity of water he requires, without ever being alarmed by accidents arising from too much ; it is an article he purchases the use of, giving such a price for an opening of such dimensions, through which it is made to flow, in the direction he chooses, and he either bargains with his neighbour for transmitting it to him, or turns it into a common ditch, provided for that purpose.

They make but very little wine in Piedmont, and that of an inferiour quality ; but the smaller proprietors of land, and the poor, derive considerable advantage from raising silk worms. Gibbon's

history has informed you how this wonderful little animal was first introduced in Europe, and you know from your own experience, that it is raised upon the leaves of the mulberry, a tree which abounds in Piedmont.

The raiser of the silk worm is generally a poor man, who either purchases mulberry leaves, at so much a pound, or hires a number of trees for the season, at the rate of from thirty to forty French sous a tree; or more frequently, goes halves with the proprietor of them. The average price of raw silk is about a guinea the *rup*, which is eighteen and a half pounds; there are houses where twenty *rup*s are made annually.

The level surface of the country, the soil of which is principally clay, under a thin surface of mould, the care with which it is drained, the growth of the rice, and the great attention which is paid to keep the fields, which are in dry culture, as clean as possible, reminded me of the lower parts of Carolina. But the Piedmontese farmer, or planter, as we should call him, makes more use of the plough in preparing his land for rice, than we generally do. Instead of endeavouring to raise their own oxen, which is our custom, they sell their calves, and buy oxen ready broke at about sixty dollars the yoke; and as the driver does not receive more than sixty dollars a year as wages, and a certain allowance of Indian corn; they prepare the land for rice, or for any other grain, at what we should esteem a very small expense. They have the advantage, also, of rapid rivers descending from

neighbouring mountains ; and with sovereigns who have always the power to order, and the means to defray, and very generally the inclination to effect, whatever may be of general utility, they have carried the science of canal navigation, and of irrigation to its utmost. You will see in Arthur Young what miracles of splendour and luxury could arise from the noble dairies in the unwholesome marshes of Lodi, and you will be surprised, that a farmer, and a farmer of so much good sense and knowledge of the world, should not have attempted to suggest a better use of superfluous wealth, than the assembling the best dancers and best singers of Italy, for the evening amusement of the neighbouring cultivators. A traveller is surprised to perceive the vines of this well cultivated country, trained from tree to tree, which, though beautiful to the sight, must affect the fertility of the soil ; but the leaves of such trees as are preferred for this purpose are as carefully harvested, if I may use the expression, as the grapes are, and form a very principal resource of winter fodder for the cattle. The science of irrigation, to which Italy, as I have observed, and particularly Piedmont and the Milanese, owe whatever is seen of opulence and of comfort, is one of the many advantages which Europe derives to this day from the Crusades. Providence, you will say, might have promoted the same objects by means less destructive to so many thousands of human creatures, but providence knows best, and chose that Europe should owe its internal tranquillity for a time, and the revival of com-

merce, and of many useful arts, which had been long forgotten, and the principal cities their immunities and privileges, and the common people their personal freedom, to this most singular instance of human folly. Connected with the science of irrigation, is the knowledge of embarkment, which is frequently, however, but of little avail against the violence of the Po, and the Tesino, and even of some of the inferiour streams of upper Italy. Those mighty rivers are like giants, who consent to be confined and directed for a time, as Sampson was by the Philistines, and are seen to move along with all imaginable gentleness in their collateral branches; but there are seasons when the main stream, either swelled by rain, or by the sudden melting of snow on the neighbouring Alps, is seen to bear down every thing before it, wandering as it were capriciously over the plain, ruining the villages, laying waste the fields, and giving rise to never ending law suits, for the property of the soil, which it sometimes disfigures, or gives new boundaries to, and sometimes creates. It would be very easy, more from the books I have within my reach, I confess, than from actual observation, to say a great deal more of Piedmont and of the Milanese, and to give you some account of soil, climate, and manufactures, but I should exceed my promised limits, and only inform you of what you might yourself read, and better expressed elsewhere. Among the books I have had recourse to, are the letters of Roland, better known as the husband of the celebrated Madame Roland, than as an author

or a minister ; and after so much on agriculture, it may not be amiss to say something of this interesting and greatly unfortunate couple. The husband had a cultivated mind, a gay imagination, a warm heart, and the affectation at least, perhaps the reality, of unshaken probity, with something in his appearance, says Dumourier, that commanded respect and confidence ; having been admitted into good company on the footing of a traveller and a man of letters, he seems never to have cherished that bitter hatred against the higher order of society which characterized his wife, and which she supposed she had imbibed from reading Plutarch, and mistook, as people do every day, for the love of liberty, and of equal rights. I should have felt much more for them both, had they appeared to feel for the distresses of the Royal Family. They have expiated their errors, however, she at the scaffold, and he by having encountered death in a still more frightful form. He had found refuge at Rouen, in the house of a friend, and remained there till the death of Madame Roland was announced in the papers. Being determined not to survive her, and as determined not to betray the friend, who had received him, he quitted Rouen in the evening, walked, during the greater part of the night, towards Paris, and then seating himself upon a stone by the road side, he resolutely executed his purpose, with an instrument, which he had provided against every emergency.

You have read Madame Roland's appeal to posterity, and must have admired the calm, and almost



cheerful view, she was able to cast over her past life, when immured in prison, and with the certainty of death before her eyes. She foretold that her husband would not survive her. And surely if suicide be ever to be excused, it was in his situation.

Their daughter Eudora is now living, I am told, in Paris, and having re-entered, by marriage, into the class of life, from which her parents had been unfortunately elevated, the probability is, that her destiny will be a much happier one than theirs. Speaking of Roland very naturally puts one in mind of his friend Brissot, who, though as wrong-headed, and as mistaken as any one, in those horrid times of universal madness, had good intentions, I believe; better, at least, than those of the party, to whose rage he fell a victim, and yet evidently, such as give some idea of what was meant by a priest, who told his penitent, that hell would be found paved with good intentions.

He left two sons, it seems, one of whom lost his life in bringing back to slavery, those negroes in St. Domingo, to whose liberty Brissot had so injudiciously, I might also say wickedly contributed, and the other is now in Paris in circumstances of some distress. He had been placed by the government, at one of the Lyceès, or publick schools, and when called up to take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor, in common with the other students, and the masters, he resolutely refused; he could not, he said, bring himself to act in such violation of the principles, for which his father had died; he then

walked down the steps of the hall, and returned home.

There are but few instances of such energy in France, either because individuals see the necessity of the change, which has lately taken place, or because they never felt what they affected.

One of the most active instruments of Jacobinism, in punishing the pretended royalism of the Lyonnese, after the siege, is now superintendant of the Imperial Police, nor is it possible to conceive a more useful coadjutor, a more pliant counsellor, a more flattering harranguer, upon all occasions, than he, that very man, Cambaceres, who moved the order of the day, when Louis the XVI. solicited a little longer time to prepare himself for death.

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## LETTER LIV.

MY DEAR E——,

ONE short excursion more, my dear daughter, and then we bid adieu to Geneva. As the weather became cooler in the Autumn, and the beauties of our prospect were fading away, we determined to diversify the scene by a visit to Annecy, which you will easily find on the map of Savoy. It lies a little to the left of the road. F. and I had travelled along the way to Turin, which has attracted some attention from Rousseau's description of the life he led there, and his first interview with Madame

de Warens. It possesses a thousand better claims to attention than from that circumstance, and has been the residence of far better people than either Rousseau or Madame de Warens ; but I question if one person in a hundred would have known of such a place, had it not been for the description I allude to.

We began to ascend, shortly after leaving Geneva, and were in a few hours on the top of mount Sion, which is the lowest of the mountains that surround the Lake. It served, probably, as a wasteway to the waters of the great lake in ancient times, before a passage had been burst at l'Ecluse, and this idea, which is M. de Saussure's, is confirmed by the number of smooth pebbles on the summit of the ascent, and the rapid declivity on the other side.

We here stopped for a moment to look back upon the country behind us ; upon the lake, upon the city, and upon the environs, and then proceeded towards a place, at the extremity of Saleve, where a long and hollow passage, formed by the torrents of former days, and which is said to have been the repair of a troop of smugglers and banditti in the last century, is now the seat of a poor and peaceful Savoyard village. I should have observed to you, that on the slope between Mount Sion and Saleve, on the side towards Geneva, is an ancient Chartreux, where the monks of St. Bruno formerly cultivated a flourishing farm, and sung psalms and said their prayers, and bestowed all, which their simple wants could spare, on the poor of the neighbourhood. It is now a brewery, and I cannot find that either the

morals, or the worldly prosperity of the country, have been in any degree benefited by the change.

The invectives to be met with in so many books, and in the conversation of so many people, against the idleness and luxury of the regular clergy of France, always remind me of the Englishman Dr. Moore speaks of, at Naples, who, talking of what he is to have for supper in town, after an ample dinner in the country, inveighs from a warm post-chaise, against the sloth, laziness and sensual habits of two barefooted Carmelites.

Be assured, that in the abolition of those various orders, and in the confiscation of their property, there has been a great deal of useless cruelty and oppression. The destruction of the order of the Jesuits had preceded the revolution, and it must be allowed that the society had in some measure deserved their fate; but there were other religious orders, against whom no accusation of avarice or ambition could be brought, whose predecessors had been the first settlers of the country, had given an example of successful agriculture, and had by labouring with their own hands, taken off by degrees the dishonour, which had been ignorantly attached to the idea of manual industry, whilst others were employed in copying the literary productions of former times, the Convent bell\*

\* In monasteries the lamp of knowledge continued to burn, however dimly. In them men of business were formed for the state. The art of writing was cultivated by the Monks, and they were the only proficient in mechanics, gardening and architecture. When we examine the sites of ancient monasteries, we are sometimes inclined to say with the vulgar, that the clergy always chose the best

which invited the neighbouring barbarians to prayers, at certain hours, amused and softened their minds with the pomp of worship, blended with the charms of musick, and raised them to a sense of their moral duties. Even the miracle plays, or mysteries, or moralities, as those entertainments were sometimes called, which the Monks exhibited in their Convents, were not without utility; they served to call off the attention of the neighbouring gentry and their followers from sports, in which mere brutal strength and corporeal agility were exerted, to a sort of intellectual entertainment, and instructed them, for few of any order of men but the clergy could read in those days, in the great outlines of Christianity. A pious man in such an audience, was no more shocked at seeing the Devil upon the stage, than we are at seeing Richard the III., and these studied religion, as we might study history at a play of Shakspeare. Society was indebted to the Priesthood also and to the Monks for the useful institution of the Truce of God, by which all hostilities were suspended within a certain distance of every religious house, during those particular days of every week, which had been consecrated by the mysteries of the death of Christ; and if, as Hume (no prejudiced man in favour of revealed religion) observes, if some respite to the miseries

of the land, and the most commodious habitations; but we do not advert, that religious houses were frequently erected on waste grounds, afterwards improved by the art and industry of the clergy; who alone had art and industry.—*Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland.*

See also *Playfair's Dissertation on the Progress of Mathematical and Physical Knowledge*, part 1st. p. 8. Boston Edition.

of mankind was procured, if time was thus given for the angry passions of hostile chieftains to cool; superstition, if such it must be called, rendered, in this instance, a service to society, which philosophy might be proud to claim. But gratitude towards our benefactors is not the virtue of these latter days, when cold-hearted calculation has, in so many instances, got the better of right and justice. What would be thought in America, if our government were, some centuries hence, to assert that they had a right to confiscate the property of the Swiss colonists, who are now establishing themselves in some part of our western territory, on pretence of their having paid but a small price, or perhaps no price at all, for an extensive tract of fertile soil, and were to reproach them for possessing those vallies and hill sides, which the industry of their ancestors had converted into wheat fields, or covered with vines? But the American government into whatever hands it may fall, will never be so unjust. When Europe no longer afforded scope to the romantick perhaps, but still respectable zeal of the christian missionary, we find him exposed by his own choice in the wilds of Africa and South America to all those horrors and difficulties, the bare endurance of which, under the worst of motives, has been sufficient to illustrate the licentious followers of Cortez and Pizarro, and who can but admire the success which in many cases followed their efforts, and particularly those of the Jesuits in Paraguay? They were ambitious perhaps, those good fathers, but I like that ambition which can excite its votaries to encounter snakes, insects, and pestilential

exhalations, and savage beasts, and still more savage men, in the cause of piety and good morals. It may have been necessary to suppress the order of Jesuits, but it was surely unnecessary to disperse the converts they had collected in well built villages amid fertile fields, and to drive them from the blessings of civilization, into that state of cannibalism and ferocious nature, they had been redeemed from.

But to return to our travels; the country becomes flat in the neighbourhood of the town; it was formerly, no doubt, covered by the waters of the lake, before they were diminished by some convulsion of nature; or the river, by which they vent themselves, had formed so deep a channel. They are now shrunk to a space of about fourteen miles in length, by from two to five or six in breadth, and surrounded by gentle hills, interspersed with villages, and chateaus, and corn fields, and vineyards. The town contains nearly five thousand souls; it is ill-built and dark. In former times, that is to say, before the revolution, it used to be enlivened by the sort of court, which the Bishop, who still retained the title of Bishop of Geneva, held there, and by the residence of several families of nobility. The demand, too, which was occasioned for the necessaries of life, by the number of wealthy convents, gave an appearance of trade; but the Bishop has been withdrawn to another part of Savoy. The nobility are scattered and ruined, and the convents have been changed into gloomy warehouses, or converted to other purposes. One of them, and I am sorry it should be that of the poor

sisters of St. Clair, whose story you have not, I hope, forgotten, has, however, been applied to no unworthy purpose. It has become the seat of a flourishing manufactory of cotton, where three hundred persons are employed, and where the undertaker hopes soon to employ eight hundred. He had laboured, as he told me, under several difficulties, which nothing but the protection of the government could have enabled him to surmount. The government had given him the convent, and made him some advances of money, and facilitated his getting English artists. Still, however, and although the necessaries of life were extremely cheap, he confessed to me that he should never be able to contend with the English manufactories, unless they were made to pay a ten per cent. duty. And on these terms, he said he preferred their admission to the certainty of their being smuggled whilst they remained prohibited. So great was the partiality for any thing English, that he had been obliged to sell some of his spun cotton as such, and as smuggled, in order to raise money. He had just finished the water-case for his large wheel, and paved it with the tomb-stones of the abbesses of former days. I could not help thinking how astonished future antiquarians will be, if any accident should bring these tomb-stones to their knowledge, when the hand of time shall have swept away the manufactory, and all that remember it, and what a system of geology would be built upon such a notable discovery.

Annecy was known to the Romans; and it is supposed that the vent for a part of the waters of the



lake, which are led through the town, and are made to serve many useful ends, is a work for which the inhabitants of succeeding times have been indebted to them. I was struck with the size and appearance of the house Madame de Warens inhabited. A bookseller had directed me to the street, and a little girl, who stepped out of a neighbouring shop, told me all the rest. But I could not make out Rousseau's description of the spot where the interview took place. The rivulet, which he places to the right, is to the left; and there must be some error of the press, unless he meant to the right of the lady, who had turned to speak to him. I took notice of the private door, through which she must have passed on her way to mass. It has been closed for many years, and is incumbered with ruins. The castle, in which the Counts of the Genevois resided some centuries ago, and which has been since, for a time, occupied by the Bishop, now serves partly as a prison, and partly as barracks for passing detachments of the army. It is gloomy and spacious, with prodigiously thick walls, and has all the appearance of having been designed for defence as well as shelter.

There were formerly, I was told, twenty-five carriages kept in Annecy, but now there is not one; so that the first people of the present day have, at least, the merit of not being ostentatious; they are composed, indeed, of what Mr. Burke, in his vehement flow of eloquence, calls the "inferiour, unlearned, mechanical, and merely instrumental professors of the law, stewards of petty local jurisdic-

tions, the fomenters and conductors of municipal litigation, and village vexation."

Of the families of Savoyard nobility, who have been ruined by the revolution, no one was more distinguished than that of the Marquis de Salles, a descendant of the ancient and princely house of Nemours. The two last males of this noble family, the father and the son, both died in the service of their sovereign, and the widow, like the mother of Thomson's Lavinia, lives in some obscure retirement, with a beautiful daughter, whom I have seen. Their residence was occasionally at Annecy, but generally at the castle of Douing, a noble mansion built on a peninsula of the lake, with spacious gardens, rising in terraces, as at Isola Bella, and commanding a still more variegated prospect. Our conductor pointed out to us several castles in the neighbourhood, some of which were bosomed high in tufted trees, that had been the property of the Marquis, and he led us over the house, which is large and commodious, and then into a musick-room, which is detached from the main building, and seems to hang over the lake: the Marquis had erected it for his daughter, at the commencement of the revolution, and I can conceive the pleasure he promised himself from the use of it.

As I walked along the terrace, and admired the neighbouring hill sides, which are ragged and rocky at their extremities, but which end in vineyards, and in a gentle slope towards the water, and beheld the large fish, the monsters of these deeps, which seemed slumbering in the bosom of the lake below, and

figured to myself the agreeable variety, which must once or twice a week be occasioned by a fleet of market boats under full sail, on their way to Annecy, or dispersed, as they frequently are, by a sudden gust from the north-east, I could not but give way to something like a wish, that it had pleased Providence to make me lord of such a property; it seemed to N. that she could pass her life there.

The celebrated St. Francois de Salles, who lived in the century before the last, was of this family. He was a person of mild manners, of great good sense, and of never-ceasing benevolence. His letters contain very good and very liberal advice on many interesting occasions. He closed a long and useful life, by a death of pious resignation, and miracles were so clearly proved to have been worked at his tomb, that the Pope could not, in justice, but make a saint of him. It is really affecting, that man, frail, foolish, ignorant man, should thus presume to marshal the ranks of heaven, and assign places there, with as much confidence as the master of the ceremonies does at a watering-place in England. A Bishop of the family of Clermont Tonnerre wished, it is said, to have carried the distinction very far indeed. He thought it hard that vulgar saints should be placed as conspicuously in heaven as those who were born gentlemen, and who had, in particular, the advantage of being allied to the noble house of Tonnerre.\* Madame de Chan-

\* I really believe, as Gibbon somewhere says, that no one speaks contemptuously of high birth and illustrious ancestry, but he who is without those advantages in society. This great Bishop, however, cer-

tale, grandmother of Madame de Sevigné, was the friend and pupil of this worthy saint, and passed a part of her life at Annecy ; it was by his advice, and under his directions, that she founded her order of the visitation.

There is a great deal in this lady's life that you would read with pleasure. One would think Richardson had read it, and had his mind full of Madame de Chantale, when he describes the persecutions which Clarissa endured from her family, and the arrangements of Pamela's household.

It was her misfortune to lose her husband, whom she tenderly loved, and whose circumstances she had retrieved by her spirit of good order and economy, at a very early period : and her mind seems never to have recovered the shock. She was just and generous towards her children, but resolute in opposition to their opinion, in following what she thought the inspirations of heaven ; and when her only son threw himself along the threshold of the door, to prevent her going out, upon some religious occasion, she calmly stepped over his body, and pursued her purpose.

tainly carried his pretensions too far, though living in a country where the distinction of birth formed an order in the State, and was therefore consecrated by general opinion, his ideas upon that subject were so exaggerated, that he was continually exposing himself to the malignity of the wits, nor did they spare him after his death. In an epigram upon him, he is made to doubt in his last moments that God would venture to punish a Clermont Tonnerre, and in another he is represented as having turned his back upon Paradise, when he saw how few persons of distinction were there.

It is not a little singular, or it is perhaps not at all so, for I am very uncertain which, that at a time when she seems to have been particularly desirous of mortifying her senses, by attending the sick and the poor on the most humiliating occasions, when she had, by a painful operation, and in order to drive away all terrestrial thoughts, impressed the figure of the cross upon her breast, she attracted her Director's attention, and drew a gentle reproof from him, by the fineness of her linen, and the gracefulness, with which her hair was collected under her cap.

Another object of the good Bishop's reproof was the too great eagerness and anxiety, which his penitent displayed in the work of her salvation. It was too restless he thought, too like worldly ambition, and destructive of that tranquillity and cheerfulness of mind, which are among the best indications of a religious disposition, and though he commended her attention to rise at all hours of the night for the purpose of prayer, he yet doubted how far it was proper to disturb her servants, who might not be so piously disposed. She survived the Saint many years, became more and more devout, and fell by degrees into practices of mortification, and rigorous self-denial, which his enlightened mind and great good sense would certainly have disapproved of. As there were attestations however without number, of miraculous events in the life of Madame de Chantale, and of cures performed and relief obtained in many painful disorders by touching her relicks, she was

beatified under the name of the blessed Mother of Chantale. What the precise difference is between beatification and canonization, I am at a loss to tell you.\*

\* A Frenchman of my acquaintance, and a man of rank, who like many of his countrymen, affected to disbelieve all revealed religion, shewed me one day, in a moment of confidence, a relic of this venerable lady, which he wore constantly in his bosom. It was a fragment of one of her bones, and was to preserve him from the danger of lightning. It would have been difficult, it would have been cruel, perhaps to have undeceived the gentleman, for as long as he felt himself safe, so long was he convinced of the miraculous protection which the relics procured him. But how are we to comprehend the miracles operated by the agency of Madame de Chantale during her residence in Burgundy? The visions she had seen and the voices she had heard might be accounted for, but these supernatural interferences were of a nature in which there could be no mistake, and she was too strictly pious to have assisted in misleading the publick mind. On one occasion for instance where there was a general scarcity throughout the province; she invariably supplied all who applied to her in their distress for food from a barrel of meal, and yet it is solemnly asserted and confirmed by herself, that the barrel which never became empty, and which at the end of the season of scarcity appeared nearly as full as ever, had never been replenished. Nothing is perhaps more difficult to ascertain than the limits between true and false miracles. When in the year 1153 a famine prevailed in Scotland, the Abbot of Melrose ordered all who applied, to be fed from the stores of the Abbey, which had been already almost exhausted, and this was done constantly during three months without any visible diminution of corn in the granary. I mean not to derogate from their charity, but any one, who has seen a room with two doors, may discover the solution. *Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland.*

There is a singular resemblance between the character of Madame de Chantale, and that of Margaret of England, wife of Malcolm III. King of Scotland (1093) as described by Lord Hailes. There was an air of ostentatious trifling in the charities of Margaret, and an affectation of magnificence in her attire, says Lord Hailes, and whilst she indulged in the little vanities of shew and equipage, she condemned herself in private to many unrequired austerities, and fell a victim to long vigils, fasting and mortifications. The bones of Margaret operated miracles, and she was canonized.

As we returned from Douing to Annecy, along the borders of the lake, we saw two or three of the boats of the country, making head against the Bise, in a very bungling manner. Their oars were long poles with pieces of board, about six inches square, nailed on near the extremity; so as to oppose some resistance to the water; it was the very infancy of navigation. On the opposite side, were several ancient castles, and among them there was the castle of Menthon, the birth-place of the great St. Bernard de Menthon, whom I am proud to have the honour of introducing to your acquaintance.

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## LETTER LV.

MY DEAR E——,

IN a Latin distich, which is still to be read over the gateway of the castle, it is pretended, that the Lords of Menthon were Barons before the Christian era. Without acquiescing in this extravagant claim, we may yet allow, that as long ago as the tenth century, they lived in all the dignity of feudal lords, surrounded by vassals, and exercising a species of sovereignty. It was in the year 928, that Bernard, the heir of Menthon, the future Saint, was born; and his father, with more attention to literature than was common at that time, sent him to Paris, to complete his education, intending to devote him to the honourable profession of arms, and hoping, no doubt, that he would emulate the deeds of his grand-

father, Olivier, *Comte du Genevois*, one of the companions of the immortal Charlemagne ; but the good Baron committed the same mistake, which Lord Chesterfield did so many years after. He placed a governour over the person of his son, who, with many good qualities, was totally deficient in that species of merit, which the father was desirous his son should possess, and who even thought contemptuously of it ; and we may judge of the father's mortification and astonishment, when his son returned from Paris, not burning with heroïck zeal to signalize himself in arms, or singing the praises of Charlemagne, but quoting St. Nicholas, telling of visions he had seen, or voices he had heard, and talking of prayer and sacrifice, and prophecy and divination. The father hoped, that the charms of beauty might dispel the infatuation of his son, and proposed an alliance for him with the fair Margueritte, the heiress of the ancient and noble house of Miolans ; but a faint expression of admiration for the lady, and somewhat short of an absolute refusal, were all that could be obtained from the pious young man, who with horror viewed the preparations that were made for his approaching nuptials, and observed that the fair Margueritte, with her nearest relations, had been invited to Menthon, either because it was the custom of those days, or for the convenience of some neighbouring chapel of peculiar sanctity.

The situation of Bernard was now not unlike that of Clarissa, and his expedient the same ; having written a letter to his parents, in which he solicited



their pardon, for an act of disobedience performed under the guidance and by the repeated injunctions of a higher authority, he boldly leaped, in the night, from his chamber-window ; and the true believer, who goes to Menthon, may still after a lapse of so many ages, perceive the impression of his footstep on the bare rock, full twenty feet below.

The author, whose work is my authority on the present occasion, employs at least two pages, in describing the confusion that took place in the castle the next morning ; the despair of the Baron and his lady ; the confusion of the fair Margueritte ; and the rage of every proud and valiant individual of the house of Miolans. But the deserted bride had the good sense and delicacy to interfere : she even declared herself satisfied, after a short struggle, with the reasons of the fugitive, and prevailed upon her relations to refrain from acts, which might have brought on a civil war, at a period, when every Baron looked for justice and satisfaction to his own sword, and to the united exertions of his kinsmen. She shortly after entered a society of nuns, and in time became their abbess, and was afterwards as renowned for her good government, and for her sanctity of manners, as she had been formerly celebrated for her beauty.

The Baron and his Lady, whose hearts were not as hard as those of the Harlow family, now began to reproach themselves for having driven their son into exile ; they considered him, after a fruitless search, as lost to them forever, and secluding them-

selves from the world, they passed many years in sorrow and retirement at Menthon.

Desirous, at length, of making their final peace with heaven, they were induced, by the voice of Fame, to take a journey as far as Aoste, on the Italian side of the Alps, there to seek advice and consolation from a father of distinguished piety; who, though originally a stranger and of unknown origin, had risen rapidly through all the various employments of the convent, to fill the office of Prior, exercising the most unbounded hospitality, and exerting himself in person at the head of his monks, to open the passage of the neighbouring mountain. The Romans, who had in their time, made use of the same road from Italy into the Vallais, had erected a temple, on the highest part of the passage, and it was supposed that the demon who had formerly inspired the oracle of Jupiter, like the giant genius Rubenzhal of the Silesian mountains, could assume various forms at pleasure, and had leagued himself with the wild beasts and robbers of the desert against all travellers and pilgrims who came that way. You perceive, at once, that the holy man, whom the Baron and his lady consulted, was no other than their son, and surely not even Priam at the feet of Achilles would afford a finer subject for a picture, than this aged couple, pouring out their hearts and telling their sad story to him, whose agitation must soon have betrayed him. After a few days passed happily together, they parted, with mutual blessings and forgiveness; the parents to end their days in peace, and the son to continue his meritorious ca-

reer. It was in honour of him that the mountain was called St. Bernard, and you must remember the account I have given you in a former letter, of the undistinguishing hospitality of the fathers, who reside there, and of the services rendered to Bonaparte, at the passage of his army.

We passed a day at Annecy, and then proceeded through a narrow, but well cultivated, valley by the Chateau of Thorens, to a great glass manufactory, which takes its name from the castle, and is situated at the extremity of a deep recess, overshadowed by lofty mountains.

The manufactory had been established by the Marquis de Salles, to whom the whole of the neighbouring country belonged, but a little time before the revolution ; it had lately been put in complete order, but was not at this moment at work. As I knew that the clerk, who had purchased this part of the Marquis's estate, had behaved very handsomely upon the occasion, that he had gone into Piedmont at the risk of his life, and had made a proposal to the family of Salles, which, from a sense of allegiance to their sovereign, they did not feel themselves at liberty to accept, I looked at his improvements with pleasure, and sincerely wished him success.

As the woods recede, and that they do very rapidly, the proprietor is obliged to extend his causeways, which are not unlike our pole-bridges in South Carolina, and on these, which have all a gentle descent towards the glass-house, a labourer with ease draws a quarter of a cord of wood, in a

small cart with iron wheels. One of these causeways extends to the distance of six miles, with but one interruption, from a precipice, where a slope, which, as the proprietor informed me, had cost 1000*l* sterling, had been prepared, and down this the wood, being taken out of the cart above and committed to its own weight, descended into the valley with frightful velocity.

I could not but envy a people, who, like those of Geneva, or of the neighbouring towns, have a cool, peaceful, and retired valley, to take refuge in, from the heat of summer, and the cares of society; but even here, in this corner of the world, the inhabitants groan under the oppression of the conscription.\* By this great engine of power, which is perhaps too little understood in America among the party that calls itself the republican, and which as such, affects to be attached to the principles of the French revolution, has the greater part of Europe been subdued. All Frenchmen are by law soldiers, and liable to be called upon, but the

\* I know nothing in the annals of mankind so similar to the conscription law of France, as the system by which the King of Ava, see Symme's embassy, commands the services of his subjects.

It was melancholy at Geneva to perceive the efforts made by parents to extricate their children, or I should have said, to preserve them from being exposed to it. I knew a poor man who had made his son wear spectacles for some years in order to give him the appearance of being short sighted, and in fact to render him so—by this means, and with ten Napoleons left upon the chimney piece at the officer's quarters, he was able to keep his son at home. Several sent their sons to foreign countries, but took care nevertheless to provide substitutes. A friend of mine had a substitute for his son, who was at that very time in the British service.

government is satisfied with the services of such as are between the ages of twenty and twenty-five; these are divided into three lots in every department; the first is for immediate service, the second stands ready to make up the deficiencies which may arise from the casualties of war, and the third forms a corps of reserve against cases of emergency; and it is to this class that certain descriptions of individuals, such as the only son of a widow, the elder brother of an orphan family, and some other cases are referred; substitutes are admitted of, but the qualifications of the substitute are very rigorously scrutinized, and the price of one has frequently reached the sum of 150*l*. There are some evasions, as it may be supposed, and some exemptions on the score of health and bodily infirmities, but the first are dangerous, and frequently connected with expensive bribery, and the latter are attended with very humiliating examinations, in every part of France, or of the conquered countries, where I have been. The conscription seems to be the most odious of all the various measures to which the government has had recourse. At Geneva, they consider it as the most afflicting, the most degrading consequence to which the loss of their independence has exposed them. I should have mentioned, that if the substitute desert, or be missing within the two first years of his time of service; the principal is bound to find another, or to march, and a very rigorous responsibility is also extended to the parents of a conscript. If he deserts, and nothing is easier in Savoy than to seclude

ones self from all possibility of discovery, they are made responsible, the law calls upon them, most unjustly I think, for the exercise of an authority, which it allows them in no other instance ; a fine of fifteen hundred livres is demanded, and guards are sent, who live at their expense, taking from time to time whatever can be converted into money, until the whole is paid, or until their means being exhausted, they leave their property in the hands of government, and go in quest of bread, or to die elsewhere. There were four families in this afflicting situation in the valley of Thorens. From Thorens we crossed a bleak and barren mountain, and passing close to the ancient castle of Clot, which a labourer had bought for *assignats*, at the confiscation of the Marquis de Salle's estate, we fell into the road from Annecy to Geneva, and arrived at Secheron in the evening.

I was far from feeling, on this occasion, the alacrity I had generally experienced in our other excursions. I knew that I was taking the last look at every object around, and that the curtain would soon be drawn between me and the lake, and the cultivated environs of Geneva, and the fertile hill sides of La Côte, and the snowy tops of the mighty Alps ; I felt too, that we were soon to make the exertion of separating ourselves from a part of our family ; that we were to quit the tranquil life we had led, and to venture on a world unknown. I have long had, and shall always retain great affection for Geneva. I think no people know so well how to make the most of life, or share so liberally

with their children whatever the advantages of fortune bestow, or the wants of nature can spare. Their habits of economy may sometimes excite a smile, and I have known them excite in very young travellers, a sentiment not sufficiently removed from contempt ; but it ought rather to have been one of admiration, that families so situated, as to be compelled to such restraint, and such privations, should be able to preserve so cheerful and decent an exterior. I found an old acquaintance, whose hospitality I had experienced during my former residence in Geneva, exercising an office of no sort of profit, but of some responsibility under the new government, because it enabled him to protect his countrymen from many vexations. I had known him in very affluent circumstances, but he was now so reduced as to depend principally upon his share in the emoluments of a literary association for a maintenance. He was describing to me one day the change that had taken place in his situation ; when you knew me formerly, said he, I was rich, and kept two carriages, I am now poor, and do not even own a horse, but I have been compelled to make exertions, I did not suppose myself capable of, I am become dearer to myself, and really believe I am happier now than formerly. The Genevans excel in conversation, for they are possessed of that various knowledge which can best enliven it, and convert the publick events of the passing day into subjects of interesting discussion. But if, in taking leave of them, I could presume to advise a whole people, I would exhort

the Genevois, at the same time that they preserved, as much as possible, the observance of their ancient customs, and cherished the precious flame of national pride, to reconcile themselves to a change of government, which, together with some disadvantages, has certainly brought them peace and internal tranquillity. They are wrong to avoid their conquerors in social life, as carefully as the timid Arethusa did the pursuit of the god Alpheus. A cheerful submission might have some effect upon the mind of their mighty master. He himself has at times affected to be thought a man of letters, and might be rendered partial to the seat of literature, and he might recollect, in a moment of good humour, that he in some measure promised, upon a former occasion, to respect and even to protect the independence of Geneva. It may one day occur to him that the existence of two or three little republics, busily occupied in their own concerns, and safe under the shadow of his power, might afford him, in his moments of relaxation, so many objects of interesting contemplation. They might certainly engage his attention, and amuse him, as the exoticks of a hot-house, or the curious animals of a menagerie do, and he might take a pleasure in following the operation of the diminutive states of Bienne, of Mulhausen, or of Geneva, as the family of Huber do the economy of a bee-hive, or the instinctive powers of the commonwealth of ants.

With respect to the advice I might wish to give the Genevans, I ought to observe, that it would in some instances be unnecessary, as there are a few



respectable families, who, either from resentment at the conduct of the popular party, during the revolution, or from the love of that tranquillity, which the misfortunes of their own country have taught them to believe was only to be found in the bosom of despotism, are not only satisfied to be the subjects of France, but are sincerely attached to their sovereign, the Emperour. I have even heard a lady, who is an enthusiastick admirer of his, assert, that she believed him to be an instrument in the hands of Providence for the good of mankind, and that the Angel of the Lord protected him. In one circumstance they are all agreed; they are tremblingly alive to the dread of the rod, which hangs over them. They would submit, with implicit obedience, to whatever the government, in its utmost caprice and wantonness of power might choose to order; and are careful, however, they may indulge themselves in conversation, never to risk any opinion upon paper, which might give offence. An old acquaintance of mine, a man of sprightly mind, and gentle manners, and such a counsellor in short, as Juvenal describes Crispus to have been,\* one who always went with the stream, is a member of the tribunate, and ventures now and then in a speech, which he very carefully prepares for the purpose, just to hint, that, perhaps, but he will not be certain, the great genius who governs France, and whom he adorns upon the occasion, with all the flowers of rhetorick, might with propriety and advantage, suspend some intended measure; and the wonder, upon such occasions,

\*———— qui nunquam divexit brachia contra torrentem. *Juv.*

at Geneva, is, that their countryman should have had so much courage, and that he should not have been sent to the temple. On his return he is complimented not on his knowledge, or on his eloquence, which are deserving of every praise, but on this manly resolution; and his friends surround him with wonder and applause, as the Trojans did Hector, when he came back safe and unhurt from the much dreaded spear and the seven-fold shield of Ajax.

It is time, however, that I should cease to speak of Geneva, of which I might almost say what Mary of England did of Calais. But it is necessary that I should previously fulfil my promise, and give you some idea of the Genevan system of education, and of the state of science and of literature there. You would easily forgive me, I believe, if I did not fulfil it, but I should not forgive myself; for it is a tribute I owe to Geneva, and a tribute very easily paid by the assistance of Senebier's Literary History.

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## LETTER LVI.

MY DEAR E —,

MR. SENEBIER asserts, that his native city was at a very early period, distinguished for the superiour information of its inhabitants, that the Roman inscription which remain legible, are of the best Latinity, and that although in times of Paganism, the neighbourhood of so large a lake rendered it decent to have

an altar consecrated to Neptune, for the comfort of mariners and fishermen, yet the patron deity was no other than Apollo, the god of Science. The darkness of the middle ages seems really to have been less profound at Geneva, than in the neighbourhood, and a great many anecdotes have been treasured up, of the resistance opposed to the selfish attempts of several religious communities, and of false miracles, which were detected and exposed. The arts appear too, to have flourished at Geneva, at a very early period, the masques and interludes exhibited for the amusement of the duke of Savoy, whenever he visited the city, where the people were desirous of reconciling him to the very limited power, which they were determined he should not exceed, by a handsome reception, were always in a better taste than elsewhere; the jewellers and goldsmiths in Geneva were at the head of the trade in Europe. The art of printing soon became familiar, and several books were published as early as the year 1478. Painting too found protection, and there is now a picture at the publick library, done by a Genevan in the year 1415. It has considerable merit for that age, and this additional charm, in the opinion of every good Genevois, that the artist, though full of zeal to do justice to his subject, which was the marvellous draught of fishes, has most patriotically placed the scene of it in the lake of Geneva.

Several of the earlier Bishops were pious and enlightened men, and schools had been established for the instruction of youth, but there were neither good libraries nor learned professors, and there ex-

isted a depravity of manners, which I have never heard accounted for.

The reformation came at length, and Calvin, who was the apostle of learning, as well as of religion and of good morals, exerted himself in a way which does honour to his memory, and should, in some measure, contribute to make us forgive him for a great deal that was harsh and unamiable in his conduct. (See let. xxi.) It had been at first intended to have a University, as well as a College, but the inhabitants had learnt to dread the consequences of assembling a large body of students, from the riots that had taken place in some German Universities, and wished to confine their establishment to a College.

A College was accordingly erected in 1558. And liberally endowed with estates, which had once been the property of the church,\* and has flourished ever since. You will see a very good account of it in Keate's view of Geneva. Every burgeois, or citizen of Geneva, sends his sons there free of every

\* I ought to have observed for the credit of Geneva, that the manner in which the reformation was effected was very different from the conduct that had been pursued elsewhere. There was neither the violence which had been exercised in some countries, nor the indifference which had been so conspicuous in Switzerland, where a whole district is said to have waited the return of the herdsman from the mountains, in order to decide by his casting vote of what religion they were to be. Full time was allowed in Geneva for men to make up their minds, and the most eminent of the Roman Clergy were invited to attend, and to assist in the important business of coming to a conclusion between the two opinions. A celebrated Dominican exerted himself upon the occasion for some months, but the spirit of reform bore down every thing before it. [ See Letter xliii.]

expense, and they are removed at a proper age, and after undergoing an examination for the purpose, to the auditory, where they attend lectures, given by different professors, on Belles Lettres, on all the various branches of the Mathematicks, on Moral Philosophy, on Law, and on Divinity, according to the profession they are intended for. The discipline of the college, though mild, is strict. The prizes obtained in the various classes, are conferred with every circumstance, which can give them additional importance, and no manual correction is allowed. In the auditory, the learner is more upon the footing of a student in a university; but no prizes are bestowed, nor is there any publick examination; a yearly one takes place in presence of all the professors assembled. The effects of this system of education, and upon so liberal a footing, are such as I have already described.

There is no where a greater diffusion of knowledge than in Geneva. Dr. Johnson, perhaps, might have compared it to bread in a besieged town, of which every man has a little, and no man enough. But I by no means felt myself qualified to make such a remark, though I have sometimes suspected that there are subjects to which it might be applied. I never knew a Genevois, not a learned man by profession, who appeared to me as well versed in history as I could have expected from his other acquirements, or who was in the custom of having any of the Roman classicks among the books upon his chimney-piece, or most within his reach upon the shelves of his library. Madame de Stael pretends

that they have more science than literature, and minds rather turned to Algebra and Metaphysics than to History and to Poetry. There is, however, no want among them, I believe, of the lighter sorts of French Belles Lettres, and there are a few who have not some knowledge of English and Italian. If you add to this as accurate information as can well be had of all political events, a keen and exact knowledge of the banking science, an acquaintance with agriculture, a great desire to please, blended with a desire to shine, too great, perhaps, at times, but never offensive, you will form a very just idea of their conversation. They are certainly the best calculators in Europe, and being in the habit of appealing frequently to the accuracy of numbers, it has been pretended, but how truly I will not pretend to say, that they regulate all the important affairs of life by Subtraction and the Rule of Three, and by a methodical arrangement, upon paper, of various arguments under different heads: it might be better for us all if we did so too, but there are subjects, one would think, which would bid defiance to all the logick and all the arithmetick in the world. La Harpe, however, who, like many other Frenchmen, affects to be witty at the expense of Geneva, tells a story of a Genevois, who having mislaid the paper on which he had drawn up his arguments against matrimony, went so far as to propose marriage to a young lady whom he had long admired, as much as so learned a geometrician could admire any thing but a mathematical problem; his offers were accepted, and every thing was going

gravely on, and as expeditiously as they can do, in this sober country, when the lover, having found the paper, on which the arguments were drawn up against marriage, was so struck with their force, as to offer a large sum of money, rather than proceed in the business.

A connexion by marriage is here, as perhaps it ought always to be, a matter regulated between the parents and friends on both sides, and I have heard a very pretty girl, who was asked if it were true that she was going to be married, answer very gravely, that she had heard nothing of it, but would inquire of her mamma, as soon as she returned home.

An old acquaintance of mine carried his fluctuation upon this important subject very far indeed. It occurred to him as he was handing his bride out of church, that they had been doing a very foolish thing, and he told her so ; and what is very singular, she had the good humour to be of his opinion, so they parted friends for the day, contrived, after an amicable suit for incompatibility of humour, to be divorced shortly after, and have ever since lived in habits of great mutual respect and friendship.

The talent of preaching is very much cultivated in Geneva, and in some instances with great success, the minister reciting his sermon, with scarcely even the assistance of notes. It certainly adds charms to eloquence, and gives force to what the preacher says, when he addresses his audience, as from conviction and sentiment, and not in poring over a book, as is customary in the church of England. The mode of preaching without book, is, however, pro-

ductive of some defects; it gives rise to a great deal of tautology, and declamation is frequently substituted for argument. If the clergyman be supposed to have prepared himself, I should prefer his addressing his congregation without looking at a book, otherwise he certainly had better read. And above all things avoid the impious pretence of being inspired; this reminds me of an anecdote related by D'Alembert. A clergyman being unexpectedly called upon to preach, endeavoured to conciliate his hearers before hand by confessing, that he had prepared nothing for the occasion, adding with great simplicity, that he must now depend upon the Holy Spirit, but that another time he hoped to do better.

There are some much admired preachers, and several volumes of printed sermons, every way worthy of being compared to Blair's; but no writer of eminence, on subjects of Theology, has appeared since Mr. Vernet, and it is best, perhaps, that the human mind should be left in repose on subjects which can never be comprehended.

No writer either has succeeded Burlamaqui on Natural Law, nor has any thing appeared on the Law of Nations, of which the science is indeed, by the late events of Europe, rendered little better than a name. There have been some political effusions, which have found their way into print, but nothing of the sort which is very likely to be transmitted to posterity, nor any play or novel, that I know of. Political pamphlets grew out of the ancient government, but the present admits of no such productions. In history, Geneva still possesses Berenger, who has



published the best translation of *Rusching*, and the annals of his own country, and *Mallet*, long distinguished for his history of Denmark. The voluminous work of my friend *Muller* has furnished him the materials of a history of Switzerland, which he has written with the boldness of a patriot, and with a certain graceful negligence of style, and his green and vigorous old age has lately given us a history of the Hanseatick towns. A new historian, too, has sprung up in the person of *Mr. Picot*, and if he continues as he has begun, he will do honour to his country.

*Mr. Simonde\** has followed the course of *Adam Smith* in a very useful work, and has ventured to differ very successfully from that distinguished writer on some important heads. He is composing a history of the Italian republicks of the middle ages. Natural history, natural philosophy, metaphysics, chymistry, botany, and the different branches of the mathematicks, are cultivated and professed by distinguished characters. Professor *Prevost*, with whom I am particularly acquainted, has published a translation of *Euripides*, two volumes on the faculties of the human mind, and several smaller productions. When his country was threatened by *Montesquieu*, he bore arms in the ranks, and as long as it was possible to keep alive the flame of patriotism, his efforts as a writer and a man of letters were not wanting; but he submits with a good grace to the present order of things, and is satisfied with what it is no longer possible to prevent. Another of my old friends, *Mr.*

\* Since so distinguished for his *Histoire de la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe, &c. &c.*

de Vegobre, has published a small volume, in which he has recorded many of the melancholy events of 1793, and particularly such as regarded Naville, one of the most interesting victims of that frightful period; and it is to be wished that some man of letters like him, of unblemished character, would take the same trouble every eight or ten years, and prevent, as far as his influence extended, all possibility of that oblivion of the past, which too easily creeps upon the human mind. Those days of degradation both in France and Geneva, ought never to be forgotten. I like the spirit and sensibility of La Harpe, who declares that they remain present to his eyes, that they weigh upon his heart, and that the best and last employment of his pen shall be to retrace them for the benefit of posterity. The names of Bonnet and De Saussure are both familiar to you. They were men of large fortune, who devoted their lives to the cultivation of letters, that in this happy country supplied the places of those far less dignified employments and pursuits, which absorb so much attention, and excite so many passions elsewhere. The latter of these distinguished individuals had the advantage of robust health, and great personal activity, and could traverse mountains over the drifted snow, and take up his abode for weeks together amid scenes of eternal winter; but he could also, upon occasion, pass hours in patient observation on subjects of a sedentary nature, and was the first natural philosopher, who ascertained the wonderful process of nature in the increase of some species of the animalcula of infusions, by divisions and subdi-

divisions without end. A single animalcula in a drop of water exposed to the focus of a microscope, became sixty in four and twenty hours, and the division and subdivision going on rapidly, they were soon beyond the possibility of being counted.\*

I have on a former occasion brought you acquainted with the family of Huber, and with Mr. Necker. Of this great man's political works I do not presume to judge, and posterity perhaps can alone appreciate them; but it may be safely asserted, that it was his fate, with the best intentions certainly, but most unfortunately for France, to contribute to an excitement already too great, and to assist in raising a fermentation, which he afterwards struggled in vain to allay. His last work recommends a particular form of government, which is likely I am told, to be the one hereafter adopted by Bonaparte. His moral discourses contain a great deal of good advice, adapted to every age and to all the various stations of life; they are composed, however, I think, in too pompous a style. He has chosen to call them sermons, and has affixed a text to each, but though he inculcates in the strongest terms a belief in the existence of the Supreme Being, and a reliance on that superiour wisdom and goodness which regulates the decrees of provi-

\* This discovery of M. de Saussure, made at least forty years ago, might have prevented many an idle discussion on these subjects. It is singular too, that there are still persons, not otherwise ill informed, who attribute the appearance of insects in certain situations, to putridity as a cause, as if that, which is the return of bodies to their respective elements, could become the parent of organization. The eggs of insects are enabled to make every part of nature their nidus; they endure for a time, without injury, the extremities of heat and of cold, and are developed by various causes, and by putridity in particular.

dence, yet he no where directs our attention to the doctrines and mysteries of revealed religion, or expresses himself otherwise than as a philosopher of ancient times might have done. His posthumous works have been collected into one volume, and published by Madame de Stael, whose eloquence and active sensibility appear perfectly well directed in drawing the attention of mankind to the merit of the best of fathers. It is such a monument as Tullia might have raised to the memory of her father, had she survived him. I could perceive, however, that the literary world had been in the expectation of something better, and that there was but one opinion as to the far greater number of the maxims and definitions which make a part of the volume. They are such as may very well have occurred to one who had lived long in the world, but scarcely such as a man of letters would risk his reputation upon. I could have wished too that there had been more of narrative and less of eulogy, and that we had been made better acquainted with the life of Mr. Necker in his earlier years. Dr. Franklin's memoirs might have afforded an excellent model on the occasion. From the situation of a clerk at 15*l.* a year, to that of a prime minister of France the transition is so great, that there must have been much merit and many lucky chances, and had Madame de Stael condescended to follow the chain of events and thus unravel the fortunes of her father, she would have commanded universal attention, and have rendered a service to mankind. The banker whom he first lived with in Paris, came into his counting-house one morning, and reproached the clerks,

that not one of them was able to translate a letter for him out of Dutch. About six weeks afterwards Mr. Necker, till then an unnoticed young man in the herd of clerks, came forward, and declaring his acquisition of the Dutch language, requested and obtained, that the correspondence from Holland should be hereafter entrusted to him. He was afterwards a partner in the house of Thelusson, and acquired a large fortune in the banking business, which is carried on in France in a way, not yet, I believe, understood in America. It consists in finding bills of exchange for money, and money for bills of exchange on any part of Europe, and in transferring stock from one fund to another on the most advantageous terms; so great was Mr. Necker's sagacity on this subject, that he is said to have annually made a large sum to the last year of his life, without moving from his elbow chair. He has often declared, that nothing had for a long period of his life appeared easier to him than to become immensely rich, if such had been the object of his ambition. The volume closes with a tale which is drawn from common life, and is on that account, the more interesting. Madame de Genlis has proved in her *Thelismar* and *Alphonso*, that the wonder and astonishment of the reader might be as well excited by the relation of what is strictly within the verge of truth and possibility, as by the wildest fictions of romance, and the object of Mr. Necker was to show, that as interesting a narrative might be composed from the circumstances of ordinary life, and from the endearments of married love, as from all that could be invented even by the bril-

liant imagination of Madame de Stael. Had he been deeply read in novels as you and I are, he would have known, that the same idea had already occurred to Fielding and to Miss Burney, whose account of Mr. Harrel, of his want of conduct, of his wife's indifference, and insensibility of the expedients by which a disclosure of their circumstances is from time to time kept off a little longer, and of their final ruin, is by far the most interesting part of her principal work. In the novel of Mr. Necker a country gentleman of generous mind and amiable manners marries a lady of exalted merit whom he passionately loves, and who has preferred him to the most brilliant connexions. They are situated on the paternal estate, in a beautiful country, and are blest with a daughter who unites all their affections. But unfortunately the husband had been led into habits of expense, by expectations which are not realized, he finds it difficult to retrench, and equally so to impart the truth of his embarrassments to his wife, who suspects what she does not venture to inquire into, and is secretly unhappy. Accidental business carries him to London; he is there on the look out for some speculation by which he might rapidly become immensely rich, and thinks himself fortunate in the acquaintance of a broker, who is said to have retrieved the affairs of several gentlemen; who being embarrassed, had placed them in his hands. He is dazzled at the prospect of a speculation in the funds; is led on by the success of two or three trifling attempts, and encouraged by the punctuality of the broker, now become his agent, to venture more and more,

till, in order to prevent the trouble of frequent meetings and letters to that purpose, he in a fatal moment, delivers a number of promissory notes with blanks for the sums they are to be filled up with, and retires to his house in the country, not without some dismal forebodings what might be the event. Symptoms of the truth now rapidly occur, and it is soon evident that the broker had been long a man of desperate fortune ; that he had pledged the means of his employer to the utmost ; that total ruin and disgrace would ensue ; that his creditors had been alarmed, and that the unfortunate gentleman would in a short time be dragged to prison. The lady, who had long dreaded the worst, and had lamented nothing more than her husband's unwillingness to share his griefs with her, now offers him the most delightful of all consolations ; she offers to share his fate, be it what it may, and no expression of reproach is in contradiction to the smile of love which beams upon her countenance. But his pride, and the strong sense of the happiness he had thrown away, render life loathsome to him ; he declares his dreadful purpose of suicide, and she determines not to survive him. They recommend their child to a friend whom they can depend upon ; and while this dear object of their united affections, who had been soliciting her father for a new doll he had promised her, is running about the garden, they resolutely execute their purpose with a pair of pistols, and die in each other's arms. The moral of this little story is excellent, but the termination is too dismal. It would have been better, I think, to have brought religion

to the aid of the unhappy couple ; who submitting to their fate with resignation, might have cheerfully withdrawn to some cottage, and subsisted by their own industry. A delightful picture of a retired and blameless life, might now have been drawn ; and as they were seated by the fire side, on a winter's evening, with their daughter between them, a messenger might have thundered at the door, with the news of some rich and generous uncle, just arrived from the East Indies ; or some hard-hearted maiden aunt, with an immense fortune, might have been made to die for the occasion, without giving her time to make her will. The same tenderness of affection which induced Mr. Necker to render the days of his wife as happy as the unavoidable evils of human nature admit of, continued to animate his exertions to the last moments of her existence. The gloomy period which we all shudder at, was softened by his assiduous attention ; her mind was composed by the certainty that her wishes with respect to the disposal of her remains,\* would be complied with ; and musick, either from the hand of her daughter, or from a band in a neighbouring chamber, was heard whenever she seemed to request it ; and was made to sooth the long and painful approach of death. I have often thought, that with all our love for each other in this world, there is something not well understood in our conduct towards those of our friends who are on

\* On a beaucoup parlé des soins que ma mère avoit apporté a son Tombeau ; elle avoit vu d'affreux exemples des inhumations précipitées en s'occupant des Hôpitaux, et son imagination en avoit été frappée : elle attachoit d'ailleurs un prix extrême à la certitude que ses cendres seroient réunies à celles de mon Père.

*Manuscript de Necker, publiés par sa Fille.*



the verge of their last moments; and that the art of promoting an easy, and I might almost say, a cheerful death, is not sufficiently attended to. A book has been written upon this subject in the French language; but for want of knowing the title, I have never been able to procure it.

The celebrated Dr. Rush is said to have derived some consolation, and I think with reason, amidst the loss of hundreds of his patients in the yellow fever, from this circumstance, that his mode of treatment possessed the advantage of rendering death less tedious and painful. And Lord Racon in one of his essays blames the physicians of his time for not attending more to this subject. We are wrong, says the amiable and sprightly Prince de Ligne, to represent death in the hideous spectre-like form we do; let the appearance of death be that of a venerable matron with a mild, and serene countenance, who invites us to repose, and promises eternal rest after the cares and anxieties of life.

M. de Luc, who has been so distinguished in the literary world, and in particular for his improved application of the barometer to the measurement of heights, is also of Geneva, though he has principally resided in England; where he bears the title of reader to the Queen. His works on the history of the earth extend to several volumes, which are replete with a variety of observations, made in almost every part of Europe, on such circumstances and phenomena, as prove the portion of the globe which we inhabit, to have been formerly covered by the waters of some great ocean, that has been since suddenly

withdrawn ; and on such also, as are connected with the changes of it has undergone by the operation of volcanick fire. He is also the inventor of another very simple experiment, for the measurement of heights by the greater or less degree of thermometrical heat of water, exposed to the action of fire, at which ebullition\* commences. If we reflect a moment, that the process of ebullition is the overcoming the incumbent pressure of a column of air, it will immediately occur to us, that the column being rendered shorter at every step we ascend, its weight must consequently become less, and be more easily overcome ; (the variable density of the atmosphere from other causes, being ascertained and allowed for.) Monsieur de Saussure, with a liberality which did him infinite honour, spared no trouble or expense, which could enable him to ascertain the truth of this hypothesis, and has given us the result of various ex-

\* This very ingenious idea has been repeatedly verified since the time of M. de Saussure's experiments on Mont Blanc. Water, it seems, when bearing the full weight of the atmosphere at the rate of about 15 lb. to every square inch, is found to boil at 212 degrees of heat by Reamur's thermometer, and to boil at 72 when in vacuo ; and the observer having established this to his satisfaction, and being furnished with the proper instruments to ascertain the variable density of the atmosphere from other causes, is enabled to calculate his elevation very exactly.

It is in this instance as in many others, we are astonished that an idea so obvious and a process so simple should have occurred to no one before, during so many years of philosophical inquiry. But such is the characteristic of genius, it deduces new consequences from established facts, bearing in that respect a great resemblance to wit, one of the attributes of which is to place that which every body knows to be true, in a new and striking point of view. A French naturalist of the name of Achard has invented an instrument on the principles of M. de Luc.

periments on the Sea shore, on Mount Cenis, and on Mount Blanc. It appears from these, that although the difficulty of kindling and keeping up a flame increased as he ascended, and was almost insurmountable on Mount Blanc, yet the difference of height to be presumed in all these instances, from the different temperature of the water at the moment of ebullition, was in exact ratio to the difference of level at every particular station ; such as it had been ascertained by the barometer, and by trigonometrical experiments.

The works of M. de Luc, though long known to the scientific world, were new to me ; and I was particularly struck with his hypothesis on the nature of heat. The Creator condescending, if I may use the expression, to act always by secondary causes, has willed, that in this atmosphere we breathe, in the earth, and in every object of creation, there should exist a variety of invisible materials, which we are enabled to call into action at pleasure, and to give a direction to. It is thus with the magnetick and electrick fluids, and thus with the element of heat, or as it is commonly called, calorick : this important element is composed, according to M. de Luc, of particles, which gravitate towards the surface of the earth, and occupy to a certain height, a portion of the atmosphere. It exists more or less in all substances we know of, radiating or beaming forth by an inherent power of its own from all bodies, but in a greater degree from some than from others, in which it remains latent, and this power of radiation is sufficient for its transmission without the agency

of the air : it every where tends to equalize itself ; it resembles the elements of light, in as much as it is reflected, and refracted by the same laws, but exists in many instances independently of it ; it is the universal cause of fluidity, occasioning an enlargement where its effects do not extend to fluidity ; it is called into action in various ways by friction, by the electrick fluid, but principally by the rays of the sun, which may be supposed to operate more powerfully in plains and low places, where the particles of calorick are condensed, without containing any more of heat, however, than they do of vital air which they yet elicit from the leaves of trees, or than a knife, with which you cut an orange, does of juice ; there is something in this theory which strikes me as agreeable to the understanding, nor can we any other way so well account for that difference of temperature, which we experience on different portions of the same mountains, and in places that are precisely in the same latitude. It has met with some opposition, but has been rather confirmed than not, by a course of atmospherical experiments, made by an ingenious natural philosopher of Geneva. He found indeed, the degree of heat greater at a certain distance from the earth, than upon the surface ; but the continued exhalation which we know to exist there, and the effect of moisture in absorbing heat, very easily explain that circumstance.

Another experiment made by the gentleman above alluded to, shows that the effect of a mass of snow or a lump of ice in the focus of a concave mir-

ror, or a thermometer in the focus of a similar mirror, placed parallel to it, is to make the thermometer fall some degrees, and this he condescends to reason upon as if they were a radiation of cold as well as of heat ; he very soon explains the phenomenon, it is true, and shows that it can only arise from the absorption of heat by the ice in melting, the thermometer itself furnishing its portion by radiation, but still, the expression, reflection of cold, ought not to have been used.\*

The learned men of Geneva, though in general communicative, yet reminded me sometimes of the Druids of old ; they seemed fearful lest the fruit of their investigations should be too easily understood, and science become too common ; and their admission of such a difficulty as the reflection of cold, which they condescend gravely to discuss, is not unlike the conduct of Sir Roger de Coverly, who confessed, when an old man, that he used some-

\* It is certain, says Sir H. Davy, who seems to have an unphilosophical tendency to believe that heat is any thing other than a peculiar subtle fluid, it is certain however that there is matter, moving in the space between us and the heavenly bodies, capable of communicating heat, the motions of which are rectilineal, and that the sun's rays acting on the surface of the earth produce heat. It is observed by Adams too (see his lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy.) that in transmitting the heat of a candle or of a burning coal, by means of concave mirrors, to the bulb of a thermometer properly placed for that purpose, a small increase of heat is to be perceived the whole way from the surface of the second mirror to its focus ; whereas, when the rays of the sun are made use of for the same purpose, no such increase of heat is perceived within the conical convergency. He observes too, that when the most powerful burning glass is made use of, and we know that the effects of such are inferior only to lightning, the finger may be placed with safety any where but at the focus.

times, in the vigour of youth, and in his zeal for hunting, to collect as many of the foxes of the neighbourhood as possible, that he might have the pleasure of running them down upon his own manor. Another M. de Luc, a brother of the one above mentioned, resides in Geneva, and has often given me occasion to admire the rare union of an attachment to scientific pursuits, with cheerful piety, an active mind, and seventy-five years of age. His cabinet of Natural History is allowed by those who can best appreciate such things, to be extremely well composed ; and it is particularly interesting, from the circumstance of its containing several marine and other fossils, which evidently belong to species not now existing in a state of nature ; either on land or in the sea. It has been said, and I have heard it asserted at Geneva, that there was nothing more than a distant analogy between those fossil remains which we see collected, and any existing animals. This, if true, would imply, that there had been two distinct creations, a circumstance the more painful to M. de Luc, and to his brother, as in their zeal for religion they have, rather unnecessarily, I think, pledged themselves to prove the exact and literal truth of the Mosaick History.

I have already observed to you in another place, that some of the most pious, and best informed persons, I had an opportunity of conversing with at Geneva, consider the Mosaick account of the Creation as referring to the renewal, rather than to the commencement of existence upon our earth, after some catastrophe, such a one probably as occasion-

ed marine fossils to be found at a distance from the ocean, and transferred the remains of several of the larger terrestrial animals to places where the individual animals have been never known to exist. And if of this great event, and of the subsequent changes that took place in the situation of mankind, the Jewish lawgiver should have sometimes expressed himself in a way to shock our knowledge, and alarm our very reason, it ought to be recollected, that like other great men in similar situations, he probably felt himself called upon to adopt the opinions, to appearance, and to employ the language of the times he lived in ; knowing that the human understanding could hereafter discover all that ought properly to be inquired into, and leaving it meanwhile to take shelter in allegory and mystery.

I am very far from presuming to doubt the inspiration of Moses, but if we for a moment suppose him to have acted from his own impulse, and to have depended on his own resources, I can conceive no greater personage in all history. Born of a proscribed class, and educated by the hand of charity, he felt the degradation of his countrymen, and he had the courage to attempt, and the abilities to execute, the very extraordinary design of rescuing them from the very bosom of a powerful and enlightened people. He had next the still more arduous task of giving them laws, manners, a police, and a religion. He made them unlearn the ideas they acquired in Egypt, he overcame their reluctance, he subdued their prejudices, he separated them by a moral barrier, the strongest of all others, from the

rest of mankind ; and having enured them to privation, and trained them to arms, he delivered them up with dignity to his successor, fitted for the conquest of the fertile vallies and hill-sides he had promised them the possession of. If I doubt therefore of the propriety of interpreting literally the text of Moses, it is not then to respect him less than either of the Messrs. de Luc.

An interesting trait in the history of these venerable brothers, is the union of heart and mind, in which they have ever lived, and the determination of each that the other should participate in any literary honour, or any credit that labour or ingenuity could procure the one in the opinion of mankind. Mr. Pictet, from whom I received the welcome of a friend on my return to this country, is among the most distinguished of the Genevans. The work of his of which I am best able to judge, contains a volume of letters, written during a rapid tour in England and Ireland ; they contain a lively account of men and manners ; of arts and sciences ; of manufactures and agriculture ; and show how much can be done in a very short time by a man of genius, who has activity ; who is cheerful and good natured, and who possesses the language of the country through which he travels.

Medicine and surgery are practised in Geneva by individuals who rank high in those professions all over Europe ; but there is one fault common to them all. They take it for granted, that a stranger is to pay more for the services he receives, than an inhabitant ; and they embarrass him by, refusing to



make any demand, or give in any account ; so that though he may in the end pay more than he ought, he has never the satisfaction of knowing that he has paid enough. There is something in this unworthy the dignity of a learned and highly useful profession, practised as it is at Geneva, by men of the most distinguished merit ; and by no means consistent with the liberality of their conduct upon every other occasion. A M. Le Sage, a very eminent literary character, died a few days after my arrival at Geneva ; his life, which was protracted to a good old age, had been in a great measure devoted to intense study ; the great object of which was to explain mechanically the operations of gravity. What the secondary causes are, which occasion the fall of bodies, we shall never know with certainty ; but those imagined by Mr. Le Sage would, I presume, be sufficient in the hands of a being enabled to wield them ; it would appear so at least, as far as human knowledge has brought us acquainted with all the various phenomena of gravity upon earth, or in the heavens. According to M. Le Sage, we are to imagine numberless corpuscles or atoms moving rapidly in every direction, and acting with more or less effect according to the greater or less number of solid particles in every body against which they strike. A body equally affected by these in every direction would remain at rest, until impelled towards any other body by whose proximity it might be more or less protected from the operation of corpuscles in that direction. The action of these corpuscles,

though delayed by the density of the earth, re-assumes its force in proportion as they are more and more distant from the surface, and this we immediately perceive is likely to coincide with the theory of falling bodies. I attended M. Le Sage's lectures, when I was at Geneva in my youth, and remember that whatever I might have thought of his system, I had always a great respect for his person. He was a man of a most benevolent heart ; of great good humour, and of some singularities ; these arose in a great measure, from his habit of classing his ideas, of deducing consequences upon all occasions, from premises, and of taking nothing for granted, that he was not satisfied as to the truth of. His ingenious and active mind had been left in very early youth, from the circumstances of his situation and the mode of instruction his father had adopted, under the necessity of ruminating, where a slight explanation, had it been given, might have satisfied his doubts, and of making experiments, which he did with great ingenuity, in order to satisfy himself on subjects of very ordinary occurrence ; from these he passed to others far more intricate, and was yet a young man when he decided a very important axiom in vision. He proved also to demonstration, that the mechanist might convert any motion which is recurring to that which shall be rotatory. It was a discovery of this nature, which has so greatly contributed to render the steam engine still more useful to the arts than it had been ; and which has distinguished the name of Mr. Watt. The value of a discovery depends upon the period

at which it is made, and the nation to which it is first communicated. The experiment of the Genevan philosopher amused for a moment or two the leisure of a few scientifick men, and was then consigned to oblivion. Mr. Watt's has been worth thousands of pounds to himself, and millions to his native country. But the great employment of M. Le Sage's life was his system. With this was connected a mass of information on a great variety of subjects, which, at well as the particulars of his favourite object, he was at all times willing to communicate. But he could never acquire an easy flow of words, and would have been embarrassed by a very ordinary question, on which he had not been allowed to prepare himself. It was his misfortune to mistrust his memory, and commit every thing to paper. Attached as he was, almost unreasonably, to truth in all its rigour, and to extreme accuracy, it is singular that he should have bestowed so much of his attention upon subjects so inexhaustible and so remote from all possibility of being ever perfectly explained. He at one period of his life, fatigued his mind so long by endeavouring to ascertain the precise moment at which our waking faculties cease, and sleep commences, that he had almost lost the power of sleep.\* There is always a great deal of

\* This tendency of Le Sage to abstruse subjects, his mode of investigating whatever presented itself to his imagination, and some peculiar circumstances, which marked his character and conversation, arose, no doubt, from the sort of education he had received. The singularities of a father have very often the effect of producing opposite eccentricities in the mind of a son. His father, though a man of letters, and a teacher, could never submit to that order and arrangement, which

oral tradition in the accounts which are given us of any distinguished character, and this goes down to posterity, together with what assumes the appearance of history. It is already so with M. Le Sage,

might best have facilitated his own progress in the pursuit of science, as well as the progress of those, whom he undertook to instruct. He disliked all appearance of method, and flying from system to system, and subject to subject, in desultory excursions and various directions, he had compiled a number of ill arranged axioms of facts, which made a chaos of his mind. The son, who was never deficient in filial respect, and was even tenderly attached to his father, was extremely struck with this intellectual disorder, and used to say, that the best epitome of the old gentleman's mind, was to be seen in his study. My father's study, says Le Sage, was a small room of difficult access up five pair of stairs, and immediately under the roof. There were two small windows, in one of which the panes of glass remained whole, but they were obscured by the cobwebs of succeeding generations of spiders, who had pursued their labours there unmolested, and almost enveloped two long pipes and a rusty sword placed saltier-wise. In the other window, where paper had been substituted for glass, and the shutter closed, a small hole in one of them admitted the rays of light, and occasioned at a certain hour of the day, a very exact representation upon the surface of the paper, of any bird or cat in its excursions, that appeared upon the roofs of the neighbouring houses, and it was here in solitary contemplation of those occasional appearances that I first formed an idea of the phenomenon of light, and the mechanism of vision. A common deal table, with a drawer to it, served my father to write on, and keep his manuscripts in; and near it stood another table with various odd volumes, and bundles of paper. Many of these had been pushed off to make room for others, and accumulating in their fall, had almost covered a dismounted celestial globe, which had remained there unattended to for years. Upon the shelves of an old press, were about three hundred volumes, hardly one of which was a later date than a century back, and among them was an old Horace bound in wood, and a copy of Euclid without either solution or demonstration, that had somewhat less dust upon them than the others. To the nails which had been driven into the wall of the room, were suspended a curious variety of articles; from one hung a quadrant, and a barber's basin from another, and there was a violin without strings, and an old sieve, and some military accoutrements of former times,

of whom a variety of anecdotes are related, in addition to what professor Prevost has published. He was fond of society it is said, but invariably took his solitary meal by his kitchen fire ; and as he thought a certain degree of exercise necessary to health, and could not find time to walk out as often as he ought, it was his custom to dance a jig with his servant maid just before he went to bed. He was never married, nor does it appear that he ever was in love ; but he had unaccountably taken up an idea, that the fair sex of his acquaintance were always laying snares for his affections ; and felicitated himself very gravely, more than once, at having escaped temptations, which it is very certain never existed but in his own imagination. To believe the philosopher, Ulysses himself never incurred more danger in the country of the Syrens, than he did in the virtuous' city of Geneva. I do not mention this anecdote from any wish to excite a smile, but as a trait in the character of man in general, who is more frequently affected by what Dr. Johnson calls the flying clouds of incipient madness, than we commonly imagine. You will agree with me, that the mistake of the Genevan philosopher was not much less singular than that of the astronomer in Rasselas.

and a crooked ewer, and a fiddle bow and a slate. The only furniture, besides the tables and the press, was a worm eaten arm chair, where my father used to seat himself when he gave lessons, or played upon his flute, or took his afternoon's nap, and by way of ornament, there was a print of the crucifixion, a Mary Magdalen in oil colours, and a copy, by no mean hand, of the sleeping Venus of Titian.

*Account of Le Sage by Professor Prevost.*

A Review, in the nature of those published in London, comes out once a month in Geneva ; it is conducted by a society of men of letters, and exclusively appropriated to foreign, and particularly English productions. They very frequently discuss the subjects of the books they report upon, and throw light upon each ; arranging whatever is confused, explaining whatever appears obscure, and pruning away all that is superfluous and redundant ; so that an English author is sometimes infinitely more improved by having passed through their hands, than his countrymen even are by their travels. They thus render no inconsiderable service to an author, and to the portion of mankind who may be benefitted by his labours. They were among the most zealous co-operators of Dr. Jenner, in promoting a confidence in the virtues of the vaccine inoculation, and contributed extremely to the success of this wonderful discovery, by explaining the process and symptoms. And now, dear daughter, I believe I must cease to write you about Geneva ;\* it is a topick upon which I could never

\* If I have succeeded in my wish to interest the reader in the fate of Geneva, he will be glad to know, that having been among the first to shake off the usurped dominion of France at the abdication of Bonaparte, the Genevans have been rewarded by the particular attention of the allied powers, and have proved themselves still more worthy of it by their subsequent conduct.

Geneva is now one of the United Cantons of Switzerland, and has received by cession from the King of Sardinia, a slip of territory on the opposite side of the Arve from where it joins the Rhone to the village of Veiri, and again from Vesenaz to the river Hermance inclusively, the high road to Thonon being the eastern boundary. The inhabitants of the country, who formerly possessed no political rights whatever, are now represented in the General Assembly of the nation,

exhaust myself, but your patience might not last as long. We are now preparing for our journey to Paris, and my next letter will be from thence.

*Note*—Geneva was, I believe, the smallest republick in Europe, but M. Simondi de Sismondi has brought me acquainted with a monarchy of still smaller dimensions in the mountains of Italy. It is called For-dinovo, and belongs to the family of Malespira; it is at the utmost about four miles square. It would be interesting no doubt to trace, as one might certainly do, the operation of every human passion in the annals of these miniature States, and it is to be regretted, I think, that the late dreadful experiments which have convulsed the world had not been made in such, rather than in France or Italy.—*Vide Simondi de Sismondi de la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe*, Vol. iii, P. 71.

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### POSTSCRIPT

It may not be improper, before we quit Switzerland altogether, to devote a few lines to the present situation and publick law of that interesting coun-

and without any distinction of religion. The same good consequences have resulted at Berne, at Friburg and in other aristocratick cantons; so that the horrors of the French revolution may be considered as in some measure alleviated. Neuchatel has voluntarily returned to the very qualified sovereignty of the king of Prussia. There is a great deal in the constitution of this singular little monarchy, that would be well worth the readers attention. I would have wished that the little republicks of Bienne and Mulhausen had been also restored to their independence; but Bienne has been given to Berne, on a footing of equal rights, however, and Mulhausen remains subject to France. The Pays de Vaud found some difficulty in being admitted into the Helvetic union, but overcame the repugnance of the little cantons by the payment of a sum of money, which it was stipulated should be applied to the establishment of schools. I have already mentioned the situation of the Vallais and of the subject countries on the frontiers of Italy. The Grisons remain as they were, except that they form one of the twenty-two cantons.

try, where government, assuming so many different forms, in all the various shades from democracy to monarchy, preserved still the blessed resemblance of rendering men happy ; where the different systems of religion had lost all bitterness towards each other, and the subject or the citizen is obedient without degradation, and free without licentiousness. And I shall be excused, I trust, if quitting the epistolary style for a moment, I address myself directly to the reader, and solicit his attention to a period long subsequent to the date of those letters, he has yet to encounter. Mr. Coxe, subject, however, to the more correct information to be found at the bottom of his own pages, (see Coxe's Switzerland, let. xxiii. article Helvetick Union,) has brought his numerous readers acquainted with the state of Switzerland prior to the act of Mediation, as the violent intrusion of France was termed, and it will have been seen in the foregoing letters, what that pretended mediation extended to : it was not without some good ideas, however, and these the Swiss have retained in their present constitution. There are now twenty-two cantons, and though there is more of aristocracy in some than in others, in Berne for instance, yet the bulk of the people have a representation in each, there is a natural guarantee of their respective forms of government and there are no where any religious disqualifications. The ancient Achaian league, or perhaps the late government of the United States, prior to the adoption of the federal constitution, would give the best idea of the present Helvetick Union ; for the different



## LETTER LVII.

Paris, February 21, 1806.

MY DEAR E——,

I AM at length, my dear daughter, able to write to you from Paris, where we have passed three months, which have been pretty well filled up. I have, as usual, kept a regular journal of every thing we have seen and done, and have it open upon the table before me ; but before I speak of Paris, I must give you some idea of our journey from Geneva. It was, I forget what day, in the last week of October, that we left Secheron, with heavy hearts at the thought of quitting F.———, but yielding to the necessity of turning our faces homewards, and not sorry that Paris lay in our way. There was a melancholy group to pass through on our way to the carriage ; it consisted of the servants we had found it necessary to hire, and of those whom the landlord employed in the care of a large and handsome garden attached to the house ; they were, all of them, I really believe, sorry to part with us, and the women showed it in their eyes. We left them, however, the sort of consolation which, as Cervantes says, was so efficacious in allaying the grief of Don Quixote's family ; and the probability is, that they were not inconsolable. As it was late when we set out, we went no farther than Nion, of which I have more than once given you some account, I believe, in my excursions through La Cote ; it was once a Roman station, and while the waters of the lake protected

the right flank of the garrison, their left was defended by a wall, which extended to the foot of Mount Jura. Some remains of this, I am told, might be still traced ; but I am surprised how any one can ever have mistaken them for the vestiges of the work which Caesar threw up to prevent the incursions of the Helvetii. He himself tells us, that the contest took place partly on the water, which could not have been the case in an attack upon the wall between Nion and the Jura, nor would Caesar have ordered the bridge of Geneva to be destroyed had it been in his rear. Travellers are too frequently satisfied with relating what others have related before them. I am convinced that I have seen twenty books of travels, in which it is asserted, that the waters of the Rhone remain distinct from those of the lake of Geneva, though nothing can be more remote from the truth ; had it been true, I could not have wished a better emblem of the union with France. At Nion, the road to Paris turns suddenly to the north-east, crosses the Jura by the village of St. Sergne, after a long, but not very rapid ascent, and passes by Moree and Poligny, towards Dijon. You may easily conceive how frequently I stopt as I was ascending towards St. Sergne, and looked back upon the beautiful country which I was never again to behold after that day, and upon the lake, with Geneva at the extremity of it, and upon the Alps surmounted by Mont Blanc. At a small distance from St. Sergne, we entered the country formerly known by the name of Franche Comté, which now together with a portion of ancient Burgundy, forms the department of Jura ;

a country of lofty mountains, and of immense forests; poor to appearance, but rich in inexhaustible mines of iron ore; in quarries of stone; in salt springs; in lime; in rapid streams, so easily rendered subservient to the purposes of art; and beyond all, in the temperance and activity, and well understood industry of its inhabitants. You will see in Voltaire's *Age of Louis XIV* how easily this country was taken from the king of Spain, to whom it had descended from Charles V; he had inherited it from his grandfather Maximilian, who received it in marriage with the heiress of the house of Burgundy.

The village of Moree, where we stopt for an hour or two, may be considered as the commercial metropolis of these mountains; it is situated in a deep valley, the bare and perpendicular sides of which rise to the height of 1200 feet, leaving only room enough at bottom for two rows of houses and a narrow street, which is the high road to Paris; but the animating genius of industry, guided by ingenuity, resides in this apparently sequestered spot; the little stream which in former times covered the valley, is now restrained to a narrow channel, and is rendered useful in twenty different ways. It sets a variety of mills in motion, and is the principal instrument of plenty, and even of opulence, to a district, that could not otherwise perhaps, have maintained its inhabitants for four days in a year. Poligny, which is the last town the traveller passes through on his way to Dijon, is at the termination of the mountainous part of Jura, and at the foot of a very high hill, not less perhaps than 1000 to 1200 feet, and presents a very singular

appearance. We arrived on the eminence which overhangs the town, about sunset; the fogs had already covered the plains below, and they exhibited what might have seemed an immense ocean, and such they really were in all probability, some centuries ago, if we may judge at least by the marine fossils which appear in the side of the winding terrace that leads down to Poligny. On the other side, and on a clear day, the traveller might suppose himself on the Italian side of the Alps; every species of vegetation in the highest cultivation, with here and there a canal, and rows or clusters of poplar, with one never-ending plain, present a perfect resemblance of Lombardy, while the bilious countenances of the peasantry bespeak the price they pay for the advantages which nature has bestowed upon them. I should prefer the solitude and almost eternal winter of the mountains, or even the laborious life of the middle country, where wine is made in some places at an expense of manual labour that our negroes in South Carolina would certainly sink under; for manure, and frequently the soil itself, is to be carried up several hundred feet on the shoulders of the cultivator; nor does their labour end here, for as the nature of the country admits of no sort of wheel carriage, the most ordinary comforts of life can only be procured by excessive toil, accompanied in some instances with great personal danger. It is particularly so when fuel is to be procured. The peasant who sets out for that purpose of a winter's morning from his house in the valley, begins by ascending some neighbouring mountain, and having there made

up the pieces he has cut into the form of a rude sledge, and secured them together properly on the brink of the declivity, he takes his station on the load, so that he can touch the ground at pleasure with his feet, and committing himself to a narrow, winding, slippery path, and frequently of beaten snow, and generally bordered from place to place by precipices, he gets back to his family with almost aerial velocity. Others again, who live on the top of some naked hill, and who cannot find a declivity sufficiently gentle to admit of their using a sledge on the mountain where wood is to be obtained, are obliged to throw it down the precipice, at the bottom of which they afterwards collect and carry it home on their shoulders. The proverb of the country is, that wood warms a man twice. Their winter in those parts of Jura is very long, and the snow frequently accumulates in such a manner, that they have no means of egress from their houses, but by the chimney, from which they may be seen sallying upon occasion, with snow shoes, to prevent their sinking. People so situated pay, I presume, no idle visits, and their fare is not such as would tempt one to ask hospitality. It consists of bread baked at the setting in of the winter, very ordinary cheese, and a little smoked beef for particular and very great occasions; their drink is of the same humble description, and when best, is but a sort of cider, made of wild apples, mixed with all the various sorts of berries which the woods afford; surely our negroes are better off. Of this interesting country, its lakes and mountains, its streams and forests, its towns, castles, and ancient con-

vents, and of all that can engage the attention of the natural philosopher and the agriculturist, Mr. Lequinio, whose name I have frequently mentioned to you, has composed two interesting volumes; and it were to be wished, that his talents of observation could now be as well directed to the neighbourhood of Edgefield Court House, in South Carolina, where he has found repose, after the tumults of a life long agitated by the storms and horrors of the French revolution. I remember travelling through this very country of Franche Comté thirty-two years ago, I had just escaped from Eton and was tired at what appeared an uninteresting uniformity; had I possessed as good a guide as Mr. Lequinio, and that little degree of knowledge which I have since been able to acquire, and which is essentially necessary in order to understand in some measure, and to admire the wonders of nature and the works of art, I might have employed some weeks to great advantage and very agreeably; I would have visited their mines and salt works, and their various manufactories, from the forge to the watch-maker's shop; have observed their improvements in agriculture and irrigation, and have inquired into their modes of life and domestick comforts, from the cluster of families who reside under one common roof with their cattle, in the pure air of the mountains, to the manufacturer in the village, who gives to iron and to steel all the forms they admit of, or the wants of mankind require; and even to the solitary miller at the source of the Seille, who never, even for a moment, in the longest days of summer, can enjoy the vivifying rays of the sun,

or scarcely ever behold from his deep recess, any of the celestial bodies but the north star. The summer of the lofty mountains, though short, is sufficient for a crop of barley, oats and potatoes, some hay is also made, and the natural herbage affords pasturage to great numbers of cows, who are driven up from the vallies; 80 cows give 50 lb. of cheese a day when the grass is at its best, besides which the milking of the evening is made to produce 5 lbs. of butter; at the commencement and at the end of the season, the produce is much less. A considerable revenue is derived from ponds, and their management of the fish is such as our industry and attention in America, will hardly attain in a century; the young fish produced from a certain number of carp, which have been placed in a primary pond for that purpose, as deer are in a park, are taken out at a certain age and transferred to a second pond, in order to attain a sufficient size, and to prevent their being straightened for provisions, or embarrassed with the care of a family, one pike is put in at the same time for every ten carp; he grows up with them, if I may use the expression, without having it in his power, or perhaps in his inclination to injure them, but he shows no pity for their offspring; from the second pond the carp are moved at a certain period into a third, where they are regularly fed and prepared for market.

Even the dogs in this industrious country, are rendered useful; they learn to work in a wheel, as well as a horse or an ass, and are made to set the bellows in motion in the greater part of the forges and blacksmith's shops. The people, without much in-

formation, are in general sagacious and sensible; and I cannot, perhaps, finish my account better than by giving from Mr. Lequinio a proof of those qualities in a blind beggar. He had for many years held his station on the side of the high road, at some distance from his native village, and had exercised his powers of oratory so successfully, or told so piteous a tale, that he had been able to lay by a sum of one hundred crowns; as it was in the time of the revolution, he did not know but that some domiciliary visit in search of emigrants, or the fraternal embrace of some passing soldier, might lead to the discovery of his treasure if he kept it at home, and therefore buried it beneath a large stone at the foot of a tree, resolving to indulge himself as seldom as possible, in the delight of feeling it, and never to pay the accustomed visit but at night. One hundred crowns was a sum unheard of in the annals of mendicity; it promised him a comfortable retreat in his old age, and could not be too carefully concealed. At length, one fatal night, he found the stone removed, the hole empty, and the treasure fled. To have torn his hair, or beaten his breast would have answered no good purpose; he did better, he revolved in his mind all he had learnt in the neighbourhood for sometime past that could be any way connected with his misfortune, and he remembered that the landlord of the little inn, in the village, was said to rise frequently of a night, and to go the rounds of his field and garden in order to keep off marauders. The landlord, therefore, might have seen him on a visit to his treasure, and might have followed him;



but how was he to ascertain the truth of his suspicion, or how was he to recover his money? I defy you to guess, unless you have very lately read a fable of La Fontaine, and not to admire his ingenuity. Retiring as usual, from his stand, he called as he had sometimes done, for a cup of wine at the door of the little inn, and begged to speak a word with the landlord in private. I am come, sir, said the beggar, to solicit your advice, for the world is loud in your praises, and to request you would direct me where I could best place out of the reach of all discovery, in these dangerous times, a sum that heaven has been pleased to crown my exertions with; I have 200 crowns in two separate bags, one of them is buried in a place known only to myself, and which I never visit, and the other I have at home; if I put them together, the whole may be lost in one moment; and if I separate them there are two chances to one of my losing at least the half, for people have an idea of money being concealed by emigrants, and are frequently on the search. My honest friend, said the landlord, I am glad to learn that you are so well off, and thank you for the confidence you place in me; you have found a place, you say, known only to yourself, where one of your bags has been long safe; take my word for it, such places are not often to be procured, and so the best thing you can do is to put your second bag there. I will, said the beggar, without fail, if I live till to-morrow night; he then retired, with many thanks to the landlord; and rising as usual, before day the next morning, repaired to the well-known

tree, where we may conceive his delight in finding his dearly beloved treasure at the bottom of the hole, where he had originally placed it. The landlord, who was really the thief, as the beggar had divined, had lost no time in replacing the first bag, in order to create a confidence which might procure him the second. Though we are now in the highest part of France, which may be presumed from the direction of the various streams we passed ; yet the country we travelled through from Poligny, through Dole and Auxonne, to Dijon, consisted principally of extensive meadows, in which I saw no appearance of drains or banks ; the rise and fall of the river is so great, in all probability, as to render the first unnecessary, and the others useless. The low grounds of the Garonne are very preferable, and afford a much more agreeable prospect. At Auxonne the works were still entire, but there was a silence and solitude within, which contrasted singularly with the external military appearance. It is on the banks of the Saone, and in a country of fine pasturage, and consequently of fever and ague. In rising from the low grounds of the other side, we were still upon a level plain ; the meadows of former times no doubt, before the river had made itself so deep a bed, and passed through well-cultivated fields, to Dijon. We rested here a day, and found ourselves in one of the cleanest and best built towns in France, and with the singular accommodation of side pavements. In losing its parliament and its university, Dijon has been deprived of its two principal sources of prosperity ; for though it still pos-

sesses manufactories and the advantage of the canal of Burgundy, it is considered as going to decay. The environs which are diversified by an appearance of gentle hills, were formerly inhabited by people of fortune, who were principally of the robe ; nearly all of them were swept away by the torrent of the revolution, and are now deeply regretted by those very peasantry, who were so misled at the time, as to exult in their destruction. Dijon was the capital of Burgundy, one of the most fertile of the ancient provinces of France, and famous for its wine. It had been erected into a dutchy by one of the earlier kings of France, and again by John, in favour of his fourth son, Philip, who had so gallantly shared his fortunes at the battle of Poitiers. It required many years of intestine troubles, and frequent returns of the same disastrous events, before the monarchs of France could be brought to discontinue a practice so fatal to the happiness and prosperity of the nation. The descendants of Philip proved troublesome neighbours to France, and were the principal promoters of those intestine dissensions which so considerably facilitated the success of Henry of England. They ended at length, I mean the descendants of Philip, in that ill-advised unfortunate Charles the Rash, who fell a victim to the arts of Lewis XI, and to the valour of the Swiss. As he left no son, the fief of Burgundy reverted to the crown, and was never afterwards separated from it. For some days past, a rumour of the astonishing events in Germany, had begun to reach us, but it was against the pillar of a

church in Dijon, that I first read an authentick account of the affair of Ulm, where a veteran army of sixty thousand men had suffered an enemy to approach by detachments, till he became strong enough to afford them some pretext for capitulating. Till now the war had been unpopular, and a great deal had been said of fruitless contests, the offspring of unprofitable and headstrong ambition, of increasing taxes, of the youth, the flower of the country consumed by the conscription, and of all those evils which war carries in its train. But one bulletin after another, filled with such accounts as had never before gratified the vanity of the vainest of all nations; and the courier passing almost daily with the ornaments and emblems of victory, soon produced a change of language; the war was now just and honourable; nothing could resist France, and the emperor was the greatest man in the world. He certainly is, in many respects, a great man, but he has great advantages in ruling over a people, who as implicitly believe and admire all he says, as a company of children do the fine stories that are related by the master of a raree-show, as they look through the magnifying glass of his box; the one exhibits to his simple audience, an exact representation of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, or of the Court of Constantinople; and the other tells the nation of an avowal with respect to the origin of the war, made by the emperor of Austria, and of a capitulation granted to the sovereign of Russia; and they believe him, as they did afterwards, that a few vessels only had been lost at Trafalgar, and

in consequence of a gale of wind. Their conduct with respect to the present campaign, reminded me of a pack of hounds going out sluggishly, and limping along of a cold morning, with two or three whippers-in at their heels, who are all fire and uproar as soon as the game is started, and they hear the shout of the huntsmen. My intention had been to go from Dijon to Troyes, but we were told that the roads were bad and hilly, though turnpikes are every where established, and were advised to pass through — and Auxonne, as the nearest and best road to Paris. I should have liked to go by Troyes, it would have done me good to have seen what remained of the castle where Henry V. of England was acknowledged regent of France, and where he was married to the fair Catherine, the beauty of her time. I do not believe that the conversation which passed between the lovers, was by any means such as Shakspeare has related it. Henry was even less polished than the poet makes him, and would never submit to any sort of constraint. Upon the duke of Burgundy's adverting, with all due submission, to some step which he thought the monarch should take, and particularly, if he wished to be allied in marriage to the royal family of France; "I will have the girl, good cousin," was the conqueror's reply; "I will have the girl, and if I meet with the least opposition, I will drive you and your king of France together out of the kingdom." The hero of modern times would have made to the full as decided, though perhaps a somewhat more civil speech. The weather became so bad, as we were leaving Dijon, and

it rained so incessantly, that it would be idle in me to think of giving you any description from notes made at the time. We passed through Burgundy and a part of Champagne, to as little purpose, almost, as if we had been travelling through the wilds of North or South Carolina ; with this difference, that the houses were every where tight and the accommodations good. I have been frequently at a loss to conceive, what the bad reputation of French inns in general was owing to ; they are frequently dirty indeed, and the doors and windows shut badly ; and the *fille*, when she does appear, is not always pretty, but the people of the house are civil, the beds are good, and there is every where an abundance of excellent provisions, and particularly of good wine. The conversation I was able to have with the peasantry, convinced me, that they were universally better off than before the revolution ; it is a subject I shall return to hereafter (see let. lxxiv.) and will only observe for the present, that they are now amused with some little appearance of political privileges in the departmental elections, and not burthened as formerly, with feudal tenures, or oppressed by the holders of Capitaincies, whose game used to wander at pleasure, over the whole country. There were many degrading services too, which the peasant either paid, or was liable to pay for the few acres he cultivated, and the produce of these he had frequently to dispute with the feathered game, or the hare and even with the wild boar of some neighbouring forest, against whom it was his duty to use none but the

gentlest mode of opposition in defence of his property. It would seem, however, that with all the experience of past ages, the progress of improvement is but slow. The law which enjoins the division of a father's estate, in equal portions among his children, will keep the peasantry too poor, too ignorant of agriculture, to bear the increasing weight of taxes; the second and third generations will lose the advantage obtained by the first, and the wretchedness of former times return. They appear universally to live in villages; we frequently saw what appeared the houses of country gentlemen; and sometimes passed a castle, which was generally in ruins. But there was nothing like those neat and comfortable farm houses, which I remember in England, and which are to be found in the eastern states of America. Ignorance and poverty will always expose the lower orders of society to the arts of designing men, and in France particularly, where the number of persons who answer to that description, is so great in proportion to the rest of the community; but as their minds will never have been sharpened by either Seigniorial or Ecclesiastical oppression, as the law will have protected them from every tyranny but that of the government, they may become once more, instruments of a revolution; but it is not probable, that any thing like the horrors of the Jaquerie, or the like atrocities, which disgraced the cause of liberty in the late contest, will ever take place again. In passing through Montereau, we halted for a moment, on that part of the bridge where the Duke of Bur-

gundy was assassinated, in the 15th century, by some gentlemen of the Armagnac faction, who had mingled in the Dauphin's train. Every precaution had been taken for the safety of the two princes; but suspicion is vain, and precaution is useless, among those whom neither laws can restrain, nor honour bind. The Duke's own doctrine of assassination, which he had gilded with the happier term of tyrannicide, was retorted upon him, and he fell a victim to his own bad example. We are now frequently on the banks of the Seine, and saw several large, clumsy barks, as long as ships of the line, descending, loaded with charcoal and provisions. I saw neither handsome country houses, nor the villas of opulent merchants, nor the boxes of rich tradesmen, fast by the road, for the benefit of country air, nor travellers, nor equipage, nor any thing, in short, which bespoke the approach to a capital. The environs of New-York and Philadelphia, and particularly of Boston, have a great deal more of that appearance. At length, the towers of Notre Dame and the domes of the Pantheon and of the Invalids, presented themselves, intermixed with the spires of churches, and we shortly after entered the city, by the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, through mean and dirty streets, but over the ground which was so obstinately disputed by Turenne and Condè, in the war of Fronde; we passed close by the spot where the Bastile once stood, (and which might as well have remained, for any thing the nation has gained by pulling it down) and inclining to the right, proceeded by the Boulevards, to the street of la Ferme des



Mathurins, where a small ready furnished house had been provided for us, with a cook, and a coachman, a person to the full as necessary as a cook, and to the full as expensive. The Boulevards compose a road leading originally round that part of Paris, which is to the north of the river, and on which was the intended line of defence, when the successes of Henry VIII. in Picardy, threatened Paris with a siege; the city has for many years gone far beyond it, but the space has been judiciously left, and is shaded with rows of lofty trees, which afford an agreeable walk or ride, while shops of every sort, and the smaller theatres, and trait-eurs, and coffee-house keepers, and persons of all descriptions amuse, and sometimes, perhaps, mislead, the passing stranger.

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## LETTER LVIII.

MY DEAR E——,

THERE have been so many descriptions of Paris, that a good account of the city and its curiosities might be written by one who had never been there; I am not certain but that it would be by far the most exact; but you may at least be satisfied in reading these letters, that you have a plain and unaffected account of all I saw and all I felt; you must allow me, therefore, to go on as I have done, transmitting the impressions of the moment, from my common-place book, mixing anecdotes of an-

cient or modern history, as I see proper, and availing myself of the experience and observations of others, without the formality of quotation. Any history of France will tell you the origin and progress of this over grown capital, which has contributed so much to the revolution. It was for many years confined to the island still known by the name of the city, extending by very slow degrees over the low grounds and marshes on both sides of the river, and up the slopes of the neighbouring hills. During the second race of kings, it rather declined; for the princes of that dynasty were either engaged in distant wars, or were weak and indolent, and alike incapable of rendering themselves formidable abroad or respectable at home. The inroads of the Normans meanwhile extended to the very brink of the river, and the city must at length have become their prey, had it not been saved by the valour and abilities and great resources of Count Hugh, in whose domain it was situated; such important services, and the extreme degradation of the royal family, rendered it easy for the Count to add the title of King to the power he had so long exercised. It was customary in those days to distinguish persons of eminence by some nick name, in the nature of a surname, and Hugh was surnamed Capet, from his custom of appearing frequently abroad with a hood. It has gratified the hatred of the republican party, to apply the same appellation to their last king, in the hope of rendering him ridiculous; but there surely was no more propriety in their doing so

than there would have been in the English calling the unfortunate Edward the second, by the name of long legs, or any of the sons of Henry the second, by that of Beauclerc.\* Men became corrupt, perhaps, from being brought together in great numbers, and from various circumstances which attend the neighbourhood of a court; surely the Parisians could not otherwise have so far degenerated from the character which Julian † gives their ancestors, as to deserve that Voltaire should call them a compound of the monkey and the tyger; or have differed so much from the rest of France, as to be at all times conspicuous for their mean submission, or their spirit of revolt. In looking over the history of France, you will see

\* In looking over the list of the earlier English and French kings, it will be found, that they were all distinguished by epithets derived from some mental or corporeal peculiarity, in addition to their christian names. The nobles who followed William the conqueror were known by the castles they owned, or the towns they came from, and over which they had exercised a species of sovereignty, and in process of time, when wealth and science and a degree of liberty brought the common people more into notice, they also found it necessary to be distinguished by some name, in addition to that, which they had received in baptism. But it was not till a very late period, that these names, which were derived from the situation of a man's house, from his trade, his sire, his character and even from his complexion, became hereditary. An ancestor of Hugh Capet who had possessed several rich abbey, was known by the name of Hugh the Abbot, and the French might just as well have called their King, Abbot, as Capet; but Capet was more ridiculous. It is so in England, where the King being known to trace his lineage up to a distinguished Italian Chieftain, his name converted by ignorance or malignity into a much more homely appellation, has been pretended to be the surname of the Royal family.

† I love them, said Julian, for being grave like myself.

them seize and insult the person of their Prince, in the 15th century; put his faithful servants to death in his presence, and bursting open the prisons, indiscriminately destroy all who were confined there. In the next century they became the humble tools of the court, and distinguished themselves by their alacrity in carrying into execution the perfidious and destructive views of Catharine of Medici: their inveterate opposition to Henry IV, may have been confounded in such minds with a sense of their religious duties, but they have no excuse for devouring the body of Concini, or lending themselves to the ambition of a few factious individuals, in the war of the Fronde; nor is it possible to reconcile their adulation of Louis XIV, and their joy so extravagantly expressed at the recovery of his successor, with their insolent, unfeeling triumph over all the distress of their last monarch and his unfortunate family.— But, whatever character the inhabitants may have supported, their city is certainly, and in every sense, one of the first in the world; it contains all that can gratify the most liberal curiosity, and all that can amuse or can embellish life. I must now beg you to spread a plan of Paris upon the table, and to follow us in our excursions, if you wish to be interested in them, and to bestow upon me the only reward I am ambitious of, for the trouble I have had in keeping notes, and in giving them the form of a narration. Our first excursion was in the evening, we passed by the church of the Madeleine, where the mutilated remains of the king and

queen lie interred, amid the victims of the fatal confusion which took place on the day their nuptials were celebrated, through the street which was the scene of confusion upon that occasion, into the handsome square that separates the garden of the Tuileries from the publick walk, which, with no little exaggeration, has been named the Elysian fields: it was in this square that the cursed instrument was placed which shed so much blood during the revolution, and it is singular that the spot should never since have been paved, so that, to the rattling of carriages from every direction across the square, there succeeds a moment of silence in the centre. A lawgiver who had been desirous of reminding every one that traversed this fatal spot, of the sad scenes which had been acted there, could not have contrived a better expedient. The garden of the Tuileries is formality itself, with statues at regular distances, like soldiers upon guard, and two or three circular ponds; but the shade of the trees in summer must be delightful; the palace which presents itself at one extremity, seems suitable to the residence of a great monarch. It was here that, two days before the St. Barthlemi, Catharine of Medici gave a splendid entertainment, at which she received the greater part of those who were already singled out for assassination, amusing herself in the masque which was performed, and which was of her own invention, with an allegorical representation of the scene that was so soon to follow. It was here also, that the faithful Swiss defended the last hours of Louis XVI,

when the National Assembly were waiting for the event of the contest, that they might declare themselves accordingly: it was there that the monarch ought to have died; but, unfortunately for him, though he could bear death, he could not encounter the approach of it; his courage was not that of activity, but of patience; it was that of a martyr, who folds his arms and blesses his assailants. Santerre, who commanded the armed force which conducted the King to the scaffold, has more than once asserted that the unhappy monarch might have been rescued, had he consented that the effort should be made, and I have heard Mr. Necker say, that a sum of money had been provided for the occasion; but he shrunk from the idea of a contest about his person. The French are such a walking nation, that great numbers are to be seen here whenever the weather will permit; some are strolling along the terrace which goes round the garden, and others are in groups, discussing the newspaper of the day, for want of better information; but I observed that no one, however inferior or even singular in his dress, or general appearance might be, ever excited attention; I do not believe that they would turn round to look at a man dressed in sheep skin. Of the interior of the palace I know nothing; the part inhabited by the Imperial Family is on the left of the gateway, to one who approaches from the square of the Carousel, and cannot, from the size of the windows and the distance between the different stories, contain very magnificent apartments. Voltaire, in his age of

Louis XIV, will make you acquainted with the Carousel, which has been enlarged and beautified since those days, and is as superiour to the Carousel of Louis XIV, as the martial parade days of the Emperour are to the idle pomp and magnificence of that ostentatious monarch. In front of the palace, and on the side I am now describing, is a handsome railing, which is diversified by different emblems and ornaments, but particularly by the four horses of Bronze, which were brought from Venice. Heavens! what a mass of interesting information might be had, if one of these animals could be inspired, as the horse of Achilles, or the ass of Balaam was; we are not certain of their origin, but we know that they are from Greece, that they formed a part of the ornaments of Nero's golden house, that they afterwards belonged to Constantine, and that they attracted the admiration of the French and Venetians, upwards of eight hundred years ago. It was on his way to the palace of the Tuileries, that Bonaparte, when first consul, so narrowly escaped the danger of the infernal machine: a cart had been provided not unlike one of our drays of the largest dimensions; its only load was a hogshead, which seemed to contain wine, but which in reality concealed a smaller cask, filled with powder; in the interior part of this was a gun-lock, with a string leading from the trigger to some part of the body or the shafts of the cart, so as to be pulled at pleasure by the conductor, who walked along side, and it was contrived that he should have time to save

himself; this seeming cart had been driven by a poor unconscious boy, provided for the occasion, to a narrow part of the street, and he was ordered to turn it, just as the consul's carriage was heard behind; it was intended that the passage between the extremity of the cart and the wall, should be so impeded as to delay the carriage at least a minute, and a minute would have been sufficient; but the coachman, who had drunk a bottle more than usual that afternoon, would be stopped by nothing, he rushed on at the risk of breaking the carriage, and the consul was already out of danger when the explosion took place. It was fatal to the poor boy, and to forty or fifty persons who were passing, or were in the neighbouring houses; and surely no one can regret, that the inventors of such a truly infernal contrivance, should have been detected and should have suffered for it. The southern exit from the Tuileries leads in a few steps to the Pont Royal, now known by another name; suppose yourself there for a moment, and admire the prospect as you look up the stream: on the left is the gallery of the Tuileries, built by Louis XIV, to join that of the Louvre, which is now the receptacle of almost all the most distinguished specimens of sculpture and painting to be found in Europe; and then succeeds the Palace of the Louvre, so long the residence of the kings of France. The present possessor seems determined to complete what appears to have been the original design, and to render every part of the building worthy of the celebrated facade, of



which we read so much in Voltaire and others. I am only surprised that he should have given into the littleness of making the letter N the principal ornament; this gave rise to no bad pun—l'Empereur disoit, on avoit des N mis par tout. It supplies the place of the ancient *fleur de lis*, and every where stares one in the face. A little above the Pont Royal, is the Pont des Arts, which exhibits a very light appearance; it is intended for foot passengers only, and is made of iron, it crosses from nearly under the windows of the Louvre where Charles IX, was placed when he fired upon his Protestant subjects. The conduct of this prince, during the little while he reigned, is a sad proof of the evils which may be produced by pernicious counsellors and bad domestick example; he was naturally of a good disposition, and fully sensible, when it was too late, of the ignominy he had brought down upon himself; and we cannot be surprised that he should, and particularly in those days, have attributed the singular disorder which afflicted him, to the particular interference of Providence. To the Pont des Arts succeeds the Pont Neuf, it joins the two sides of the river to what was once a little marshy island, separated by a narrow channel from the city. On this spot stood the statue of Henry IV, which for many years excited the sensibility of all good Frenchmen, but which was destroyed, with every other vestige of royalty, in the madness of the revolution; it was here also that the scaffold was erected, on which the Knights Tem-

plars perished, in the reign of Philip the Fair, who in his eagerness after money, could break through every restraint of justice and humanity. I have always admired the noble firmness of those gallant gentlemen, who preferred death in one of its most painful forms to the confession of a crime they felt themselves innocent of. On the opposite side of the river to the Louvre and the Palace and Gallery of the Tuileries, are several handsome hotels, and a line of lofty houses, and what would, perhaps, principally excite your attention, the college built by Cardinal Mazarin, for a description of which, I must refer you to some printed account. Both sides of the river are handsomely cased with stone, and there are flights of steps at regular intervals, for the convenience of loading and unloading the enormous barges, in which the trade of the city is carried on with the country; the only appearances of navigation, in addition to these unwieldy barges, are the floating sheds for washerwomen, and the bathing machines, some of which, with all their various accommodations for the reception of two or three hundred persons at a time, remind one of the description of Noah's Ark; the stream itself is too turbid to be an object of admiration; it becomes, besides, very shallow in summer, and is then disfigured by sand banks; the most admired of the bridges, is the one which crosses from the square of Louis XIV, or of the Revolution, or of Concord, as it is now called, to within a few yards of the Palace of the Legislative Body, once known

by the name of the Palais Bourbon, and built by Louis XIV, for his beautiful daughter, Mademoiselle de Blois, whom you see, mentioned in the letters of Madame de Sevigné. After having placed you in imagination, on the Pont Royal or Pont des Tuileries, and desired you to look up the stream, to suppose yourself upon some elevated spot, upon one of the towers of Notre Dame for instance, and to be looking down upon the city, with the assistance of such a friend as Don Cleofas had, would be the best manner of describing it; but neither my knowledge nor your patience would be equal to the task. There are several other bridges, connecting the islands to each other, or to either side of the river, some of which are remarkable to a stranger, for being still covered with lofty houses, and for the events in ancient or modern history, of which they have been the scene; it was at the extremity of the Pont de Charge, where there is now an open space, that the famous tower stood, which was the great bulwark of Paris, against the Normans; and on the next bridge, which is called the Pont de Notre Dame itself, that the Legate was reviewing a regiment of monks at the time of the league, when they handled their arms so awkwardly as to shoot his secretary by his side, and to alarm him for his own safety in the midst of his benediction. The bridge highest up the river, is the one which connects the quarter of the Arsenal with the Garden of Plants; it is of iron, and intended, like the Pont des Arts, for the passage of persons on foot only;

it has been but lately finished, and is probably what M. de Champagny, the minister of the interior, alludes to, when in a language which Pope would have called prose run mad, he tells the world that the Seine, as it enters Paris, is lost in wonder at the works which have been erected by the hero of France. I should not be surprised, if he told us in his next exposition of the empire, that the monsters of the deep had made their way up to Paris, to admire the improvements at the Louvre; and the fact is, that a porpoise was actually seen in the river the other day. The style of Burke and of Mirabeau was of another sort, but perhaps freedom, or the act of struggling for the recovery of it, is essential to eloquence: the orator upon this occasion is a man of great and distinguished abilities, and cannot in the application of so much hyperbole and exaggeration, but do a painful violence to his own better judgment; even the Emperour must be ashamed of such senseless flattery, but he and his ministers treat the nation as a nurse does a child, when she tells him a story in order to keep him still, of Blue beard, and of Jack the giant-killer.

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## LETTER LIX.

MY DEAR E——,

THE facade of the Louvre is, as I have mentioned, worthy of all that has been said of it. It is a handsome front, in which every ornament is con-

nected with some apparent utility ; the columns seem such as the weight to be supported requires, and the whole is a compound of uniform and regular simplicity. It is singular, that every art should, in its utmost improvement, approach so near in some respects, to the simplicity at which improvement began. It is so with architecture, and so certainly with musick, which never, I have often had occasion to observe, commands such universal attention, as when, like Rousseau's, it belongs to that species of simple melody, which one may suppose to have been the musick of nature. The same observation, might, perhaps, be applied to the manners of private life ; the utmost refinement of which is to place every one at their ease, and yet such probably was the case in every assembly of savages, before improvement commenced. In poetry too, the most difficult of all arts, one principal requisite of perfection, is an apparent facility, which seems the inspiration of nature itself. Racine and Pope, the two most elegant and correct of the English and French poets, wrote verse, in all probability, with great mental exertion, and yet what can be more natural than the language of Iphigenie and of Eloisa ? Their sentiments are precisely such, we feel, as persons in their situation might be supposed to experience ; their language seems the plain and natural expression of the mind, and if the words at the ends of the lines rhyme, it is because no other words would have so well conveyed the meaning intended. The object of the artist, therefore, ought to be, while he adores, never

to lose sight of nature. This is one of the secrets of good acting also, though too seldom attended to on the stage. You remember, no doubt, Fielding's elegant compliment to Garrick on that head, in his *Tom Jones*. Partridge, who thought that art must be something very remote from nature, cannot conceive what there is to admire in Garrick's acting ; Would any man, he asks, who suspected his mother of such a crime as Hamlet does the Queen, or who had seen his father's ghost, look, and bear himself otherwise ? and where was the merit of doing what every body could do ? But let me conclude my digression with a sentence from Addison, who observes, that as nothing can be beautiful which is not just, so nothing can be ornamental which is not useful ; the basis of wit is truth, the basis of ornament is utility. If the emperor perseveres in his plan of embellishing Paris, he will, no doubt, disengage the handsome front of this ancient palace from the buildings which destroy the effect of it ; he will do as he has done in many other places ; he will order the buildings to be pulled down, and the proprietors will find their names on the list of national creditors, so as to receive the interest of what the property is valued at. The kings of France had not, for some centuries, resided at the Louvre, when Charles IX. chose it for the place of his residence. It was thence that Henry III. fled before the duke of Guise ; that the melancholy and solitary Louis XIII. lived ; and that the widow of Charles I. was lodged, when she confessed to the Cardinal de Retz, that she had not the means of ordering a fire lighted

in her daughter's bed chamber. The object, however, which carries strangers to the Louvre, is the gallery, which is connected with that ancient palace; on the one side, and with the Tuileries on the other, and which contains all the pictures and statues that have been sacrificed at different times to the irresistible preponderance of the French arms, or presented with a view of soothing the angry spirit of Bonaparte. The statues are on the ground floor, and they are placed so as to be seen to the utmost advantage. Those who are judges of sculpture, must derive inexhaustible satisfaction from walking among these master pieces of ancient times. To me they were no further interesting than as they represented the countenances of distinguished individuals; the head of Augustus, or of Julius Cæsar, the gloomy, thoughtful face of Brutus; the mind of Socrates beaming through the mask of a harsh countenance; the appearance and attitude of Cicero, and what may be considered the portraits of so many eminent personages of former days—carry us back to the times they lived in, and add a new interest to history; even the gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology are so familiar to our imagination, that we know their statutes at first sight; we are awed at the angry majesty of Apollo, and admire the grace with which Diana seems to join in the amusement she condescends to partake. A Roman magistrate in his curule chair, or a warrior dying, or even Meleager, who is in some measure a personage from history, seems to deserve that the sculptor should have em-

played the perfection of his art in transmitting them to posterity ; but a man drawing a thorn out of his foot, or the contortions of one struggling within the frightful clasp of an enormous serpent, or a wretched gladiator fainting under the loss of blood, are objects from which we should turn our eyes with horror and disgust ; and I cannot conceive how the merit of the execution should have got the better of so natural a sentiment in almost every beholder.\* There was another sentiment, which rendered a view of some of these celebrated works of art less agreeable to me ; I had seen them formerly in Italy, or knew that they had been brought thence, and it grieved me to think, that this additional indignity should have been offered to the majesty of ancient Rome. Mr. Carr thinks that this valuable collection of the Louvre will re-establish the better feelings of human nature in the breasts of those, who have been so long alienated from all that religion teaches, or humanity inspires ; and there are others who think that it will make Paris the capital of the arts, by putting it into the power of every Frenchman to study the best models at so small an expense ; but Mr.

\* I own, says Lady Montague, I can find no pleasure in objects of horror, and in my opinion the more natural the crucifixion is represented, the more disagreeable is it to look at.

*Il n'est point de Serpent ni de monstre odieux*

*Qui par l'art imité ne puisse plaire au Gux,*

says Boileau—but as La Harpe very well observes—il y a des choses qu' il ne faut pas prendre dans une généralité rigoureuse, qui n'est faite que pour des axiomes mathématiques—quoique l'imitation soit une source de plaisir, il ne faut pas croire que tout soit également imitable—il y a un choix à faire, et bien des choses ne seroient pas bonnes à représenter.



Carr writes like a very young man, and I much question whether the idea last mentioned is more likely to be realized. Men very seldom visit, they very seldom, at least, do justice to what is at their own doors, and the effort which was formerly made to pass the Alps, and the air of Italy, and the sight of Rome had all their effect upon the mind of the young artist—he felt too, when at a distance from home, that it was now too late to choose another profession; he was elated to enjoy advantages which were not common to every one, and he easily imbibed that enthusiasm which is so essential to success.\* As to the various statues of Venus, from that of Medici to the other celebrated one, whose name I forget, they certainly are very admirable specimens of human art, and I should not be surprised if they sometimes called to the mind of the spectator in favour of the artist, the very prophane idea of a king of Portugal, who used to say, that if the Almighty had consulted him at the creation, he could have given some very good hints. Whatever effect this exhibition of sculpture may have had upon the arts, its influence upon the dress of modern times is very apparent. The long stiff stays and enormous petticoat, which looked like a fortification, and the load of gauze and lace upon the head, and the mass of hair supported by a cushion; and in young persons,

\* Another objection to this famous collection appears in the very excellent letter of Gregoire to Joel Barlow, which I have read since my return. The master pieces of the arts exhibited to publick view, may be followed by the effect which a similar cause has operated in Italy; it may draw away too many from useful and necessary studies, it may deprave their manners and enervate their courage.

flowing half way down the back, have given way to the dress of the Grecian ladies, to a loose robe, collected by a cincture, forming a knot of ribbons at the side. The hair is become as it should be, the best ornament of the head—its native colour is undisguised by powder, the forehead is slightly covered by curls, but the rest of the hair is put up in such a way as to restore the throat, and the back of the neck, and the temples, to their right of admiration. The eyes of a statue being of the same colour as the head, renders it impossible that the face should have much expression; it seems also, that the ancients were desirous in their representations of ideal beauty, that the mind of the beholder should be impressed with respect, and that his admiration should be chastened by a sentiment of religious awe. The bosom too, where modest, unostentatious beauty is represented in the person of a matron or her daughter, is made to attain but to a gentle elevation at most, and is scrupulously covered; nor is the dignified gravity of the countenance ever diversified by more than a smile. Some good ideas of education, therefore, as well as of dress, might be derived, perhaps, from an attentive consideration of those ancient statues. The upper floor of this palace of the Arts, as it is not improperly called, contains the finest productions of the French, the Flemish and Italian schools of painting. They succeed each other in regular order, along the walls of a noble room, which is well lighted and warmed, and is upwards of twelve hundred feet in length. Vio-

lence and rapine have enriched this collection as well as that of sculpture, but as the artists of the country have also contributed to it, and as I had no individual knowledge of any particular piece, as in the case of the Laocoon, the Venus of Medici, or the Apollo, I should have derived a great deal more satisfaction from a view of the works it contains, than from those of the room below, had I possessed the principles of the art. There is something, however, in painting, to gratify the taste of the most unlearned, and there is an endless variety ; landscapes set off with that mixture of light and shade, which the eye of the artist alone could seize, and with all the original mixture and variety of colours ; the remains of ancient theatres or temples ; the view of some well known town, seen at a distance ; of a seaport or of a field of battle, and views of rural life, and the representation of animals, of fruits and of flowers, may have charms even for those who know nothing of painting. Our imagination too, is easily led by such artists as Raphael or Michael Angelo, to adopt their representation of the ancient philosophers, and even of the apostles, as exact ; but none of their figures carry in any degree with them, I think, the impression of divinity—I cannot represent to myself, the Great Father of us all, the Almighty Ruler of the universe, under a human form. There are circumstances too, in the history of our Saviour, better left to the imagination of the Christian, than represented so exactly. The events of his infancy, or even of the flight into Egypt, are

rendered interesting, though they bring the Divine Personage too much upon a level with the rest of mankind ; but the punishments inflicted by the Jews, inspire a sentiment not sufficiently dignified for the occasion, and the celebrated descent from the cross is horrible to look at. It is here as in sculpture, the merit of the execution is supposed to be altogether independent of the subject, and we are called upon to admire the representation of scenes, at the perpetration of which, we would not, for the universe, be present. A pious hermit, let down by pulleys, into a cauldron of boiling oil ; or the body of a beautiful female saint, torn by pincers ; or that abominable Judith, with the head of Holophernes, even though from the pencil of Raphael, cannot but inspire horror. The same may be said of the Flemish and Dutch schools, where low and disagreeable objects and scenes, drawn from the vulgar amusements of the coarsest peasants, are represented with disgusting fidelity. There is an excellent criticism upon this style of painting, in Peregrine Pickle, and I could not help thinking of that gay youth upon many occasions, as I passed through Paris, and of the raptures of his friend Pallet, whenever I saw a Dutch picture. I saw with pleasure the portraits of many distinguished individuals, both of ancient and modern times ; there is one of Charles I. of England, which is like life itself ; it has the defect, however, I think, of representing him as if he stood to be painted ; there are several of Louis XIV., one of those represents him on horseback, as

entering some town in Flanders ; there is the pride of personal beauty expressed in his whole figure, from the plumes on his hat and the plaits in his cravat, to the manner of holding his foot in the stirrup.\* One of the many inexplicable circumstances in the arrangement of human affairs, is, that such a monarch as this, who considered the property of his subjects as his patrimony, who lavished millions on his pleasures, and in the prosecution of unnecessary wars, should have concluded his days in peace, at an advanced old age, and that Louis XVI. should have been dragged to execution. The miniatures of Madame de Sevigné and her daughter, and of Madam de Maintenon, of the celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos, with those of many other well known persons, who lived in those times, are in a case together, and draw our attention very forcibly. Neither the features of Madame de Sevigné nor of her daughter, are such as I had expected; we look in vain for the sprightly air of one, or the dazzling beauty of the other; Madame de Maintenon appears to have been graceful, and to have dressed to great advantage; the miniature of the celebrated Ninon, is that which has suffered least from time, and tradition says that the likeness is good. The account which Plutarch gives of some distinguished ladies of ancient Greece,

\* En parcourant l'histoire, dit Bayle, on trouve plus de princes renversés du trône parce qu'ils étoient trop bons, que parce qu'ils étoient trop méchants : ceux-ci trouvent plus de ressources dans leur propre méchanceté, que ceux-là dans la justice de leur cause : rien ne sert à un prince d'être bon, débonnaire, tempérant, juste et même vraiment Chrétien, s'il est mou, facile, paresseux, n'agissant que par le mouvement qu'on lui donne, et le recevant par habitude de ceux qui sont en possession de le lui donner.

would suit this singular personage, whose good sense, embellished by all the graces of conversation, might have drawn numbers about her, though she wanted the recommendation of beauty ; she was in many respects, what you would call a horrid creature ; and if you enter into the feelings of Madame de Sevigné, you must dislike her extremely ; but she was disinterested in her attachment, faithful in friendship at least, and had all those virtues which the world commonly supposes, when they speak of an honourable and accomplished man. My account of this great receptacle of the works of art and of genius, will appear a very imperfect one ; but a catalogue of the pieces alone, without any description whatever, would fill a book, and though in the course of the several walks I have taken in the gallery, I might have benefited by the observation of others, so as to repeat the common opinion on the merit of a great many of them ; yet I thought it best to refer you, as I have frequently done, for any further information, to books of travels, where you find the whole very accurately described. There are some sea-pieces by Vernet, which attract universal admiration. Louis XV. was so struck with their merit, that they drew from him an idea which seems to have been dictated by the spirit of prophecy ; “ I foresee,” said the lazy monarch, “ I foresee, that the time will come, when we shall have no other marine in France, but that of Vernet.”

























